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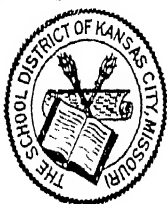
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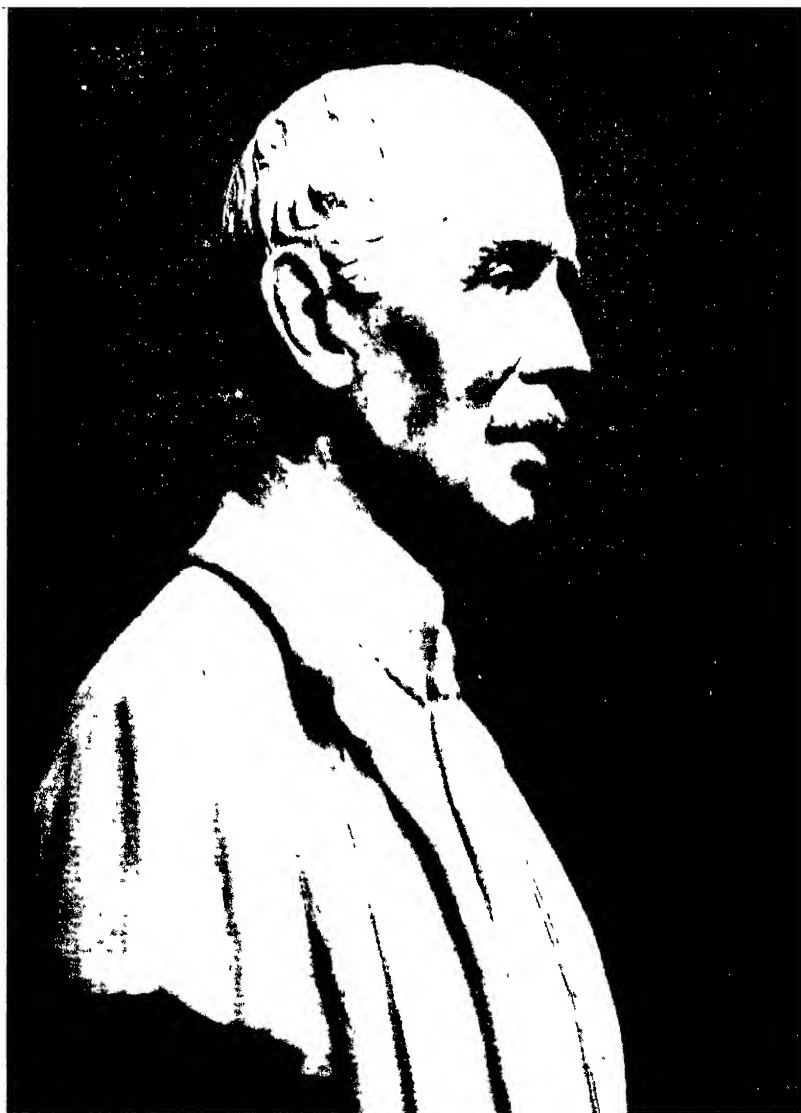
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JOURNEY INTO FAME

LONDON : GEOFFREY CUMBERLEGE
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*Daniel Chester French, by Margaret French Cresson,
Hall of American Artists, New York University*

The Life of Daniel Chester French

JOURNEY
INTO
FAME

MARGARET FRENCH CRESSON

WITH A FOREWORD BY
WALTER PRICHARD EATON



HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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For Penn

IN SWEET REMEMBRANCE
OF THE HAPPY YEARS



FOREWORD

IT WAS ONCE my good fortune to live for several years in Stockbridge when Daniel Chester French was one of the most distinguished and best loved of its summer residents. His daughter, the author of this book, was a gay and highly personable young lady—at an earlier point of history I suspect she would have been described as “dashing”—who frequently converted her father’s large studio into a scene of revelry, with the work-in-progress shoved into a corner under a sheet, and the guests in fancy costumes. Perhaps she will forgive me if I confess that I was not the only person a bit surprised when the news got around that Peggy French was herself working hard at sculpture.

“Do you,” I asked her father, somewhat fatuously no doubt, “criticize Margaret’s work?”

In his soft, gentle voice he replied, “Freely.”

That settled everything, including me, with true Yankee brevity.

I was again a victim when I was exhibiting to Mr. French a new garden I had fashioned. In this garden was a wall fountain, the water spouting from a marble replica of a Greek mask of tragedy. When I say a replica, I mean that you could recognize the intention. I cut it myself from a piece of marble secured from the local tombstone yard, and took great satisfaction, indeed pride, in the fact that visitors unprompted knew what it was meant to be.

“Mr. French,” said I, standing beside this work of my hands, “Until I carved this I didn’t know I was a sculptor.”

"Do you now?" said he.

Mr. French's wit was like that. He could be almost as laconic as the late Mr. Coolidge. His speech was not nasal, but cultivated and soft, yet it could be dry and shafted like an arrow. But I venture to say he never hurt anyone. Before the shaft was loosed there was always the play of a smile around his eyes. He may have pricked a bubble, but instantly you knew it for a bubble and smiled, too. That was not because he was a man of keen perceptions and ripe judgment, or one who used his eminence to strike from, his humor was kind and sympathetic, not prankish or self-exhibitionary. It was an expression of his genial relationship to his fellows, always with the mutual understanding that a sham is a sham.

I have often regretted that the discrepancy in our ages as well as my own ignorance of his problems as an artist made me hesitate to attempt any talk with Mr. French about his work. There were certain questions I should like especially to have put to him because, difficult as it was to realize as you talked with this alert, active artist well into the twentieth century, Mr. French actually stemmed directly out of the Concord of Alcott and Emerson. His first major statue, and still one of his best known, came into being on the same spot as Emerson's "shot heard round the world" and re-celebrated the same event. His "Minute Man" stands by "the rude bridge," and the youth, scarce out of his teens, who made it, though he went from Concord into larger fields, went with some precious heritage, surely, of the peculiar spiritual alertness of that community and of its dominant genius, Emerson, who of course was "young Danny's" friend. Could even he himself have told the relation of this heritage to his art? Perhaps not, but I have always regretted that I was too diffident to inquire.

One influence that I liked to fancy I could trace for myself was a certain reticence and purity in his sculpture, which at

times some called "prettiness"—it was never that, surely—and others found "tame" or "old fashioned." Often, I suspected, the critics were rebelling, as each generation has a way of doing, against classic restraint. It must have troubled Mr. French very little, for he had set his own standards, obviously knew his own powers, and went on his way with an Emersonian serenity. That way led him from the "Minute Man" in Concord to the Chicago World's Fair, where like so many other artists he had a chance to work on a heroic scale, to the groups representing the Four Continents fronting the New York Custom House (the "Africa," especially, has both strength and powerful mood value), and finally to the seated Lincoln in Washington.

The Lincoln Memorial is a perfect collaboration between sculptor and architect. Mr. French and Mr. Bacon were friends and joint workers of long standing, and here they labored together to create a complete unity of statue and building, achieving one of the noblest memorials on this continent—or perhaps any other. It has classic restraint, a reticent beauty, a spiritual serenity—and within its portals the heroic figure of Lincoln, seated high, tells by those gnarled hands that grip the chair arms, by that face looking at phantom armies of the dead, the story of our martyred president. It is a work of profound imaginative grasp, in a setting no less imaginative by its classic simplicity. I can conceive nobody wanting it to be different, or capable of desiring any sort of stylized statue in its place. It is neither old fashioned nor new fashioned. It seems to most of us, like Lincoln himself, to belong to the ages.

And I think again of Concord and the serene old man who sat to "young Danny" for his bust, the man who had written, "Trust thyself, every heart vibrates to that iron string"; and I wonder whether that self trust was not breathed in by the young sculptor in his earliest years, to keep his work in

scope and power undisturbed by ephemeral changes in styles and fashions, certainly uncorrupted by fads, till it reached its natural peak in the Lincoln Memorial. Is there, in some subtle fashion, also a memorial to transcendental Concord, there by the broad Potomac? At any rate, it pleases me to think so.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

University Theatre
New Haven, Conn.
November 1946

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JOURNEY INTO FAME

PRIMROSES OF SPRING

THE snow was coming down in big soft flakes. It had been snowing all night and now it was eight inches deep on the little plot of lawn that stretched between the house and the street. A real Cambridge snowstorm.

It was a Sunday morning and the family had gone to meeting. Young Dan French stood out on the front steps in an aimless sort of way and looked down at the snowflakes on his coat sleeve. They were tremendous. Snow was such a beautiful thing, he thought, there really ought to be some use for it. But except for coasting and snowballing, perhaps, it didn't seem to have much function.

As he was ruminating, Brother Will came out of the front door, seized his younger brother's hand and exclaimed: "Come out in the yard with me. I'm going to dig some lions out of that snowdrift."

Together they dug and piled and patted and heaved and by dinner time had carved two very presentable lions out of the snow, a mother lioness and her little cub. People coming home from church stopped to gaze appreciatively, quite a crowd gathered, and Mr. Longfellow, in a fur-lined coat and carrying a gold-headed cane, leaned over the fence and expressed his admiration.

Dan gave his brother all the credit for this venture, but, just the same, he was filled with a secret sense of elation and excitement over it. Funny, that he had never thought

of making snow animals before. He was all of thirteen, but the idea had never occurred to him. And now he found there was something about making those figures that had fascinated him. He couldn't quite explain it, even to himself. But piling on the snow here, digging it out there, had been to him completely absorbing. It seemed to come to him naturally, he felt at home in doing it. It was even more fun than coasting and skating or stuffing birds. The weather stayed cold for a long time and the lions occupied the center of the stage for some weeks, giving Dan a feeling of inner satisfaction.

He was a sanguine youngster, always cheerful, always looking on the bright side of things. He seemed to have an especially sunny disposition. Even when he was a baby, small Daniel had slept most of the time and hardly cried at all.

"Little Dan wakes up and goes to bed smiling," his father had said.

He was a determined boy. When he had anything in particular to do, he was apt to think it out quite carefully beforehand, make all his plans, and then proceed. He always expected his schemes to go through and his projects almost always went according to his arrangements.

One summer morning in Exeter, when he was about seven, he pushed his chair back from the breakfast table and observed, "I think I'll take my cat and go down cellar and catch a rat."

No one paid much attention to this confident remark. There had been rats lately on the farm, not too welcome, and Judge French shot them with his air gun. There had been a good deal of talk about them and little Dan seemed to be getting into the swing of the thing. He had seen a rat down in the cellar each time he had been down there, and every time he pursued it the rat disappeared behind a

large box. He had it all figured out that if the cat could see the rat and just wait patiently long enough, nature would take its course.

With these thoughts in his mind he picked up the large yellow cat and with the animal clasped firmly against his stomach he proceeded gingerly down the dark cellar stairs.

The cellar was always a fascinating place, the child thought. So full of tempting edibles of all kinds: sacks of potatoes, barrels of apples, pecks of cranberries, some hams suspended from hooks on the rafters, and, on a hanging shelf, several large yellow cheeses. There was a delicious aroma, and Dan sniffed it contentedly as he eased the cat down onto the cellar floor. What light there was filtered in through several very small windows, and Dan sat down on an upturned box to await patiently the sequence of events.

In short order, according to expectations, the rat appeared. Dan very quietly observed the cat raise one foot and stalk silently, stealthily, toward her prey, then, in a final plunge, hurl herself violently upon the smaller animal. Triumphant, Dan picked the cat up again, the very limp rat in its mouth, and trudged back up the stairs and into the dining room.

"But how did you do it?" his excited family inquired. "How on earth did you *make* the cat catch the rat?"

Dan explained the process; he had worked it all out. It was really very simple.

At an early age the small Daniel was somewhat noted for his tact. One morning, at the breakfast table, Dan upset his mug of milk which ran all over the cloth and made rather an untidy mess. His father, who rarely scolded, admonished him with some severity; he must learn not to be so careless. A little later in the meal, Judge French, in setting down his cup, struck the side of the saucer and some of the coffee splashed over upon the table. He was distinctly upset by

his clumsiness and made rather profuse and self-conscious apologies. Little Dan's brown eyes gazed up at him with a forgiving smile as he said, "Never mind, Father, you didn't mean to do it!"

He was a quiet, serene little thing, contented and reasonable. He was handsome, too, with brown eyes and sunny hair. Until he was three he had had golden curls. He well remembered the day they had been shorn. They were living in Exeter, and his mother had taken him to have his picture taken. It was to be a daguerreotype. He had been dressed in his best yellow dress, usually reserved only for Sundays, a dress gathered full around the waist, with tiny sleeves and falling low off the shoulders. Under it he wore his best pantalettes, with eyelet embroidery. The photographer had stood him on a sofa, a very splendid sofa, with carved rose-wood frame and upholstery of green and yellow brocade.

There had been a canary in a little square cage. The child loved birds and clapped his hands at it. So the photographer took the canary out of the cage and held it perched on his finger. Little Dan laughed and kept on laughing and it gave the photographer an idea. The exposure for a daguerreotype was so long that he had never dared before to try a picture of a laughing child, but this infant, evidently, could laugh indefinitely. Why not make the experiment? He put the canary back in its cage while he arranged his camera. The little boy appeared much interested in all the proceedings and smiled amiably. Then the photographer took the canary out of the cage a second time and held the bird up in the air.

"Laugh now, Dannie," he said, and Dannie obligingly laughed and kept on laughing during the interminable exposure, until the picture was made.

On the way home they stopped in at the barber's and the golden curls were cut off. That wasn't nearly as much fun

as having one's picture taken. In fact, Dan wasn't sure that he liked it at all. Everyone said it made him look older. He didn't want to look older. He didn't want to *be* older.

He went home and stood out on the back porch of the house, surveyed his father's acres, and lamented his vanishing youth.

He approved of the view, however.

At the back of the house there were acres of corn, potatoes, oats, rye, and the tallest grass. There were strawberry beds, asparagus beds, blackberry and raspberry bushes. Judge French was setting out cherry trees and two hundred apple trees. The little boys loved to work on the farm and weeded carrots at six cents a row.

The lawn that stretched between the house and the street was thick and green and smooth, like an English lawn. There were flowering shrubs massed against the house and clumps of them bordering the driveway.

There were horses and cows and pigs; the children kept hens, and there were, very recently, two lambs. The Judge, with Will, drove over to Brentwood one morning before breakfast and bought them: a black one and a white one, twins. They were tied to a block on the lawn, were given milk three times a day, and occasionally the children staged a circus with them.

The house was square and simple, of white clapboards, with an ell at the back.

The parlor, a generous-sized double room, had white wallpaper, a red carpet, a white marble mantel over which was an engraving of the "Signing of the Declaration." There was the Copley portrait of the "Little Uncle," young William Merchant at the age of five, with his cocked hat under his arm. Little Dan's great-grandmother had been Sarah Merchant and this was her brother Young William Merchant was among the boys who fought with the soldiers on

Cornhill in the Boston Massacre, when he ought to have been at home and in bed and he later distinguished himself by being a member of the Boston Tea Party. He was a solemn-looking little individual in this portrait, but he must have outgrown some of his solemnity with the years.

In the winter there was a Franklin stove in the parlor. The chimneys all drew beautifully, everything worked well, and the house was full of sunshine. There was a bathroom with oilcloth on the floor and a first-rate tin bathtub and a cold water pump and a sink so that water could be conveniently pumped into the tub and be gotten there for all the washstands in the different bedrooms.

In the winter, of course, if the temperature outside was twenty below, then the temperature in the bedrooms was about twenty below, too. Often the sheets were frozen stiff about little Dan's mouth when he waked up and sometimes he had to crack the ice on the top of his water-pitcher before he could wash.

In the summer time, on the other hand, it was hot, that was all, and there was nothing much one could do about it. There were lovely vegetables and fruit, the Judge, with Will's help, took care of the garden, but there was no method of keeping ice and consequently no way of storing provisions.

Judge French had come to Exeter some years before and had lived in a rented house where the little Dan was born. He built his own house in 1850 and the infant Daniel was brought there when only a few months old.

The Judge was born in Chester, New Hampshire, the sixth of the eleven children born to the Honorable Daniel French by his three wives. The Honorable Daniel, a lawyer of more than ordinary ability and attainments, was Attorney General of New Hampshire and was the seventh in descent from Edward French, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, who made

the perilous voyage from England in 1630. The Honorable Daniel's father fought in the Revolution and married a Whittier, and no alien blood, other than that of New England, had ever been allowed to percolate through the veins of his forebears or of his immediate descendants. It was a pure New England heritage, Anglo-Saxon to the core.

Judge French was a distinguished looking man, of middle height, compact in appearance, finely yet strongly modeled. His hair, which had been brown, was already at forty-four turning gray. His eyes were light gray, very penetrating and very humorous. Full of vitality, he was of a quick, nervous temperament, extremely fond of society and most witty and playful. He was the kind of man who all his life had been a tower of support to a large circle of relatives. Dependable. Responsible.

He was a lawyer and a judge. He had been admitted to practice in the bar of Rockingham County, New Hampshire, on August 14th, 1834, the day he was twenty-one. The rough drill of the county courts and the consequent familiarity with civil and criminal law had proved arduous, though profitable, training.

He liked to get up early. He arose at five each morning and worked in the garden till breakfast at seven. He had three yoke of oxen and five men sometimes when there was a new field to make, but he enjoyed doing some of the actual labor himself.

"All true nobility rests upon the soil," and this creed, which lay at the foundation of English society, still held true in New England. The Judge was a scientific farmer and a great planter of trees. Exeter, New Hampshire, where he had made his home for so long, was practically devoid of trees; the streets were bare, and he wanted to do something about it.

The Exeter people demurred at planting trees because it

took so long for them to grow. To this objection the Judge replied: "It's not as if you had to wait for the trees to grow alone. You would have to wait anyway and the trees might as well be growing!"

In this connection he added, "The way to have big trees is to plant them a long time ago!" Then he concluded rather wistfully, "Youth is too impatient I'm afraid it's the old men who plant trees "

Well, he wasn't so old, but he was going to plant trees anyway. Whereupon he arranged for the calling of a town meeting to consider the question of beautifying at least some of the principal streets of Exeter with elms, most of which were finally purchased, planted, and tended under his own devoted supervision.

When the appointed evening arrived, the worst storm of the season was raging. The elements were just going after each other. Other prominent citizens, not so eager as the Judge, decided to stay home. So when Judge French arrived at the Town Hall he found only one other man, the Honorable Amos Tuck, in attendance. They waited upwards of half an hour. No one else appeared. Finally Mr. Tuck remarked:

"It is no use waiting any longer Judge. There won't be any meeting. We might as well go home "

"Not at all," the Judge expostulated "You elect me chairman and I'll elect you secretary and we'll put this business through as it ought to be done."

Which they proceeded to do, drawing up resolutions, voting unanimously that the necessary appropriation be made. They even wrote an account of the harmonious meeting for the papers the next day.

Just as they were leaving, another gentleman appeared, but, on being told the meeting was all over, he seemed content, and they all repaired to their various homes.

In an agricultural address at Portsmouth, once, he had said, "I suppose it sounds young and green and sentimental for a man to say he works as I do in these matters because he thinks he can do some good in the world, but if I don't serve my generation by planting trees and promoting good husbandry, I don't see what better the world is to be for that I have lived in it."

The Judge married Anne Richardson, a daughter of William Merchant Richardson of Chester, Chief Justice of New Hampshire. Four children were born to them: Harriette, Will, Sallie, and finally, on April 20, 1850, Dan.

EXETER, N. H., April 21, 1850

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Will you be so kind as to ask Bess in what order I had determined to use up the family names for my boys. They come along so slowly that I have most forgotten.

One of them was born yesterday morning at six o'clock, and I *believe* the name of *Daniel* is due to him—Had there been *two* as there should have been, I should not have been so "put to it" about the names—but as we have arranged to move on the first of July, Anne thought it would be more convenient to have only one, and have it sooner!

He is dark haired, and large enough and old enough, and the knowing say that no lady was ever less disturbed, by the gathering of her fruit, than is the Lady Anne—The more I know her, the more respect I have for her—so quiet and ladylike and respectable always is she.—Hoyt and his wife spent the evening with us, till half past ten Friday, socially, and we retired—Anne rose at four and waked me at five—We called in the seconds, arranged the preliminaries, introduced the child to "the breathing world," at the most appropriate hour in the day, while the sun was rising, and all the wild birds were singing,—and took our breakfast at the usual hour.

The child was perfectly satisfied with his first impressions, and has quietly dreamed over them ever since.

HENRY F. FRENCH

JOURNEY INTO FAME

WASHINGTON CITY, Sunday morning
April 28, 1850

MY DEAR BROTHER

Yours, announcing the important fact of *an addition*, if not *an improvement*, to your household, came duly to hand, and was sent to Russell's and Ned's that they might join in our rejoicing at your prosperity. Present to that pattern of womanhood—the lady Anne—my congratulations, and my kindest wishes that she may increase in happiness, as she doth in all other worldly comforts—such as children, houses and lands. Although her shadow must necessarily be somewhat less than it was week before last, I trust she will lose no comfort from the reduction, but gain much in the increase of the shadow of the little immortal who now fills that space in the world which has been deducted from her

B. B FRENCH

Anne was small and gentle and very wise, with wonderful thick brown hair, parted in the middle, large expressive, warm brown eyes, and a medium-sized mouth with full lips.

But Anne was ill for years. That was the Judge's chief sorrow. For five or six years she had been growing thinner and paler. She was evidently going into consumption. On good days she had driven out, and sometimes she had even been able to sew on the new sewing-machine, but she became increasingly frail. There were two maids in the kitchen and Mrs. Underhill, who came to manage the house, but things didn't go very smoothly.

The Judge took her to Washington for a number of winters, to stay with his brother, the Major, in his comfortable house, hoping that the softer climate there would help. But the winters in Washington had not been a success. Anne became whiter and weaker and thin as a feather, her cough increased and the wasting sickness manifested itself in the usual symptoms. She became less and less able to attend to household matters until, finally, the lovely, serene

personality had completely withdrawn itself from family life.

The loss of the gentle mother had been especially hard for little Dan. At the time he was only six, he was a dreamy, quiet, little boy, and longed for tenderness and affection above all things. There were times when he waked up in the night and was so lonely without his mother that he almost cried. He always thought of her as a heavenly sweet presence, so full of tenderness and warmth and love. When she was dying each of the children had been led into her room, and for each of them she left the same message, "Be good to little Dan. Take care of little Dan." He couldn't talk to his father about his loneliness because his father looked so sad these days. He was always cheerful and active, but the undercurrent of sadness was there, and the sensitive little boy felt it strongly.

The Judge was a devoted father, conscientious and kind. He did the very best he knew for his motherless children. He wanted them to have every advantage. But he wasn't particularly interested in children as such. The older they grew, the more their personalities developed, the more adult they became, the better he liked them. But fond as he was of them no demonstration of affection was ever possible to him. The hand of Puritanism lay too heavily on him and on his forebears for any appearance of deep feeling to make itself known, and the far-famed restraint of New England was one of his strongest characteristics.

Harriette was the oldest child, now sixteen, slight and brown-eyed. All the children had the Richardson eyes, inherited from their mother. Harriette was capable and unselfish. She bestowed sound, practical, business-like kindness upon the little Dan in the form of unwelcome washing and brushing. By nature she wasn't domestic, she hated sewing and all housework, but a great deal of it fell to her lot and

she accepted it uncomplainingly and attended to her little duties with a good conscience.

Harriette was a good deal of a student; she read incessantly. She was studying music and French and practicing long hours on the new piano. She was making desperate attempts, too, to study Latin with Will. But unless the Judge succeeded in getting the Academy open to girls she would have to stop and be satisfied with the same half-education that other girls got, and she would be without the ability to maintain herself.

The Judge was very modern in many of his ideas. He had views on education for women. He could see no sensible reason why they shouldn't have the same opportunities as men. Their minds were just as good, he maintained. Certainly the women of his family were bright enough. But with no occasion for learning, anyone would get stale. The Judge was determined his girls weren't going to be put in the helpless position of most young women who must find a husband to support them.

Will was three years younger than Harriette, a handsome boy, with black hair and brown eyes. Quick-witted and energetic, a born student, he was up among the first three or four in his class of forty. He was a very imaginative little boy, very resourceful, with a mind that went like lightning. He was forever urging his little brother on to new activity.

Sallie was three years younger than Will. Her eyes, too, were brown, but her thick wavy hair was auburn. She was a quiet, gentle little thing, very domestic in her tastes. She played with her dolls. She sat and trimmed hats by the hour. Very loving and sweet and confiding in her disposition she and Dan were very close. They played with the animals together; they trudged the woods and picked flowers together. Sallie took care of her older brother and her younger one with devoted attachment.

It was a lively family: four children and young Frank French from Washington, the Judge's nephew, who spent the winters with them to go to Exeter Academy. And such a quantity of relatives always coming and going. Often they sat down sixteen and eighteen at table.

Judge French planned to spend the winter again in Washington, with his brother the Major. They went in November. It was quite an undertaking, for the family was scattering in three separate directions; Sallie went to stay at Aunt Ann Brown's in Concord, Massachusetts; the Judge to Washington with little Dan; while Harriette and Will, with Mary the help, the horse and the sleigh and the sewing-machine, and an air-tight stove, and a dead pig, and the Copley portrait were all packed off to pass the winter and attend school at Chester.

It was a long trip to Washington, partly by stagecoach, partly by Sound boat, partly by rail. They stopped off in New York and spent a night with the Judge's sister, Aunt Catherine Welles, in Brooklyn and, crossing the city in a herdic, little Dan, who had been leaning against the door, fell out into the middle of Broadway. But he was a resilient child and it didn't seem to hurt him much.

The Judge was going to enjoy Washington. Franklin Pierce was in the White House. He was an old friend of the family; in fact, he was an old beau of Anne's.

As for the Major, he was now Commissioner of Public Buildings, an office in the District of Columbia which was equivalent to mayor. Only a few years before he had been elected president of Morse's Magnetic Telegraph Company. He was also Grand Master of Masons and was greatly enjoying life.

The Major was a character. At fifty-five, he was of a portly figure, he wore side whiskers and looked and felt and was important. He had an explosive temperament, full

of enthusiasm, full of affection, full of prejudice, full of vituperation.

In addition to his excellent legal mind he was a child of nature. He always had a headache when he was beaten at cards. When he was sick, he was sure he had everything but the smallpox and the itch. When the doctor put him on a liquid diet of six glasses of milk a day, he drank the milk obediently and ate all his other meals as well. He loved good food and good wine. He loved to dine at the White House with his friend President Pierce, where they sat down in the dining room at five-thirty and arose at half-past eight. And he couldn't understand for the life of him why he was laid up with the gout the next day.

He adored his wife, Betsey, with her long brown ringlets and her brown Richardson eyes. She was a sister of Anne, the Judge's wife. Her marriage had been a romance. The mention of it had been frowned upon by Chief Justice Richardson because the youthful suitor, studying for the law, was not yet settled in life nor sure of an income from his profession.

So one winter evening in Chester, Miss Betsey had slipped out-of-doors and met Benjamin French, accompanied by his sister Catherine, several witnesses, and a Justice of the Peace. They tramped over the crust of snow down the lane adjoining the Richardson house, paused under a large cherry tree, and were married. They then hurried home again, Betsey returning demurely to her own fireside and Benjamin to his.

The youthful bridegroom went immediately to Amherst to prepare for his admission to the Bar and the marriage was kept a secret for six months.

The following July the young people decided to announce their rash act to their families. But Judge Richardson could, on occasion, speak with some asperity, and Betsey

couldn't make up her mind how best to convey the news of this reckless venture to her parent. Finally they decided to let the marriage certificate speak for them.

Judge Richardson sat reading at the open parlor window. Like two guilty children they crept up and stealthily laid the folded certificate upon the window sill. They gave the Judge time to read the document and waited, anticipating an outburst.

Only silence. Several hours later they went back. The Judge was gone. The folded paper was still on the window sill.

Betsey reached for it, opened it. There was a message written across the top.

"If my daughter is such a woman as to marry such a man in such a way, all I have to say is, I think you are very well suited to each other and I have no objections to offer. (Signed) William Merchant Richardson, Chief Justice of the State of New Hampshire."

The Major had changed very little since those impetuous days. He loved his children, his own two boys, and all the myriads of nieces and nephews that flooded in and out of the house. He himself was lovable to the last degree and one and all they adored him.

He loved his house which he had built himself, just the way he wanted it, in 1842. He loved his garden, which he had laid out with such devoted care.

The grounds about the house were full of fine old trees, a great magnolia tree—the largest in Washington—which, when it bloomed in June, was always the wonder and glory of the neighborhood. There were iron benches in a grapevine design on either side of the straight dirt walk that led up to the front door. The back and sides of the house were laid out with box walks, a croquet ground, and a vine-covered summerhouse with a gilded eagle on its top. There

was a long grape arbor and, most enchanting of all to little Dan, a three-tiered fountain, where goldfish swam—the only goldfish in Washington, save those in the fish-pond behind the high iron railing in the Capitol grounds.

Edmund French, the Judge's and the Major's younger brother, lived only a few blocks away, on North Carolina Avenue, and he and his wife, Aunt Margaret, had a large family of growing children, which meant constant companionship for little Dan.

Aunt Margaret's house was a big brick one, with a bay window. The grounds comprised a whole city block, with fruit trees and chickens at the end of the garden and a shed for the cow. The two families vibrated back and forth between each other's houses, as a matter of course.

One day in early spring Dan and his small cousin Harry were playing in Aunt Margaret's garden. An inquisitive rooster pecked his way in from the hen-house and the little boys started chasing him. They chased him round and round. Finally little Dan got tired and sat down to rest while Harry chased. Then Harry rested and Dan chased for a while. By pursuing this ingenious method of relays, the chasing went on for upwards of an hour until finally the poor driven rooster abandoned the struggle, lay down under a gooseberry-bush, and died.

By May it was hot again. The Judge, who always paid strict attention to the weather, remarked one day that the thermometer only registered ninety-two, but he didn't think thermometers felt the heat in Washington as they did in the North.

Dan loved the Major's garden. In March there were roses and crocuses. In April there were white violets. And by May it was full summer and the place was full of flowers. But they were going back to Exeter and the child didn't like to be uprooted. He had loved this little oasis of the

Major's garden, it had made him feel so safe, so permanent and secure. Uncle Major was fun, he was so fond of children, and Aunt Betsey was kind. But in Exeter his father was constantly traveling, his cases seemed to keep him on the move all the time, and at home there was only Mrs. Underhill to turn to. Dan wished he didn't have to go.

But there was one bright spot in the summer. The Judge always took the children up to Grandma's in Chester for the month of August. Dan was looking forward to that with much quiet enthusiasm.

Grandma lived with her only unmarried daughter, Helen, in a big white frame house, the only three-storied house in the town. Grandpa French's eleven children had all lived to grow up. So lots of room had been needed, a necessity which he must have foreseen when he built his house in 1800.

The house was handsome in its severe, puritanical way, with a white railing decorated with little urns running around the top of the third story and a white fence with little urns to match running around the lawn in front.

There was a large ell at the back of the house which had been added to until it nearly reached the barn "So the cow could get into the parlor without wetting her feet," Aunt Helen explained.

Dan and Sallie always ransacked the house to look at all the old things. Grandma's wedding china of Lowestoft, with little sprigs of blue flowers, appealed to Sallie, and Dan loved a funny old portrait, a pastel of an old gentleman in a white wig, with round blue eyes and a fat Cupid's bow of a mouth like Henry the Eighth. "He was my grandfather, the Reverend Ebenezer Flagg," Grandma explained proudly. "He graduated from Harvard in 1725 and preached in this parish for nearly sixty years."

The children spent long rainy afternoons rummaging in

the attic where they found spinning wheels, bonnets and hats, embroidered nightcaps, Grandma's grandmother's fan, and great Grandfather's pill box. The old Bible and family records were in a little red leather trunk studded with brass nails. The Judge's toy duck came to light and toys of other children long since grown: little straight-legged dolls with wooden heads and black painted hair and a tiny tea set of transparent white china with pink roses, that Sallie loved. In the bureau of Dan's room, that old mahogany bureau whose brass handles rattled as you crossed the floor, they found what proved to be Aunt Ariana's wedding gown, with many mysterious little white satin bows suggestive of marriages, and locks of hair suggestive of funerals.

In the evenings the girls played the piano and sang, while Grandma, her thin figure wrapped in a little red shawl, played the flageolet.

Grandma was seventy-three and smart as a steel trap. When she was a girl, Chester, where she was born and had always lived, had been quite a place. The street, a mile long and five rods wide, had always been kept planted with maples and elms. Behind them and the liberal front yards were substantial and handsome houses with flower gardens between, vegetable gardens at the back, and fruit and ornamental trees about them. The old stables and barns were spacious and the city of the dead, down at the end of the town, near the white Congregational Church, was large, well-cared-for, and respectable.

Little Dan sat with the family on warm summer evenings on the great stone in front of the old mansion under the horse-chestnut trees. The bluebells still blossomed under the lilacs inside the fence and the day lilies snuggled up thick and green beside the white marble doorstep. The tall well-sweep pierced the evening haze at the side of the house,

but there was still no running water in the building. The Honorable Daniel had been ahead of his time in having the first cooking-stove in the town introduced into his house in 1824 but he had died in 1840 and Grandma wasn't so set on modern improvements. There had always been, in addition to a "girl" in the kitchen, plenty of willing hands to do the work. It had been a time of large families, in fact, five of the families up at this end of town had had thirty-seven children between them. Added to the Honorable Daniel's eleven, Judge Richardson, across the way, had had seven.

Little Dan was always rapturous over the country. The month at Chester was always the most exciting part of the year for him. Through the year there were always constant trips up here in the carryall, but that one uninterrupted month meant heaven to the child. Small as he was, he seemed to have a deep feeling for the place. There was something about the old house, so full of sentiment and ancestral things, that made a great appeal to the child, and as for the fields and the trees and the lanes—everything about them seemed to make him blissfully happy. All his aunts and uncles had grown up here, and there was an all-pervading atmosphere of "belonging" that perhaps in some way compensated for the loss of his mother and for the lack of expressed affection that he had so missed since her going.

He followed his brother Will around everywhere he went. He picked the raspberries with his father and went fishing for pickerel in Massabesic Pond, that pond where the Judge, too, had fished for pickerel when he was a little boy and which seemed ever since to have grown smaller and smaller. One day Dan saw a pickerel lying below a log bridge over a little inlet. He didn't have his fishing tackle with him, but, always resourceful, he took off a shoelace, made a

loop, eased it along the fish's tail onto his middle, and yanked the fish out of the water!

There was a hammock on the place and there was a swing. Dan rode a rocking horse with great satisfaction. Said rocking horse was housed, appropriately, in the barn. It had been ridden vigorously by several generations of Frenches and was in rather a battered state of dilapidation, but the versatile Judge had taken the animal in hand and had made for him two new legs and a tail; in fact, he became so handsome that Aunt Helen said he bore a striking resemblance to the Elgin marbles. There was a dog, too, Grandma's dog, named Jubilee, a terrible rover, who seldom spent a night in the house, and the family did not urge it, because if he wished to go out before morning he did not hesitate to jump through the window.

Chester meant to Dan something that he loved more than anything in the world—the country. Back when Dan was born, on April 20, 1850, Judge French had had a tough scratch to keep him from being named Henry, and himself "Old Henry" in consequence. One gave names to distinguish, not to confuse, the Judge had maintained, and he wasn't going to have any of his children named for their parents. But Dan wasn't entirely satisfied with his name. All the other boys had middle names and he felt somewhat slighted. So he decided to add unto himself another name: Daniel *Chester* French he called himself, partly because it made him feel more important, but mostly because he loved the old place so and wanted to keep his association with it.

A LADDER FOR YOUTH

JOHN PRENTISS lived in Keene and was the founder of the *New Hampshire Sentinel*. He was eighty years old and had made the Grand Tour in 1850

He had three handsome daughters who went by the romantic names of Corinna, Diantha, and Pamela.

Pamela was a maiden of thirty odd who had been courted by Parkman. She was plump and fair and smart as you please. She had a round face with flashing black eyes, black hair parted in the center in the prevailing fashion, an unusually colorful complexion, very white and very pink. She was full of life and health and mirthfulness and found everything amusing. Life looked bright and joyous to her. She was very well-read, spoke French and German fluently, played the guitar and the piano, cultivated flowers, rode horseback and drove.

Recently the Judge's affairs had taken him a good deal to Keene and he noticed that the Keene people invited him wherever they invited her. Gradually, for the Judge, the world began to look young again and take on a more roseate hue. He found he enjoyed doing things for Pamela, sending her fruit from the farm.

"Cast your bread upon the waters," he used to say sometimes, "but be sure to cast it upstream."

And downstream would come floating to him letters

from Pamela, the gayest, wittiest, chattiest letters ever written, exactly like her bantering talk.

The children needed a mother and Pamela with her kindness, her energy, her initiative, would be wonderful in training Sallie and little Dan.

So the Judge and Pamela were married in Keene on September 29, 1859. The Judge's naturally buoyant nature was in the ascendant. The date happened to be Harriette's birthday and her father forgot it. Poor Harriette! He had never forgotten it before in all her nineteen years. Apparently a man of her father's mature years, he was forty-six, could fall so far in love as to overlook his own child's birthday. This was a little mystery that Harriette would not soon forget.

Pamela, radiant and desirable, appeared at the head of the stairs. She was dressed in a fashionable gown of corn-colored taffeta, a very full skirt, a tight-fitting bodice that laced down the back, with a pointed waist in front and ruffles of white net studded with tiny black velvet bows that cascaded off her lovely shoulders.

Little Dan stood at the bottom of the stairs and beamed up at her ecstatically. His father had explained to him about the lovely new mother who was coming to take care of them all. But the child hadn't been prepared for anyone so young and gay and blooming and joyous as this vision appeared.

She came tripping down the stairs in her black satin slippers. Her rippling laughter stopped as she saw the little boy looking up at her so happily, yet so wistfully. She put her arm around his shoulders. "So this is little Dan," she said, then leaned down impulsively and kissed him on both cheeks, as she gave him a little hug. The child's eyes filled with tears, no one had kissed him like that since his mother had gone. He followed her eagerly into the parlor, his little

heart immediately made captive to such charms, and went up and stood very close to his father during the short marriage service.

Pamela immediately took the Exeter house in her capable hands and ran up and down stairs so you could see the wool fly. A good deal of renovating was in order. She ordered a set of bedroom furniture, black walnut with white marble tops. The parlor was frisked up, there was a new red sofa, there was a gilt mirror to go over the mantel, and an English ivy ten feet long to train over that.

The table was renovated entirely. Pamela said the luxuries and elegances she *must* have, the necessities she could do without, and that their best things were for their own use. She rejoiced in a silver tea service, hot water kettle included, and white china throughout for the table.

A good girl in the kitchen found the work easy, recognizing a supreme ruler in her lady. Pamela had a wonderful gift in all housekeeping affairs, so that common burdens were light to her. She was quick and efficient and economical. She insisted that the whole family always get up for breakfast, though she didn't mind if they went back to bed again after. She had a way, too, of speaking her mind, "Now, my dear, I'm your best friend and I'm telling you this for your own good I think you ought to know it." Sometimes she would rush into the parlor where the family were sitting, "Goodness, but it's stuffy in here," she'd say, dash around and open all the windows, then rush out again, leaving them shivering in a gale of wind.

And Pamela's comments on everything were amusing and spicy.

"Dr. Holland says the Lord loves everyone, but I am convinced there are some He doesn't admire."

And then, as a sort of afterthought, "There are few people, anyway, one can safely know much of!"

She got on famously with the children. She seemed to have no embarrassment, as most ladies would experience, in having four children in one week.

The children called her "mother" with a pleasant grace, somewhat to her amusement. Once in a while the Judge called her Anne by mistake, which she took as a compliment. It surely was no other.

No sooner had all these fascinating changes taken place, it seemed to Dan, than his father told the children he had decided to sell the Exeter house. It seemed he wanted to open a law office in Boston. The house was to be sold in July.

It was a hard wrench for the Judge, but making up his mind about it a year ago was the real trial. These were but the final obsequies.

For Dan it seemed the most disturbing situation, to leave this house that his father had built. He loved the country so and he wondered if living in Cambridge, where they planned to be, would be at all like Washington, the only city where he had ever stayed. He said good-by personally to each and every one of the farm animals—the cows, the horses, the chickens, the sheep, which were all to be sold at auction. They wouldn't be having any animals in Cambridge. He and Sallie in April had picked their last may-flowers together rather mournfully in the Exeter woods; now they would pick their last buttercups and daisies. He helped his father pack the load of stuff that was to be carried up to Chester. He helped him copy the roll of heights of the children from the parlor door and, after a final day of packing, he left Exeter for good with Pamela and his father and Sallie in the carryall, for Cambridge.

The Judge had rented a house, a very modern house in back of Mr. Longfellow's, with gas throughout, a bathroom with hot and cold water, a w.c., and a marble washbowl,

not to mention a shed which he fitted up as a carpenter's shop and where he worked daily. The very first week he made a rotary clothes-dryer for Pamela and finished a squirrel-cage for Dan.

Dan and Sallie went to Public School, the Washington Grammar School on Brattle Street. Opposite the school-house stood the "spreading chestnut-tree" which tradition and Mr. Longfellow's poem claimed had sheltered the "village blacksmith" in days of yore. That the tree was a horse chestnut seemed entirely in keeping with its environment.

Dan was getting to be a big boy now, eleven years old. He was diligent enough about his lessons, but he didn't like school. There was nothing about it that he liked. The rooms were ugly and bare, the benches hard and uncompromising, the lessons difficult and dull. His studies came hard to him. He worked painstakingly to get good marks, but nothing interested him. The whole idea of lessons as they were presented bored him extremely. He was placed at a disadvantage, too, by having a brother seven years older who was such a first-rate student.

He was too fond of the out-of-doors and doing things with his hands. It was hard for a little boy who loved the country so to be transported to the more city-like Cambridge and leaving old playmates was difficult for him.

He started to keep a bird book, a book in which he could list, under headings of cedarbirds and snow buntings, rather elaborate recordings of when and where he first saw them and when and where he saw them the next time, whether seen in flocks or separately, and careful descriptions of nests and eggs. The Judge had always loved birds and kept a catalogue of them; the date that he heard the first song-sparrow and saw the first robin, with descriptions of eggs and observations on nestings. Dan went further than his father. Not satisfied with ordinary entries, he made

his pages attractive to the eye. Some of them he printed, lovingly and meticulously, and he made little decorations at the tops of some of the pages. In a way, it was a compensation for the lack of country life.

But, before long, other little boys made themselves known, so that he wasn't so lonely. First, Will Brewster, whose home was a fine specimen of the stately Colonial mansion, up Brattle Street a half a mile. There had been three other children in the Brewster family, but they had died before Will was born, all together of scarlet fever. It was about them that Mr. Longfellow had written the poem about the "house among the lindens," called "The Open Window." Naturally Mr. and Mrs. Brewster idolized their only remaining child and welcomed his friends to their spacious house and gardens, as well as to their hearts. Richard Dana, too, lived on Brattle Street, in a house full of family portraits and wonderful books.

Will Brewster was crazy about birds and under his leadership the boys tramped the fields in early spring. Will's father had Audubon's ornithology and Dan's father had Nuttall's, and these fascinating tomes were studied with a thoroughness which would have put the boys at the head of their classes if it had been applied to their school textbooks.

Judge French knew something about the taxidermist's art and imparted his knowledge to the boys, and they all stuffed birds together in the Judge's carpenter shop. And each spring they collected nests and eggs with enthusiasm.

In spring, school was never so bad, anyway. Dan had just won a prize, a copy of "Marmion," for "Improvement in Writing."

He was sitting near the window one warm May day. His books were lying unread on his desk. There was the redolent perfume of lilacs outside the schoolroom door and Dan

was looking dreamily out at the bright blue sky, the soft green of the new leaves on the trees, and all the peace and beauty of the scene. A little breeze brought in a gush of lilac fragrance.

"I'm going to think of this," the little boy said to himself, "of all this beauty and quiet, the blue sky and the softness of the air, and especially the smell of lilacs; I'm going to think of this when I am dying."

Dying seemed a long way off just now, but losing his mother when he was so little made him think of it quite often.

And people talked so much about dying these days. The Civil War was raging and everyone was talking about the wounded and the casualty lists. The Major, down in Washington, seemed to be in the thick of it all. And the Judge was concerned about Aunt Margaret's children. He wrote her at once and urged her, if there was any danger, to send her family (of eight!) to him.

After school one day, Dan and Richard Dana were walking through the Botanical Garden. They stopped at the pond where there seemed to be some new and extraordinary variety of lily, great lavender blossoms, as big as magnolias, that stood high out of the water. And the most incredible leaves, three or four feet across, with turned-up edges. There was a sign which they read with interest: "*Victoria Regina lilies*," a very new sign, and the lilies themselves must be very new, as neither Dan nor Richard had ever seen them before. They were so enormous they couldn't have grown here like this; they must have been sent from very far away.

Dan picked up a small pebble from the gravel walk and fired it at one of the lily-pads. To his delight it made a very neat, round hole. So Richard picked up a pebble, too, and fired it, with equal success. They picked up handfuls of

pebbles and threw them one by one, aiming precisely at the lily-pads. And finally when the lily-pads were a mass of holes and bore a strong resemblance to a group of giant-sized sieves floating on the water, they concluded their experiment was entirely successful and sauntered innocently on their way, thinking no more about it.

The next morning after breakfast, when Pamela and the Judge were alone in the parlor, she watering her plants, he reading the newspaper, he came across an irate article and read it aloud to Pamela. It seemed that the splendid new specimens of *Victoria Regina* lilies, which had so recently been acquired by the Botanical Garden, at much effort and expense, had been wantonly destroyed by a gang of hoodlums. The Botanical Garden was up in arms about it, and quite rightly, and offered a reward for any information as to the culprits.

The Judge hadn't seen the lilies yet and he had been looking forward to viewing them.

"I hope they get well hided, the little devils," he rather fiercely vouchsafed.

And Pamela, as she picked some dead blossoms off her favorite pink geranium, critically remarked, "Can you imagine anybody doing such a thing? It makes one wonder what sort of homes they come from."

The following June Will graduated from Harvard and joined the Coast Guard at Provincetown. And in July of that same year Harriette married young Captain Hollis and went to Washington whence came alarming reports of the city's capture.

As for Dan, he didn't seem to know what he wanted to do with himself. He wasn't interested in school and he openly pined and longed for the country. As he saw the energy and enthusiasm and sense of direction with which Brother Will tackled his life, it made him feel rather vague and

empty and aimless. But he did love the country, there was no doubt about that, and the family had to admit that he seemed to be born for nothing else than rural life.

It looked now as though he were going to have an opportunity to live in the country once again. For a project had recently come the Judge's way to which he was giving a good deal of consideration. He had been asked to be the first President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. It would mean giving up his law business which he had built up successfully. It would mean moving to a new place, making new friends for himself and Pamela, and Dan and Sallie. Also, in the eyes of many, it would mean a loss of prestige. Agriculture was not looked upon in this country with any high regard. And a college devoted exclusively to that art was a distinct novelty, an unheard-of thing. But the Judge felt so strongly that it should be encouraged, he felt that it was needed; he had ideas about it.

He was forever writing articles for agricultural papers. A few years previously he had taken a trip abroad to see the agriculture of the Old World and the Law Courts of England. He had been received with marked attention by the Agricultural Societies of Great Britain and he considered the time well spent. Also he had gathered almost enough material about farm drainage to write a book on the subject which he had been contemplating for some time. The book, called simply *Farm Drainage*, had been recently published. With quotations from Bacon and Emerson, it was becoming an agricultural classic, and he was being turned to as an authority in such matters.

So, with some misgivings, he accepted the position of President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, wound up his affairs in Boston and Cambridge, and moved his family to Amherst. There they occupied an old house built in 1728 and there the Judge tried to put into practice his broad

and farseeing ideas on the building-up of a college of farming.

That his ideas were too revolutionary and covered too wide a scope for a conservative Board of Trustees, he was soon to discover.

But Dan was blissfully happy to be in the country again, and was exchanging letters with Will Brewster and Richard Dana about the vividness of the Amherst sunsets and the beauty of the late afternoon light on the purple hills, about snaring partridges, about marsh hawks and snipe.

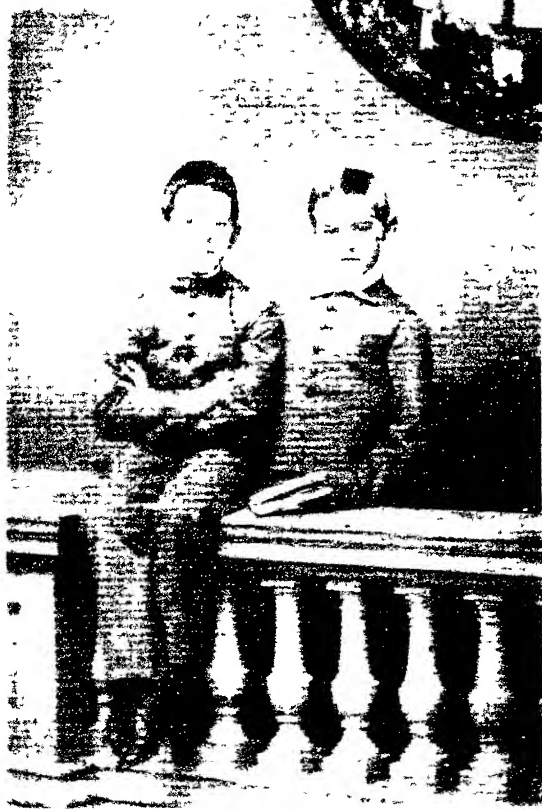
Though the country was lovely, he missed his Cambridge friends dreadfully; it proved to be a lonely year for the young boy and he had to amuse himself after school hours as best he could. In the spring and summer he went on with his bird book and methodically recorded the advent of house wrens and white-bellied swallows and the carefully printed table of nests and eggs grew longer and more elaborate.

The Judge had some books on mythology and long winter evenings Dan studied these with great seriousness, until he became so familiar with the sons and daughters of Zeus and all their attributes that they were as real to him as his own family, and possibly a little more exciting.

He had taken to drawing, after some prodding and prompting from Brother Will, and in the summertime, after hours working on the farm, he filled in his spare moments making drawings of gods and goddesses on any pieces of paper that came to hand. He discovered that the smooth white plastered walls of the old shed-chamber made an irresistible background for history and proceeded to blot out their whiteness with life-size charcoal drawings of kings and queens and emperors in royal robes and crowns.

Brother Will drew so beautifully and easily and sketched so rapidly that Dan had always been a little afraid to try

*Daguerreotype
of Dan at three*



*Dan and Will
Brewster, Cam-
bridge, 1861*

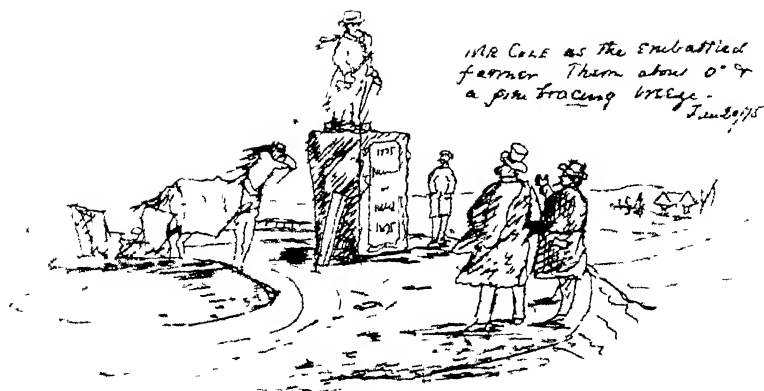


*Sallie, her auburn hair
bound by a blue ribbon*



*Pamela, "plump,
fair and smart as
you please"*

Dan's bird-book, Con-
cord, 1868



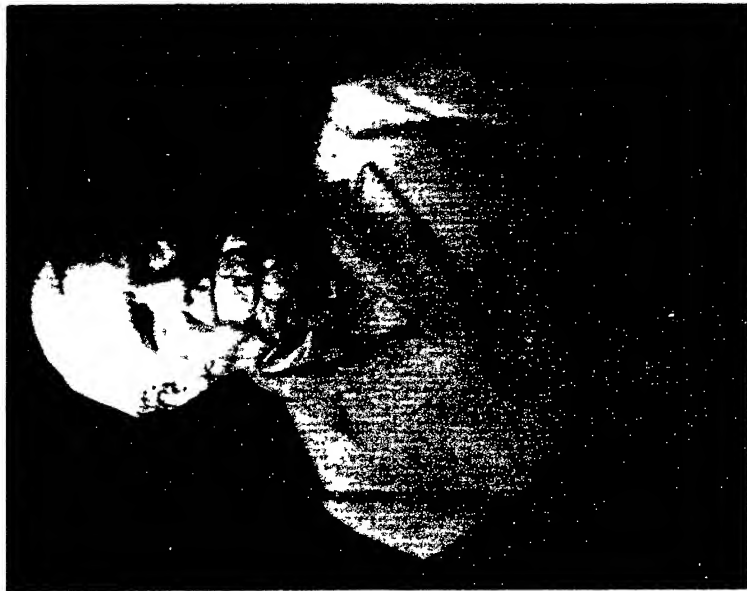
Dress rehearsal for the "Minute Man," with Mr Emerson as audience



The "Minute Man," with its air of sturdy defiance, Concord, 1875



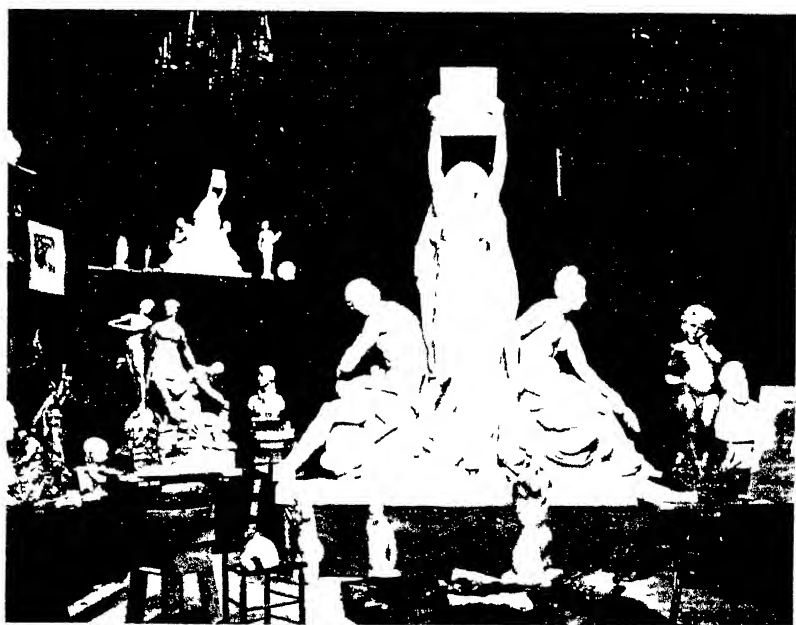
Dan, Florence, 1875



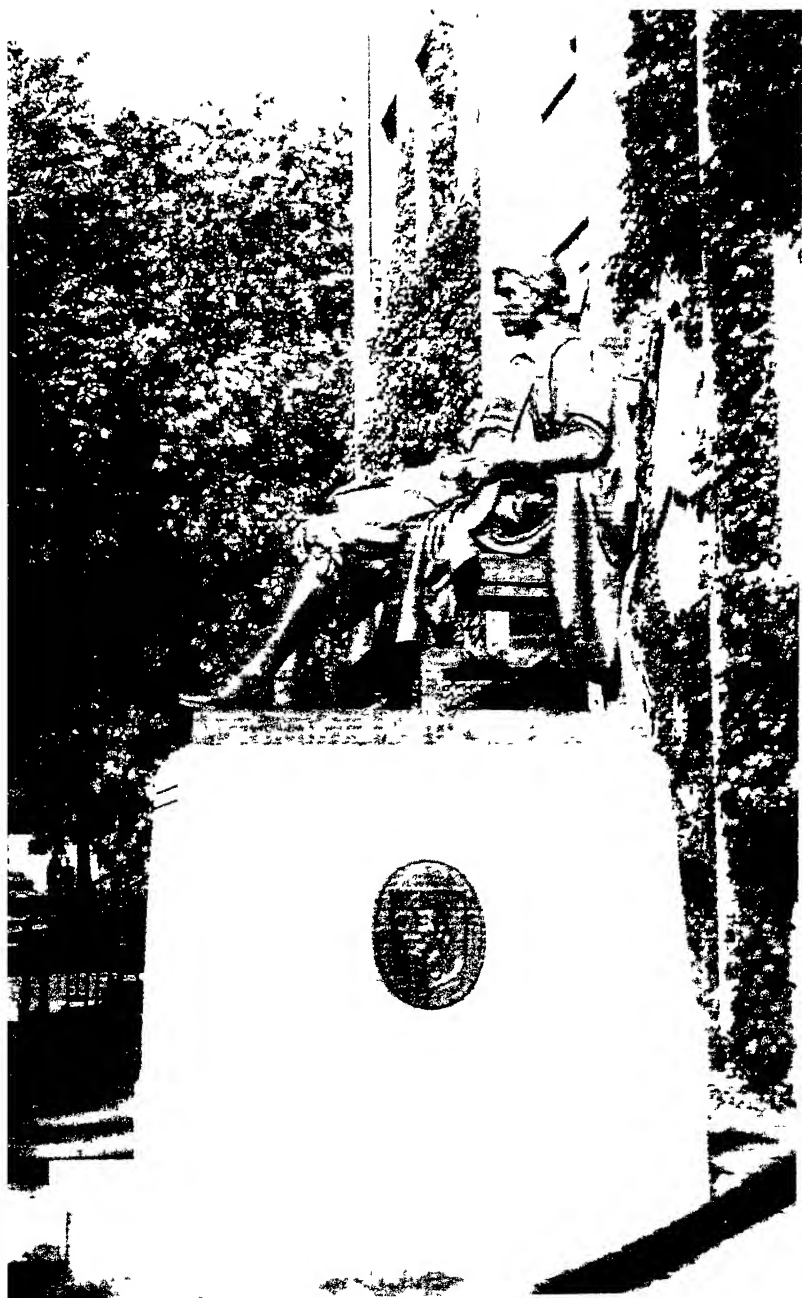
Judge Henry Flagg French



Concord studio, with "Endymion"



Concord studio, with "Law, Prosperity and Power"



"John Harvard," 1884



Mary, Dan's golden-haired cousin, about 1885

his hand, but these efforts seemed fairly successful, and Dan was quite pleased with the results. Once he got up in the night and with his candle crept down to the shed-chamber to look at the drawings again to see if they were really as good as he thought they were.

But he was glad enough, at the end of a year, when the Judge came to the conclusion that, as he wasn't allowed to put his own ideas into effect, he might as well resign from the presidency of the college.

This time the Judge satisfied Dan's anxious questionings; they would move somewhere near Boston, they would have a place of their very own, and they would have a farm.

The Judge hadn't been really happy in Cambridge. He had been a country boy and he could never get it out of his system. And he always had a homesick feeling in squirrel time. He wanted enough acreage to raise a few crops and have a good garden. He wanted a smallish house. He certainly didn't want a large one for him and Pamela in their old age to be lonely in when all the young birds had fled the nest.

After many small voyages around the countryside with Pamela and after much investigation, the Judge decided on a place in Concord, Massachusetts. It was convenient to Boston with good train service. The Judge's sister, Aunt Ann Brown, lived there with her husband, Uncle Simon, and a lively family of grandchildren, little Keyeses of assorted ages. But most of all, it was lovely country, real country, with a wide meandering river. And it was good agricultural country, with broad orchards and established farms.

The town, ignoring Boston, considered itself, and with reason, the literary center of America. For it had achieved in the span of one generation the name of the American Athens. During these years there were gathered here such

a knot of Utopian philosophers as had never been seen on this side of the great waters.

Here Mr. Emerson, that great original thinker, was writing his matchless essays and propounding his philosophical wisdom; Bronson Alcott, a century in advance of his time, was trying to put into practice his novel ideas on education. Here Thoreau had so recently poured out his keen-eyed reflections on nature, and Hawthorne, so lately dead, had brought forth the majestic simplicity of his "Mosses from an Old Manse." Here Margaret Fuller, that enigmatic bluestocking, had written portions of her Journals, while Lowell, Channing, George William Curtis, and hosts of accomplished, though less known, intellectuals, had spent long periods here and were closely identified with the place.

It was a communion of literary saints, if ever there was one. A spiritual force, they gathered together, they lit their torches at one another's altars and flung the burning brands into the far corners of the world to light still other altars in lands that had never heard their names.

There was a reverence in Concord for old things, houses, furniture, books, and all inherited worth.

In the rich years of its highest blaze of glory it was as absolute a democracy as was ever upon this earth. A real democracy from the inside, growing naturally without conscious cultivation, unstudied and unsought. And it was a spiritual democracy, a place where you felt the people themselves were finer than the clothes they wore or the houses they lived in.

Possibly the river had something to do with the Concord attitude—that wide, slow, lovely river used, like the Grand Canal in Venice, as the preferred means of getting from place to place. It was broad and smooth, with a hardly perceptible current, and nothing had ever been known to

roughly disturb its quiet surfaces. In the spring, when the snow melted and the rains came, it never pushed and tugged at its banks; never tore in surging foam, eager to meet its destiny, the sea; never showed any of the normal signs of Nature's surging drive. In the spring, Concord River simply overflowed its banks gently and contentedly, covering its bordering meadows with a larger pattern of itself, forming smooth and unruffled lakes, scattered with little islands of trees. And, when the waters had eased themselves sufficiently along their way, drawing back into the main stream again, and, save for a short period of soggiess in the neighboring grasses, leaving no trace of their immoderate wanderings. The life of the river was an integral part of Concord, it was used by everyone; an important aspect of her charm.

None of these advantages were lost on the Judge when he purchased the farm.

It was eight years since he and Pamela were married and they were feeling rather gruff about it, it was a long time and nothing very great accomplished after all, they felt. Perhaps when the house was theirs and done over to suit them and they could feel they belonged somewhere, they would be better satisfied with themselves.

The farm was out on Sudbury Road, about a mile from the center of the town. It had several hundred acres of land and three-quarters of a mile on the river. The barn was ninety-five feet long and the purchase of the farm included the convenience of a pew and a horse-shed of the Unitarian persuasion.

The house, built close to the road, just after the Revolution, was of white painted clapboards, with white trim and white quoins at the corners and green blinds and one big square chimney coming out of the center of the roof. There was a neat picket fence in front, with a swinging gate, a

huge elm on one side of the front door, a stalwart black ash on the other, broad fields at the back rolling away toward the winding river, rich acres under cultivation in front and the low wooded hills of the region closing in the scene.

Dan fell in love with the place the moment he saw it. The house appealed to him thoroughly. Its simple but solid architecture and its air of quiet aristocracy was just what he liked, so much so that he was quite willing to be pressed into service for a lot of hard work. He had always helped his father somewhat in the carpenter shop at Cambridge; tools seemed to come handy to him and here he served a real apprenticeship at carpentering, working regularly as a helper with the carpenters the entire summer, for the Judge had planned some pretty radical alterations on the old dwelling. Dan seemed to have a natural skill in handling tools, a natural application towards anything mechanical. Unaided, he took down sheds, scrambled around sure-footedly over the roof laying on new shingles, and ran up partitions like a veteran.

It proved to be not the easiest way of altering a house, living in it during the process, but it had to be done.

The front parlor had nice old paneling. The Copley portrait of the "Little Uncle," William Merchant, was hung in a place of honor, and large framed photographs of Thorwaldsen's "Evangelists" and Raphael's "Virgin and Child" adorned the walls. Under the pier glass was a Tennessee marble slab on which rested Danneker's "Ariadne," in lovely snow-white Parian, the new material that looked so much like marble. There was the piano and Pamela's maroon-colored full curtains.

There was a new furnace, with registers in the four principal rooms. There were English Brussels carpets, brilliant as the painted walls of Pompeii, on all the downstairs floors.

The dining-room table was lighted by a hanging lamp, à la kerosene, and there were carved walnut brackets made by Will to sustain a clock and vases.

The Judge was scarcely unpacked before he found himself taking an interest in town affairs. He was on a committee to introduce shad into the Concord River. They put in thousands of eggs and some live shad had already hatched. They were also planting trees, and a new impetus was given to lining the streets of the town with elms and maples.

One of the first things the Judge did, naturally, was to embark on a system of drains. The drains on the place in Exeter had been one of his most cherished projects, the aspect of the place which, more than anything, he had been most loath to leave. The drain in the cellar of the house here was really a triumph of art. Things swam in the cellars of his neighbors and there was a foot of water practically every spring in all the cellars of Concord on the Common level, but the Judge's cellar, when he got through with it, was dry and remained so. He laid a tile drain 250 feet long from the house cellar to Mr. Hubbard's low land across the road and thus overcame an aquatic situation that had presented itself as a matter of course for over eighty years.

Dan worked on the farm, too. The Judge had set up ten cows. Pamela took care of the milk for the house, a more or less continuous job of skimming and scouring, and made her own butter. Dan washed the inside of the barn, mended all the fences. He loved the outdoor work especially, and it seemed to agree with him. Again his native familiarity with tools was a convenient asset. He took to it all like a duck to water. Anything to do with the out-of-doors made an instant appeal to him and he seemed to have a ready understanding of all farm problems.

There was a beautiful pair of pigs, twins, that interested

him very much. Pamela warmed their bread and milk and Dan carried it out to them in a white pitcher

In the spring there was the thrilling smell of freshly-plowed earth. The men were out in the fields turning it over, trying a new plow, but the lines of the rich, dark loam were uneven and wobbly. Dan stepped up and asked shyly if he might try his hand at the plow. The men looked at the seventeen-year-old boy indulgently and stepped aside. Dan took hold of the plow, fixed his eye on the distant horizon, and started in an accurate straight line across the field. Then he turned and came back again. As he drew up by the little group of farm hands they broke into applause, and he heard one of them say to another, "That's the straightest furrow ever driven in Concord."

Dan couldn't have been more pleased. Words of praise, like words of affection, came rarely in a New England family and this remark would tide him over many an arid period.

Dan was taller than his father now, he weighed 126 pounds and was growing stronger all the time. He could take a barrel of apples out of the wagon without difficulty alone.

In the spring his father gave him a half acre of strawberries to manage himself and he would make a hundred dollars or so out of it. He was getting to be a good farmer, like his father, only he didn't have the same unbounded enthusiasm for it. In fact, the boy didn't seem to have any particular enthusiasm for anything.

But it was a pleasant life and young Daniel mooned the days away, secretly wondering if farming, rowing, and stuffing birds was really the entire answer to an individual's existence. He certainly saw no other existence for himself in any very imminent future.

CLAY AND TOOLS

IT WAS still terribly hot. Dan had gotten up at four that morning to cut asparagus with his father until breakfast time at seven, then back for more cutting till noon. This spell of hot weather, with rainy nights, had made the acres of asparagus flourish like the green bay tree, and, as it was always difficult to get outside help, the whole family had been called into action to sit on the barn floor the entire afternoon and tie the asparagus up into neat little bunches. Pamela, seated on a little milking stool with a white apron spread over her voluminous skirts, kept up a steady stream of sparkling conversation, her pretty plump hands working as efficiently on the green vegetable as they did on the inevitable sewing, Patrick and the other hired man were down on all fours slicing the stalks to an even length; the willowy and languid Miss Preston, the pretty Greek scholar, contributed her charming presence and not a great deal else; little Sallie, with flowers in her red hair, conscientiously was doing her best with the slippery bunches, and Dan was whistling absent-mindedly to himself but tackling the problem with his usual thoroughness.

The barn was enormous. The huge doors were open at each end. The brown fields stretched out to the river flowing gently by in the middle distance, broken only by the vigorous row of white pine which the Judge had set out as

a windbreak The air was very still, not a sign of a breeze, and the heat was all-enveloping, heavy and tangible. Pamela kept wiping off her lineless white forehead with the back of her pretty hand while Sallie, intent on her work, dripped drops of gentle perspiration into the bunches on her lap Only Miss Preston gave herself over completely and voluptuously to the excessive warmth and fanned herself with the swirling billows of a light blue scarf.

Pamela suddenly jumped to her feet and announced she was through. They had done a hundred and eighty bunches, a good day's work. Sallie was having a doorstep party that night, the maid was new and not too expert, and everyone had to come in and help. It looked like rain again, and if it came, the young people would come pelting into the house to play charades in the parlor, and Pamela wasn't going to have them throw the furniture around the way they did the last time, when they upset the lamp Will would be home from Boston on the evening train and he and Dan could move the big center table into the Judge's library, together with the precious bronze girandoles from the mantel. Some of the young fry had played charades at the Alcotts the other night and Alicia Keyes had attempted the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth, holding dramatically aloft in her hand Mrs. Alcott's best crystal candelabra. When the creepiness of the tragedy became almost unbearable, one of the Bartlett boys put out his foot and tripped Alicia up, and down came Lady Macbeth, her blood-stained little hands and the lovely candlestick, all in one resounding crash. Pamela, ever the perfect housekeeper, wasn't going to have that happen here. Yes, and they'd better take the Portland Vase that stood on the piano and hide it somewhere, perhaps under Father's couch. They had used it once, most successfully, when Sallie had acted Rebecca at the Well, and that time it had come through un-

scathed. But it really wasn't fair to Providence to be tempted indefinitely.

The family trailed off toward the big white house, Pamela chattering her orders as she went. Dan stayed behind to help Patrick with some of the last chores and to lock up the barn. There was a huge pile of turnips in a corner, and one of them, placed temptingly at the apex of the pile, was especially large and smooth. Dan picked it up. He went out and sat down on a stone on the north side of the barn, in the shade, and studied the turnip. There was a figure in it, surely—some kind of an animal—yes, a frog. And before he was consciously aware of what he was doing he was whittling away with his big jackknife as though his life depended on it. It was a frog—it really was—and he chuckled to himself as the figure took shape under his hands. But a tail-coat and trousers on a frog? Oh! Yes, of course, from the nursery rhyme, "The frog who would a'wooing go." The bell rang for dinner, but he didn't hear it. Soon, however, the frog was finished, a very jaunty dapper frog, and, thinking to amuse his always appreciative family, he carried it toward the house with him, stopping at the pump to wash his hands on the way in.

The family were already seated in the dining room, and Dan, in his progress through the room, paused imperceptibly at his father's place, set down the frog, and proceeded on upstairs to his room to change his clothes. He could hear the excited exclamations from below and the Judge's deep voice saying, "This really looks like talent," and Pamela's immediate and practical reaction, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Dinner was nearly half over when Dan came down. Pamela looked at him searchingly and made the pronouncement, "Dan, there is your career!"

Dan was rather taken aback by this declaration. He hadn't thought of his little joke with any great seriousness and

he looked at his stepmother rather inquiringly, to see if she really meant it. She evidently did. He was tremendously pleased and surprised, but rather wondered how the carving of turnips could develop into a career.

Dan worked on the asparagus again the entire next day. It didn't interest him very much. In fact, if he had been given to analyzing his actions he would have realized how much he really disliked the monotonous job. But it was there to do. His was a quiet, tranquil nature. He loved the out-of-doors. He recognized the importance of good farming. He could turn a straight furrow with the rest, but he went about his father's fields with a dreamy smile and a good-natured whistle.

The Judge came beaming into the house that evening and set down a heavy package with an air of great importance. "I've brought you something to make another frog out of," he exclaimed to Dan. "Something less perishable than your material of yesterday. It's called potter's clay." And he opened the bundle and exhibited to the admiring gaze of his somewhat bewildered son a mass of gray, hard, and most unpromising-looking material.

All that morning, going in on the train, and between legal documents at the office, Judge French had thought of Dan's frog. And even during the long, hot afternoon, in the midst of Mr. Forrest's lengthy dissertations on the gold standard, that frog continued to hop up into his mind. And also Pamela's prodding query, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

The Judge remembered a little shop on Bromfield Street that had paints and brushes in the window. He would walk around that way and see if they had any material to model with. He had never seen any himself and hardly knew what to ask for. But the elderly shopkeeper was sympathetic and seemed to know of just the right thing. Ten pounds should

be enough to start with, and you must be sure to remember to keep it wet. So with the ten pounds securely wrapped and clutched under his arm the Judge trudged onto the train with it and out to Concord.

After supper, when the table was cleared away, the Judge pinned aprons around his two big boys and himself and they all sat down around the table and tried to fashion things out of the clay. Will started a number of heads successfully, but invariably crumbled them back into the clay without finishing them. Pamela made clay pies with carefully pinked edges, Sallie ambitiously attempted a portrait of Stubtail, the horse, with devastating results and much discouragement. Dan worked less rapidly, more steadily, and before the evening was over a dog's head, of seeming merit to his parents, had been modeled. The Judge admitted that it still needed working over. But it had possibilities, and, at any rate, it was infinitely better than his or Pamela's. With a dreamy faraway look in his eyes, the lad bore it off to his room.

The next morning he didn't appear for breakfast, and a pounding on the door from Will found the incipient artist on his knees, lost in contemplation before his dog's head which, upon its piece of board, was propped up on the window sill. It had dried out badly during the night, and he was experimenting with wet cloths to keep the moisture in. The rest of the clay, in a bucket, was on the floor beside him. He had borrowed his mother's best watering can and had sprinkled it copiously, but that only made it soft, too soft on top, and had no effect upon the underpart of the material. A trip to the barn had suggested a trowel and a hoe, and with these implements to work the clay, Dan discovered that he could get it all back to a tolerably uniform quality of softness.

He dutifully returned to the asparagus acres, and in the

afternoon the endless chore of bunch tying. But by evening even a picnic up the North Branch could not lure him from his room, where complete silence reigned. He really was interested—seriously—at last, in something.

The days went by like this. The things he had to do on the farm were done, but every other moment that he could recruit was spent up in his little room, working with a concentration that he hadn't dreamed he was capable of. At the end of a week the lad appeared and, with a wistful, eager expression on his handsome face, showed his father a statuette of a "Wounded Deer." There was something very much out of the ordinary in this little statue; there was pathos in it, there was good composition, and there was knowledge of structure. The Judge recognized the very evident talent shown in the portrayal without definitely analyzing the things that made it good. He scrutinized his son with a fresh eye, wondering how and where he had acquired this knowledge.

Dan didn't tell him that a few years before, when he had been off gunning over at Walden Pond with Will Brewster, he had shot a deer. How proud he had been in his first elation over a good shot! And then, when he had gone up to the wounded animal, it had lifted its beautiful head and gazed at him reproachfully, wistfully, with its great brown eyes, then laid its head gently down on the boy's knee, and with a little shiver had died. He didn't even tell Will Brewster how disturbed he had been to think that he had been the one to so hurt and kill this lovely, wild thing. But he had not been able to eat the venison, and he had never shot another deer. Into this little clay animal he had put all the emotions that had been stored up by that experience. He knew how he felt. He was sure he knew how the deer felt. He could never have told

anyone nor have talked about it. But here, in this fascinating new material, he could express something that welled up from inside.

Pamela was entranced. This was a subject that especially appealed to her and, with characteristic zeal, she went to Boston the next day with the precious model, to the well-known architects and architectural sculptors, the Cobb Brothers. When Mr. Cyrus Cobb saw the figure he exclaimed: "No one in Boston could have done this, and only one man in New York."

Thus fortified with the enthusiasm of authority, Dan spent more and more time up in his room, less and less time in the asparagus and strawberry beds.

One sunny morning, when he heard the familiar sound of horses' hoofs in the yard, he glanced out of the window to see the charming figure of May Alcott, dressed in a green velvet riding-habit, drawing in her sorrel mare. She made a lovely picture, her brimmed hat with its green feather curling down one side and her masses of yellow curls tumbling down her back. May Alcott was a romantic figure in Concord, a girl of great intelligence and charm. An artist of some accomplishment, she drew and modeled and painted, and had spent several years in pursuit of her studies in Paris.

Dan, sensing that her errand might have to do with him, washed his hands hastily and hurried down the stairs. May was reining in her horse.

"Hello, Dan," she called out in her friendly way, "what's all this I hear about your becoming a sculptor? Why didn't you tell me? Didn't you know I'd be interested? What can I do for you?"

Her questions came falling out, one on the heels of another.

Dan said, "You're very kind. I've only been working a few weeks, and I wouldn't have dared approach you. But I'd love to show you what I've been doing."

May had slid off her horse and turned the animal over to Patrick who led the pretty mare around to the watering trough. Then May brushed herself off a little and followed Dan into the big white house. First he displayed his deer, then the dog's head, his first effort, and now a panther he was working on. May studied them for a long time without making any comment. Dan shifted from one foot to another, eyeing her uneasily. Would she never speak? Were they really no good, after all?

Finally, as his spirits began to sink, she turned to him slowly and said, as though she were weighing every word, "Why, Dan, you've really got something. I heard that you were good, but I never dreamed that you could do so much without any tutoring. You not only understand animals—you seem to know how they're put together. But, above all, you have the feel of them. Your work is sensitive—it's intelligent." Then she began to stammer a little confusedly. "I have to admit that I came somewhat out of curiosity. Everyone has been talking about your work. But I couldn't believe it would have more than the average merit of a beginner. But you have found a means of expression, haven't you?" She drew closer and looked wonderingly and searchingly up into his eyes. Then, with a flashing smile, she put her hands enthusiastically on his shoulders.

"I'll tell you what you do. Bring Stubtail and the wagon and come up to the house and I'll give you a lot of clay so you can really do something sizable. And I'll show you how to make an armature. You have to have a skeleton, you know, in every figure that you do, or it won't stand up. Your panther here will soon collapse on his four legs if he doesn't have some bony structure to keep him going. Come up this

afternoon. I'll give you your first lesson. I'll be so proud!"

Dan helped her onto her horse and, as her handsome figure disappeared down dusty Sudbury Road, he followed her with his eyes. Would he ever go to Europe to study, he wondered? Would he ever have classes in drawing, and dare to instruct the young? May Alcott was a symbol—a symbol of success and accomplishment, and she carried with her the assurance that such attributes convey. And she had come to him of her own accord and had offered to help him. Wonderingly, he closed the gate, went up the marble steps into the house, and, with a new lightness in his tread, he went back to his own room and shut the door.

"You have to be a plumber, Dan, as well as a carpenter," May was saying as her firm, capable hands took a long piece of lead pipe and bent it into a shape like a shepherd's crook at one end. "Learning how to model and manipulate the clay is only part of it—sometimes I think a very small part of it—there is such an endless lot of this mechanical work to be done. But you've learned carpentry from Patrick and your father, and are used to handling tools. So it won't be so hard for you as it has been for me, really. The years of housework and sewing didn't entirely fit me for wielding a hammer and a saw." As she chattered along, May was busily fitting the curved lead pipe over a piece of iron pipe that she had already attached to a piece of board. They were out in the barn and the board, neatly sawed off to the desired length, was lying on a workbench, the iron pipe standing upright, already attached to its center.

This was to be an armature for a head, as Dan had expressed a wish to try a portrait of his brother, and Will had evidenced the necessary patience in being willing to sit. But the thought of a head—that great mass of clay—Dan wondered what on earth would keep it from falling down. And

now, May out of the goodness of her heart, was showing him. She was going to show him how to make butterflies. You had to have butterflies, she said, to keep the moist clay from sliding down the lead pipe, and with a pair of pliers she was deftly winding a piece of wire around two sections of wood, each about the size of her little finger, and set crosswise against each other. These butterflies, or crosses, she then attached with more wire into the top or shepherd's crook part of the armature. Dan was fascinated as his eyes followed her every move.

Very soon the rather haphazard-looking contraption was finished and May began to put on the clay. She had a big washtub full of the clay on the barn floor, near it a pail of water, and in the pail a spray made on the principle of a syringe, a wonderfully convenient device she had brought back from Paris. The washtub was covered with wet cloths, for the clay must be kept always moist, and May began to pull out great handfuls of it and then to apply it in small bits, carefully working it in around the butterflies so that it would hold securely. She kept at it for over an hour. Dan eagerly helped her and, when the thing began to take on sufficient size, she suddenly announced, "Now we're going to measure."

With that she picked up a pair of calipers, or dividers, and applied one end to the tip of Dan's nose, the other end to the back of his head, then held the calipers over the mass of clay, which it did not touch by several inches.

"You see, you must build the clay out, Dan, till the calipers touch fore and aft, and when you get that measurement, then you do the same thing from ear to ear. And so on around, until you've taken every measurement you can think of."

With that May put down the calipers and, looking at the somewhat bewildered youth with a mischievous twinkle in

her eye, said: "Now, go ahead I've told you all I know."

Dan lifted his clay head and bore it proudly out to the wagon, where he placed it on the floor of the front seat so he could keep an eye on it on the way home. Then May got a big box from the wood-shed and they filled it with clay, packing it well down, and sprinkling it with water. Dan carried that out triumphantly and placed it tenderly in the back of the wagon. Was all this happening to him? Was ever anyone so kind? If he could only thank her and tell her how much it meant. But he was not given to expressions of enthusiasm, and, after all, when a charming lady comes along and opens up to you with one glorious bound the gates of another world, what can one say? There were no words, surely, of thanks, for such gifts as these.

Apprehending that his usual shyness might prevent his expressing his appreciation in words, Dan had tucked under the front seat, when he had left the farm, a huge basket of strawberries, enough to keep the entire Alcott family going on that succulent fruit for at least a week. He carried his present shyly around to the kitchen door, to be greeted by Miss Louisa, armed with a tray, a pitcher of lemonade, and some glasses. May had emerged from the barn, and they all three sat down on the kitchen steps and drank the lemonade. Miss Louisa was so kind, too. Dan wished he had brought more strawberries or, perhaps, some cherries. And now, when his cup seemed already full to overflowing, May put into his hand three wooden tools, saying, "Here, take these and keep them. I have plenty of others I can't tell you how to use them. That's something you'll have to find out for yourself."

Dan, with almost bated breath, looked at the tools. They were made of teakwood or orangewood, perhaps—some hard, fine-grained wood that he had never seen before. They were long and tapered at the ends—rounded and so

smooth. He touched them reverently. His eyes sought May's, but he said nothing. Then swiftly he looked up into the tree-covered hillside that half surrounded Orchard House, and gulped his lemonade. He had never seen sculptor's tools before. In fact, he wasn't sure that he had known there were such things. And now he had some for his very own! Perhaps some day he would make a statue, a real statue. He had seen a few in the Public Garden in Boston.

He looked at kind Miss Louisa. Her struggle had been a long one, surely, for only last year had she brought out "Little Women," that book that every girl in Concord, and all over the world, apparently, was so wild about. Now she was famous, and people came to Concord just to see her, just to stare at her and to see where she lived. But she was thirty-seven, and when one is nineteen that seems a long way off. Would he have to wait as long as that, he wondered. Never mind, he had that wonderful clay, and the armature, and now these beautiful tools that he held so tightly in his hand. He was strong, and he would work hard. But this didn't seem like work. This seemed like play.

The sun was sifting down through the great elm on the lawn, making sharp circles of light on the grass. A fat robin was leaning back on his tail, pulling up a reluctant worm. The apple trees, through blossoming now, were covered with tender green, and some clumps of deep red peonies near the side door were breaking into bloom and making brilliant dashes of color against the old brown house. The fragrance of the syringas around near the front door came to them gently on the wings of a soft breeze. Such a peaceful, friendly place this was, with that feeling of being lived in and worked over and loved that so many of the Concord houses had.

Dan stretched himself and got up. The lemonade pitcher was empty, and Miss Louisa had gone back into the house.

So with a warm handclasp and a beaming smile to May he started off down the road. In front of the house ran an extraordinary fence, made of gnarled roots and twisted boughs. It had been made by the devoted hands of Mr. Alcott, who greatly favored rusticity in his architecture. Dan surveyed it candidly. He had always had a seeing eye, but this latest few weeks' excursion into sculpture had given him a critical one as well. He decided he did not like the fence.

Mr. Emerson's house, broad and plain and big and strong, like his philosophy, was on the left, a simple, square house of white clapboards, but with a beauty that sprang from truth and light and a fine dignity about it. The sage himself was turning in at the gate as Dan went by, and they waved to each other. Emerson's wonderful eagle nose jutted out from under his broad-brimmed hat, as his face, full of sweetness and calm, broke into a radiant smile. Then on past Wright's Tavern, along the Milldam, down the Main Street, and out Sudbury Road, past the library and over the railroad tracks. It was a drive of two miles, perhaps, but not long enough to come to a decision about the amazing suggestion that May had made to him.

May had a drawing class, three mornings a week, out in the barn, and she had invited Dan to join it, a great opportunity, surely. May had insisted that he must learn to draw. Drawing was the foundation of all painting and sculpture, she said. The tuition wasn't high, and May was an enthusiastic teacher. He would learn much, doubtless. But there was an obstacle. The drawing class consisted of twenty-five young ladies!

Dan liked girls. He knew many of the ones who were studying with May. But there was something about the thought of two dozen females, all at one time and place, and he the only male—that seemed a little appalling. It was

such an opportunity; it would be a shame to turn it down. But still—well, he would talk it over with the family at dinner. It would provide food for conversation.

Pamela, in a white muslin dress with scarlet bows, sat at the head of the table, her black hair parted in the center and drawn down demurely over her ears, a fashion distinctly at odds with her flashing eyes and vivacious personality.

"Oh, Dan, of course you must do it. You'll never have another chance like this. Why, two of those girls come all the way out from Boston on the cars just to study with May. And you'd only have to walk two miles each way."

"But, Mother, he'd be snowed under by two dozen girls," said the gentle Sallie. "And all the other boys would tease him so. I think it would be awful," and she looked at Dan commiseratingly.

"You'll have to get up at five just the same to pick the strawberries," said the Judge. "We can't let you off from that."

"I think you'd learn so much, Dan, you really ought to do it," Will said, to which the Judge retorted, "yes, he'll learn a lot of things he hadn't bargained for, with two dozen girls, I'll wager!"

Through this barrage of remarks Dan had remained silent, attending strictly to the business of eating. Suddenly he looked up, smiled, and remarked, with an air of finality, "Anyway I'm going!"

And go he did for several weeks, meanwhile working in the afternoons on Will's head. He decided to cast the head himself up in his own bedroom, and got into difficulties accordingly.

He knew very little about plaster casting having never seen any done. But May Alcott gave him some advice and even presented him with a bag of her best Plaster of Paris.

She told him to go to the plumber's shop and get some big pieces of iron pipe to reinforce the outside of the mold, and some sheets of brass to cut the little shims for making the separation. She cautioned him about brushing the inside of the mold with green soap. He wrote it all down methodically. He got the things all carefully assembled in his room and, because of his mother's admonitions, spread an old sheet on the floor. Then he set to work. All went well for a time, but with so much to attend to, and so little experience, he forgot to remove the shims till the plaster had set and so, naturally, he met with some difficulty in getting them out at all. Then, too, the only running water upstairs was in Pamela's dressing-room, which meant constant dashing across the hall and through his parents' bedroom, leaving a trail of plaster as he came and went.

Poor Pamela! She and the Judge had gone to church, and when they returned to find the telltale white smudges all over the floor on Pamela's new buff matting, which the Judge had only finished laying two weeks before, and her wash-basin covered with a sticky residue of green soap and blueing, it had taken all the Judge's restraining influence to keep her from speaking her mind. When he had gone downstairs, Pamela had come out with a few vehement remarks, then had taken off her churchly bonnet, donned her largest apron, and gotten down on her hands and knees to clean up the mess. Dan felt so sheepish, so apologetic. And he hadn't finished yet, because, having just made the mold, he planned to do the cast that afternoon.

After dinner, at Pamela's urgent request, Dan lugged buckets of water from the pump near the kitchen door up to his room, and there he had sloshed and dripped and worked all afternoon. The Judge looked in often to offer practical suggestions, and Pamela, in a forgiving mood, offered libations of lemonade and cake. But the cast wasn't

a good one, and Dan realized that anything more ambitious must go forward in a more professional manner.

Two weeks later, at the same dinner table, there was another discussion about the drawing class.

It had been a trying time, working with so many girls, and Dan finally abandoned it. But only after he had discovered that there was another class in Boston that looked more promising.

Dr. William Rimmer, a physician and a sculptor, a man of great talent and a high order of ability, also had a drawing class, a class in which he taught anatomy from the viewpoint of a doctor and an artist. Dan investigated it and decided it was a great opportunity.

The family were plying him with questions. Dan was finishing his strawberries. He laid down his spoon and announced, as though he were disclosing a deep-laid plot: "I've signed up with Dr. Rimmer in Boston to study in his classes of artistic anatomy. I shall go three times a week, and I begin tomorrow."

Sallie looked at him aghast. "Boston! Why, that will take you half an hour on the cars each way. And why do you have to study anatomy? Edward Emerson is studying anatomy, but he's going to be a doctor. And he has to cut up dead people to see what they're like inside. Will you have to do that?" Sallie's gentle brown eyes widened. If this was something Dan must do, then it must be all right. But she hated to think of her baby brother. . . .

"No," Dan was saying, "I won't have to do that, although some artists do. But Dr. Rimmer doesn't think it necessary. He has a skeleton in his studio, and some colored charts, life size, of the human body, showing how the bones and organs and muscles all fit into one another. And he has an extraordinary plaster cast, a figure of a man by the French sculptor Houdon. Dr. Rimmer calls it his 'Skinned

Man,' and it is just that—just the way we'd look if our skins were removed—all the muscles fitting and overlapping in the most marvelous way. I was there yesterday and drew for a little while in black charcoal on white paper. There was a young man posing, without clothes, and, as he took different poses, Dr. Rimmer would explain to us, by way of the charts and the skeleton and the 'Skinned Man,' just what was happening under the skin." Dan was warming to his subject. He rarely made such a long speech. But he had truly been in another world, and the family hung on his words.

"And Dr. Rimmer has a great blackboard and draws for us; draws a leg, for instance, in a dozen different positions, explaining, as the model holds the pose, what happens as each muscle pulls into position. Tomorrow we draw a nude woman. We'll do quick sketches for two hours, and then a careful, finished drawing for another two hours. There are twenty-five young ladies in Dr. Rimmer's class, too, but there are also three young men. I think I can stand it if I am not the only one! Art is evidently not considered a man's job."

Dan paused for breath. And the Judge looked at his son as though he had never quite seen him before. This was evidently something serious. Never had there been such intense interest over anything. The boy's sweetly serious nature was deeply stirred, that was sure, and these long hours of work in his room—the head of Will was done, and before it was finished Dan had exacted a promise from his father to sit for him. He wanted to work—he wanted to study—he, to whom school had always been a task to be gotten through. He was showing ambition.

Slightly bewildered by this unexpected turn of events, but highly approving and distinctly pleased, the Judge got up from the dinner table and went out to survey his orchard.

Dan brushed by him on his way to the river. He walked out through the orchard, past the pine trees, over the meadows, down to the edge of the slow-moving stream. He lay down on the bank, his hands clasped back of his head. The weather was perfection's self, it was still light; there was a pinky yellow flush in the sky, and the low undulating hills stood out dark and sharply outlined against it. The evening star was visible, hanging low in the west. Its reflection in the still water was as clear and brilliant as itself. Over among the trees a thrush was singing, that reverberating melody of pure joy. A little farther off another answered like an echo.

Dan drank in the beauty of the lovely, still evening. He felt a strange kinship with the river. It didn't look as though it were going anywhere and still there was a quiet persistence about it. He felt that perhaps his own life was like that. He had been drifting for so long, aimlessly. He knew his father had been worried and discouraged over him. And he himself sometimes had had a pang of insecurity as he looked into the future. But now, at last, here was something that he could do, wanted to do, really longed to do. There was a strange new drive surging up in him, and, as he picked up a little stone and skimmed it across the water's smooth surface and watched the ripples as they splayed out, he felt a sense of communion with the leisurely stream. Quietly, perseveringly, they knew where they were going, he and the river.

BRIGHT HORIZON

COME up in my room," said Dan, "we're all going to try our hands at drawing tonight. I've made myself a great blackboard, just like Dr. Rimmer's. Father teases me and says even without any training he can draw as well as I, so we'll all have a try at it."

Supper was over and, as they got up from the table, the entire family followed him, single file, up the stairs and crowded into his little room, where on a big blackboard were white chalk drawings of remarkably muscular men with helmets and spears, and long-limbed naked women, and rampaging horses. Dan was full of all he had learned from Dr. Rimmer and had set up this blackboard so that he could get in plenty of practice at home. The family were properly impressed by all the drawings, but Dan wiped them out ruthlessly and selected a piece of chalk for Pamela.

With a little self-conscious giggle Pamela essayed a profile portrait of her husband. She struggled hard over it and held in her breath as she laid on the firm white marks. But, try as she might, it didn't seem to look any more like the Judge than it did like Dan, or Will, or even Ned Bartlett, Sallie's beau. Pamela, with a rather surprised air of apology, laid down the chalk amid the politely suppressed mirth of her family. Pamela was always very efficient. She had expected more of herself, and was a little annoyed by her lack of artistic ability.

The Judge took up the chalk with a good deal of assurance and pitched into the drawing of a dog, and the look of wondering incredulity that came over his face as the thing looked only slightly more like a dog than it did like a cat, brought peals of sympathetic laughter from his family.

"Why, Father," said Sallie, getting down from her perch on the bed, "we expected you to be an example to us all."

"It's easier to be a warning than an example, and certainly a lot more fun," said the Judge, turning over the bit of chalk to his daughter.

"This is going to be Stubtail," announced Sallie bravely, as she made some faint passes on the dark board. But it didn't in the least resemble Stubtail, and Sallie laughed till she cried as she wiped her efforts out hastily.

Will then drew some cleverly brilliant little sketches, thereby redeeming the fading family talent. And pretty little Lucy Barrett, who was one of May Alcott's pupils, turned out a very neat and careful drawing of an old woman with a shawl, which she secretly hated to see demolished.

Dan then modestly took the chalk and started an anatomical drawing of a man; a man with a winged steed beside him, a fire-eating Pegasus, with great flaunting wings that unfurled bravely as he climbed the billowy sky. It was very impressive and the family followed every stroke with great seriousness as Dan brought it to completion.

As he was finishing, Sallie exclaimed with delight over a small group of owls in clay which she had discovered on Dan's bureau. It was about six inches high, the claw of the male tenderly resting upon that of the female, his right wing lovingly thrown over the shoulder of his fair inamorata, while his bending head and upturned eye were pouring into her willing ear his tale of devotion and love. He looked so big and strong, and she so weak and willing. In fact, her whole expression, sentimental in the extreme, was

that of pleased self-confidence, more natural than life. The Judge picked up the little group and took it over to the window. Each wing—in fact, every feather—was modeled to perfection, showing not only exquisite sculpture but a profound knowledge of anatomy and ornithology. How on earth had the boy learned all this? Where had he learned it? The forages with Will Brewster in search of birds and nests and eggs had contributed, no doubt, and the stuffing of birds' skins that he had done with his father—but that didn't explain the finish that was achieved in this little piece, the style, the humor. The lad evidently had a faculty that did not seem to come by degrees, but, like the Goddess of Wisdom, was born full grown.

The next day Dan cast the pair of owls and took the model into Boston. A firm which produced porcelain figurines seemed to approve of it and said they would sell copies of it in Parian. They paid Dan fifty dollars for the little group. It seemed a tremendous sum to him, the first money he had ever made. From then on he worked even more diligently and turned out a relief of Sallie and one of Annie Keyes. He finished a bust of Uncle Simon Brown. He did a little figure of Dickens' character, "Sairy Gamp," and a wonderful rooster, to be put into Parian. And he made a humorous figure of "Mrs. O'Leary's Cow," that famous cow that kicked over the lantern that started the great Chicago fire. He called it "The Chicago Incendiary." But the most charming was a little group of "Dolly Varden and Joe Willet," also taken from Dickens. Lucy, the pretty little rolypoly, posed for the "Dolly Varden" in a costume she made herself and looked more coy and flirtatious in it than ever.

Then, the most thrilling of all, Dan won a prize at the Cattle Show. Aunt Ann Brown urged him to send his owls and a new group of dogs. She and Miss Ellen Emerson were

the Committee on Art, and to everybody's surprise Dan won the premium of three dollars and was much elated in consequence

The following winter Dan decided to go to New York for a few months of study. There were no art schools in Boston and it was hard to determine what to do next. Mr. Emerson had given him a card to the Athenaeum and he had gone often and studied the plaster casts there. But he felt now that he was ready for wider fields. Dr. Rimmer was most encouraging about it and said he saw no reason why the young artist should not rise to fame as soon as he pleased, provided he was willing to work hard enough. Thus spurred along and also fortified with an invitation from Aunt Catherine Welles to come and visit her in Brooklyn, he made the great decision. He had carefully saved up his fifty dollars from the owls and, with the Cattle Show premium, he felt he could now afford a pilgrimage.

Aunt Catherine's house, on a quiet, tree-lined street in Brooklyn, had great rooms with high ceilings, lace curtains at the windows, and heavy brown brocaded portieres. Between the two large windows of the front parlor was a very tall and very slender gilt mirror which stood on a low gilt console, and on the console rested a ram's head with great curling horns and a giant yellow cairngorm set in the middle of its forehead. Dan had never seen anything quite like this and he studied the ram's head frequently and in private. The room was furnished with a very elegant set of rosewood furniture, pieces that all matched, and on the walls hung old Italian paintings of religious subjects; Italian primitives, Uncle Doctor Welles called them, explaining that he had bought them himself in Italy some years before.

The family circle, besides Aunt Catherine, and Uncle Doctor, consisted of two sons and two daughters. The young

men, somewhat older than Dan, were great cigar smokers, which was a surprise to the country boy, as no member of his own family smoked. On the other hand, they had one habit which charmed him. They each had a violin, and in the evening they would gather around the piano, Aunt Catherine would play, and the two young men would fiddle away for hours. They didn't seem to know any girls, however, or be interested in them, and in this city of beauty the young visitor felt this was a grave omission.

Dan liked girls; there were so many of them in Concord and they were always so much easier to get along with than boys. They were willing to take you more on faith. They seemed to approve of you from the very start and they were good to look at—so many of them. It seemed surprising to Dan that the Welles boys hadn't waked up to that fact.

The day after Dan's arrival Aunt Catherine took him to call on Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, the noted sculptor, at his studio in New York, near Central Park. Dan could see that Aunt Catherine had an ulterior motive, that she hoped Mr. Ward would take Dan on as a pupil. Dan secretly hoped so, too, though he did not voice his ambition. He didn't believe in looking ahead too much. He had already begun to notice that if each day you just minded your own business and did what was there to do and didn't put any obstructions in your own path, why, just the right things seemed to come your way.

Mr. Ward, a man of powerful build, with a deep strong voice and a forcible choice of words, was about forty years old. Very jolly and full of fun, Dan was especially impressed by his great masculinity, a quality which pervaded whatever he did. His studio, the first real sculptor's studio Dan had ever seen, was a splendid room, with an enormous skylight. It was full of statuary in varying stages of progress and full of plaster casts. One of them, his "Indian Hunter,"

had recently been set up in bronze in Central Park. There seemed to be various mechanical devices, such as pointing machines for duplicating models in a larger size, which Dan observed out of the corner of his eye.

Mr. Ward, however, tactfully let it be known that he was not anxious to take a pupil and Dan did not press the matter. A little later, however, he untied a portfolio he had brought and showed the master some of his drawings. Immediately Mr. Ward became interested and finally offered to take the young sculptor on for just one month for the sum of fifty dollars. This seemed high to Dan, in fact it was the entire sum that he had received for his owls, but he quickly decided that it would be worth it to him. So the transaction was arranged. He would work hard to get all the help he could and make the most of his time. Mr. Ward wanted him to study at the Academy of Design, too, where the instruction was free, and Dan signed up there for three evenings a week.

He walked to the studio each day, five miles, and stood up eight hours a day modeling, and felt he was getting enough exercise. He wanted to work harder than ever to make the most of this opportunity. He felt it was rather presumptuous of him to be working in New York anyway.

Mr. Ward started him off copying plaster casts—first a foot, then an anatomical figure, then a bust of Clytie—not particularly inspiring, but excellent practice, and he seemed pleased with the lad's true eye and his general diligence. It was exciting to watch Mr. Ward cast a statuette in plaster, and Dan got a lot of pointers and looked back upon his own untutored efforts with amazement that they should have materialized at all. Then, finally, he was allowed to choose his own subject and, thinking back perhaps to the little boy effort in Cambridge, he modeled a group of the Central Park lions. Mr. Ward approved and said that Dan

had unusual power to snatch the central thought of a subject, and, as the month was at last over, sent him back to Concord well pleased with his first venturings out into the great world.

Sallie, though she longed to see him again, trembled at the thought of his homecoming, for during his absence she and Pamela had undertaken to make Dan's room presentable. While they were doing it, Sallie said she didn't know but what his ghost would appear before them. They dusted off his shelves of stuffed birds, which were gray with dirt, burnt up several moth-eaten creatures, removed his collection of birds' eggs from a drawer to a box, and overturned the contents of his bureau. They were well satisfied with the result, having made it quite respectable, but they knew inwardly that no sooner would he get back than a trail of plaster and clay would follow.

Dan was so happy to be home again that he made no comment about the room. But no sooner was his bag unpacked than he set about removing the collection of birds' eggs from the clean new box in which Pamela and Sallie had so carefully placed them and returned them to the safe seclusion of the bureau drawer.

A few days later, when Dan was out and the maid was making the bed, Pamela investigated and discovered that her efforts at sprucing up had not been welcome. "Evidently," she said to herself, "if this young artist wants a thing a certain way, then that is the way he is going to have it!"

But something else had been happening in Concord during Dan's absence. Something that was to concern the young artist more momentously than anything so far in his budding career.

The year 1876 was approaching—eighteen seventy-six—

the centennial of the Concord Fight. The British had fired their first shots at Lexington, and some of the Americans had been killed there. But the Americans had not returned the fire. And, as Concordians had later pointed out, the object of a battle was to kill and not to be killed. And at Concord Bridge the Americans had fired their own first shots and had killed some of the Redcoats, and they proudly showed the grave of the British soldiers as proof of their superior marksmanship. Concord Fight, therefore, was the first real battle of the American Revolution. This matter of precedence had been a bone of contention between Concord and Lexington ever since.

Ebenezer Hubbard had left a thousand dollars in his will to erect a memorial to the Minute Men at Concord Bridge. To be sure, there was already a monument—a fine obelisk of granite, which had been placed there some forty years previously. But that stood on the side of the river where the British had taken their stand, and Ebby could never forgive the town for erecting a memorial on the place occupied by the enemy. He felt that the other side, the west bank, where the Concord Colonel, James Barrett, ordered the attack upon the Regulars and where the column was led by Major John Buttrick, marching down the hill from his own farm, should also have its monument.

So here was an opportunity, with the help of Ebby Hubbard's thousand dollars, to present further evidence in favor of Concord as the birthplace of the Revolution. A committee was formed, with Mr. Emerson and Judge Hoar and the Honorable John S. Keyes as Chairman. A great celebration was planned. There was to be a parade with floats. There was to be a ball in the cattle show building for six thousand people. There was to be a banquet with speeches. But something of a permanent nature was in order, a memorial of some sort—yes, a statue. Well, a statue necessitated

the finding of a sculptor, and the New England of this period did not boast of a plethora of artists.

Dan French felt that this might be his opportunity. He would like to do that statue.

Afraid of his own temerity, he talked it over with his father. "Go ahead," said the Judge optimistically, "if you can't do it, I can show you!"

The blackboard began to be covered more thickly than ever with sketches—soldiers standing up, soldiers sitting down, soldiers on the run; a Minute Man at his plow—leaving his plow—with his sleeves rolled up and his sleeves pulled down—without his hat. Dan's room became a welter of small clay sketches, some draped, some undraped, in every conceivable attitude and position. They stood on the mantel; they sat on the bureau. The books were removed from the shelves and taken downstairs, and the shelves were covered from top to bottom with rampant little figures. The washstand was covered with them; the windowsill was stacked with them. The maid complained that she couldn't get in to make the bed without falling over some of them. And those terrible damp cloths that were spread over everything to keep the clay moist—it gave such a musty smell to the whole room. Pamela took a look at it, gave one sniff, decided it was most unhealthy, and spent the evening remonstrating.

"Why can't you use Will's room for your sculpture?" Pamela asked. "He's away more or less permanently now and it would be a good place for you to work. The ground floor would be much more convenient anyway. Patrick can move the furniture out immediately and store it in the shed. He can take up the matting, too, and you can move in there in a couple of days. You could even take your own bookshelves down so you could have those as well as Will's to put your small models on."

Pamela was looking at him hopefully as she made these suggestions. Any sacrifice, she felt, was worth while, now that Dan stood a chance of receiving an important commission, and to have his own room revert to a bedroom once more, with a separate room for his sculptural experiments, would be a distinct advantage.

Dan looked pleased. Will's room was cleared out accordingly, and it was certainly satisfactory to have a place to work where you didn't have to wash and dress and sleep as well, and decidedly an advantage not to have the maid always coming in and looking at you so disapprovingly.

Dan brought four of his little clay models into the parlor one evening and set them up on the mantelpiece. Sallie, the Judge, and Pamela were invited to select the one they liked the best. It was comforting to have them, after some heated discussion, finally decide on the one that he had himself secretly settled upon.

The next day he took the model down to the Committee to pass upon. The Committee was delighted and so far approved of it as to recommend it to the town for acceptance. Dan was jubilant and could hardly contain himself as he waited for what would happen next.

In due time, with that fine conviction in their own capacity to produce the best—a trait inherited, no doubt, from those British ancestors whose defeat they were now about to celebrate—the Town of Concord commissioned its youthful representative of the plastic art to model them a statue of a Minute Man, to be placed at Concord Bridge.

Wide-eyed with wonder at his own good fortune, Dan accepted the commission. Now that he had really been chosen to make the statue he could hardly believe that this tremendous job was really his to do. And still, all along, he had had a sort of intuition that the thing was coming to him. He concurred that one had to have faith and fly high.

The resolution provided for the actual expenses incurred by the sculptor in making the full-sized model of the statue, including studio rent and casting in plaster, with the understanding that the sculptor would contribute his services. This last stipulation was a little difficult for the practical Pamela to accept.

"It's only because you live here, Dan, and because you're so young that they're imposing on you. An artist from another town—and an older man—they would never dream of asking to do a statue for nothing. I think you should stand out for a reasonable sum of money," Pamela sputtered along.

"And run the risk of losing the whole thing?" chided her far-seeing husband. "No, it is miracle enough that so important a commission should be entrusted to so inexperienced a sculptor—one who has never made a statue and whose previous work really furnishes no sufficient indication that he *can* make one. It's really rather absurd when you think about it seriously, I think we'd better be thankful for things as they are."

Dan looked at his stepmother, who did not yet appear to be convinced. "It's perfectly true, Mother Pamela," he said. "I've done my little groups of animals; I've done the portrait heads of Father and some friends; I even won that prize at the Cattle Show. But I've never made a statue. I think it's pretty wonderful that they even considered me. But it seems to be characteristic of Concord to have confidence in the ability of its citizens to do anything required of them."

Only to Will, in Chicago, did he divulge any of his misgivings. "Of course, I have never made a statue," he wrote. "I wonder whether I can do it. This time next year I shall *know!*"

Convinced that the only way to discover one's potential-

ties was to go ahead, Dan sailed into his three-foot model with his usual quiet and serenely confident enthusiasm. He made his little clay statue in the nude. He had knowledge enough for that from what Rimmer and Ward had taught him. He was happy about the pose, and the next important question was the costume. He had not realized that he could count so supremely upon his neighbors and his friends. They rose to the occasion.

Old attics were ransacked, and an original Minute Man costume brought to light. It was of green baize, ornamented with "Silver dollar" buttons, actual coins with the inscription worn smooth on the outer side. The breeches, with "shilling" buttons at the knee, were of homespun dyed with butternut. One neighbor lent a cherished powder horn, another gave the musket that an ancestor had used. And the plow—that took endless investigation. And it was months before a plow of the type used a hundred years previously could be laid hold of. Lucy was wonderful, the way she pitched in and helped, hunting up numberless details for him. After all, wasn't it one of her forebears who ordered the attack at the Bridge? She only wished she could dress up and pose for the statue, as she had for the "Dolly Varden."

Meanwhile, the "Continental," as they called him in the family, was growing and developing before their eyes. He was a handsome young man, with features strongly marked with that ready shrewdness, immediate decision, and air of freedom that belong to the New England face. The figure, so light on its feet, was full of energy and self-command. Dressed in the farmer's costume of Revolutionary days—the long waistcoat, the upturned hat, shirt sleeves rolled up, throat bare—with his musket in his right hand, his left resting on the plow behind him, he was ready for the start down the hill and over toward the Bridge. The statue

seemed to be going well, and Dan was happy over it. He was working ten hours a day now, and keeping it up, week after week.

Dan wasn't yet satisfied with the military accouterments for his statue, and one day he and his father drove over to Acton and brought back a great powder horn, the one through which the ball passed which killed James Heyward, at the Battle of Lexington. It hung in the studio room for weeks and created much interest. In fact, the room was becoming far too small now for the visitors who were forever dropping in to see the statue. For it was their statue, too, and they took great pride in it. No statue had ever been made in Concord before, and it was an endless source of enjoyment and wonder to the neighbors and friends. Pamela noticed that the number of feminine visitors was increasing appreciably.

Life for Dan these days was painted in rosy hues, with everybody interested in his progress, with compliments and encouragement from every side, with so much personal comeliness that he was accused of striking an attitude when he sat carelessly down to have his picture taken, with Lucy making eyes at him and capturing him on all occasions—when some other young lady didn't get ahead. He seemed to be in about as happy a position as he could be and be mortal. In fact, he was becoming such a lion that Pamela felt he was more than human if he weren't conceited before long.

Pamela needn't have worried. Dan wasn't thinking much about himself. All his thoughts these days were centered upon his statue. He had been working on it for nearly three months—every day, all day, eight and ten hours at a stretch. All the old temptations of dances in the Town Hall, picnics, charades, held no lure for him, if they interfered in any way with his work. In fact, nothing inter-

ferred with his work because nothing was allowed to. Dan was adamant about that. And his devoted and untiring concentration was finally rewarded. The three-foot model, down to its last meticulous detail, was finished at last.

THE MINUTE MAN

DINNER was always fun at the Frenches'. Pamela was an excellent cook, and the farm furnished so much to eat that was delicious. They always had their own chickens and ducks and eggs, quantities of milk and wonderful cream that Pamela took care of, and butter that she churned herself—quantities of fresh vegetables of every variety and an abundance of fruit of all descriptions, for the Judge prided himself on making his acres contribute towards a comfortable living.

Conversation raced along, as everything was discussed from double-faced ribbon to the immortality of the soul. Louisa Alcott's latest book held the floor for some ten minutes; Sallie and Lucy had adored it, and the boys couldn't understand why.

"It's just about their life," Ned said, "mostly their life here in Concord. What's there to write about in that?"

"But that's the whole point," Sallie insisted, "she writes about the things we know about and can understand. That's why we love it so I get so tired of philosophy and the *Atlantic Monthly*." Miss Preston had just had another article in the *Atlantic*, by the way. Had anyone had time to read it? It was the one she wrote when she was here at the farm in June. She had referred to the life in Concord as one of Arcadian simplicity.

Pamela gave a little bounce of annoyance. "If I read myself to sleep with Epictetus," she complained, "and took an

hour to dress in the morning, instead of getting up at six to get the breakfast, I, too, might be impressed by our simplicity."

"Never mind, Mother, the Nova Scotian will be here in a week, and then you'll be a lady again. And there's a lecture you must go to—Mrs Livermore's, on 'What shall we do with our daughters?' Everyone says it's excellent." Sallie was describing a dinner she'd been to at the Hoars' the night before. They had had oysters on the half-shell. "I never saw them like that before. I managed to eat one in three pieces, and considered that sufficient heroism."

The Damens' harness was stolen, Ned said, so now they have to wheel their mother to church in a wheelbarrow. And Dan didn't think the Godwins' baby was very refined-looking—

"But you never did like babies—you're always afraid of them," Sallie reproached him.

And so the talk pattered along until the raspberries and cream and cake were finished. Dan pushed his chair back first.

"All aboard!" he said. "Everybody get ready. There's big doings this afternoon. We're going to cast the 'Minute Man'!"

"Heavens!" said Sallie. "Are you sure you can do it? What if something went wrong?"

"Of course we can do it," said Dan confidently. "Father's staying home from the office to help me. And if you're good, we'll let you watch."

"How about using the barn floor as a suitable arena?" asked Pamela hopefully.

"That's just what I'm going to do," said Dan. "No more sloshing around in your dressing room. Don't worry!"

Dan had already set up a fine big hogshead in the center of the barn floor, to serve as a basis of operations and he had

driven to the depot in the morning and brought back the bags of plaster which had been sent out on the train. Then he and Patrick had brought from the pump innumerable pails of water, enough to give Stubtail a bath, Patrick had said.

The next procedure was to get the heavy clay model out of Dan's room, down the hall, through the back entry and down the back steps, around through the orchard, and up the lane into the barn.

Pamela was so pleased that the work was to be done outside the house that she insisted on standing at the bottom of the steps handing out specific directions.

The turntable, which Dan had made himself, was wheeled out into the hall, where the old boards, under their straw matting, creaked with the unaccustomed weight. After they got out into the entry, Dan and Patrick lifted the unwieldy clay model off the stand while Dan gingerly took one step backwards down the steps, feeling his way carefully with his foot. Sallie got down on her knees to peer breathlessly through the porch railing and, as the thing gave an unexpected lurch, the Judge, in an unguarded moment, nervously seized the side of the head, thereby denting in a moist clay ear and letting go again as though he'd been burnt.

The entry was filling up with excited visitors. Susie and Fannie Hubbard, hearing the commotion, rushed in from next door to offer their services while their brother Cyrus, attracted by such unwonted activity, ceased his furious playing of the cornet on the front porch and joined them. They clustered, an excited and breathless little group, at the top of the steps. Dan wished they would all go away. He had confidence that he and Patrick could manage the thing if they were let alone. It was tricky—the plow and the gun made it difficult to handle. And the wooden base, Dan realized, was far too small, so there wasn't much to take hold of.

"Henry, you stand down there, so if it does fall, you can catch it," Pamela was saying to the Judge while she watched the cumbersome object swaying perilously as Dan furtively reached out for another step

By dint of much sweating and heaving, much groaning and straining, much pushing and pulling and holding back, the bottom step was finally achieved. Pamela heaved a voluble sigh of relief, while the Judge mopped his forehead with as much vigor as though the actual physical activity had been his own. Cautiously, they made their way around the side of the woodshed, through the lane, and into the barn.

The statue was set up on the hogshhead. How different it looked in this light, thought Dan, and seeing several details that he felt must be attended to he raced back to the house for his tools. The final modeling done, he spread out on the barn floor the very untidy-looking implements of the plasterer's trade. He began by taking a piece of sheet brass and cutting it into small strips for shims, he placed these around the head like a nimbus, down the shoulders and arms and the entire length of the body. These shims were to make the separation in the mold when the plaster had set. Meanwhile, the Judge was stooping down before a great pan of water, letting fall into it through his fingers the white powder-like plaster, handful after handful of it, until little peaks of the plaster showed above the top of the water. Then he poured in some blueing and, with a great iron spoon, stirred and stirred the pale-blue-colored concoction.

"What on earth is the blueing for?" asked Pamela as Dan, when the plaster had reached the consistency of frosting, began to throw it in handfuls over the figure.

"That's only in the first coat, Mother, so when we're chipping off the mold we'll know that we're getting near the clay."

"Oh, I see," said Pamela, intelligently, not understanding in the least.

"I think this is dreadful," said Sallie. "Are you sure you aren't spoiling it, Dan? It looks simply awful. How can you ruin your beautiful work?"

Dan looked reassuringly at his little sister. "I admit it does look unpromising," he said, "but can you imagine how I felt when I cast the bust of Will, with no one to help me, and knowing really nothing about it at all? No, this is perfectly all right, just you wait and see."

Lucy appeared at this juncture. She'd seen Dan at the depot in the morning and been forewarned of what was to take place, so had come out from Boston on an earlier train just to see what was going on. She put down her parcels on some bags of corn and, climbing up on a hayrick beside Cyrus, lent him her fan, which he proceeded to use vigorously and gratefully.

The statue certainly was looking worse and worse. Lucy, having no feeling of responsibility, was tremendously amused by the proceedings. The Judge was interested from a scientific point of view. It really was amazing that anything that could be done in so apparently a casual manner could come out with any degree of accuracy.

Dan, the only one who really understood the principle of casting, was confident that a first-rate cast would be the inevitable result. Pamela was congratulating herself that all this unseemly mess and commotion was not taking place in the house. She thought she had better go in the house now, though, and get started on supper. Lucy would doubtless be staying on and, very possibly, Cyrus and Ned Bartlett, Sallie's devoted slave, who seemed to be developing the habit of coming every evening. Pamela didn't mind—she was used to a houseful—but the maid had departed the week before and it would be another week before the new

one would arrive from Nova Scotia. Meanwhile, she and Sallie did all the housework. She looked at Sallie, from whom all thoughts of food and drink had evidently fled. Never mind, she thought to herself, we'll do without the frozen pudding. We'll just have raspberries again. And Pamela, holding up her wide skirts daintily, picked her way through the pans of plaster and the pails of water on the floor and disappeared in the direction of the house.

The Judge and Dan had laid great bars of iron on the outside of the mold and attached them with pieces of burlap soaked in plaster. Having previously taken out the brass shims, they laid the pieces of plaster mold on the floor and were destructively scooping out the clay. Then they placed the two sides of the mold together, welding them with more burlap and plaster and started pouring in plaster to fill the mold. They had stood the statue on its head and were pouring the plaster in at the feet when, all of a sudden, an opening burst in the head and the whole thing ran out on the floor.

For an awful moment they thought all their labor was lost as, of course, the clay model had been destroyed in the making of the mold. Hastily they got down on the floor, scraped up the plaster, which had begun to set and was about the consistency of pudding, patched up the hole in the head, opened up the back of the statue and jammed in the sticky white mass. The mold was only half full, and they had no more plaster. The Judge was really grieved and looked at his son in consternation, expecting him to be as distressed as he. Dan looked up at his father and smiled, and said he guessed it would do anyway. Later, when he heard the boy run upstairs, whistling, and then go off to see some girl as though his whole summer's work were not in peril, he had to admit that his son was a philosopher and let it go at that.

"He must have inherited his own mother's tranquil nature," mused the Judge, and his thoughts went back to the lovely Anne Richardson and the beautiful serenity that she had shown through all the sixteen years of their married life. How wonderful that her comforting attributes had been passed on to her son.

The next day Dan got more plaster. Again his devoted father stayed home and helped him fill the mold. And by the following afternoon the young sculptor was chipping away at the figure, from which an excellent head and shoulders were emerging. The Judge was immensely relieved, and his son beamed happily. He had somehow known that it would come out all right. Things usually did if you just plugged away and did your best.

And now it was time to set up the full-sized, seven-foot statue. Obviously that could not be done at the farm. The ceiling of Will's bedroom was too low. And, though Patrick suggested the barn was sufficiently sizable, with the approach of winter that wouldn't prove very practical either.

Accordingly, Dan began to explore the city of Boston for an appropriate studio. None could be found. There were no studios in Boston worthy of the name. However, Dan optimistically rented a room on the third floor of the so-called Studio Building, at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets. It was a place ill-adapted to the requirements of a studio in which to model a large statue, being an ordinary office room—long and narrow—lighted by a single window at one end so that a favorable light for modeling or for viewing the work was impossible. But a young sculptor named Martin Milmore had a studio across the hall and Ben Porter and Munzig had places in the same building, so he would not want for company.

Dan invested in a large turntable, seven hundred pounds

of clay, and set to work. He made the big armature himself, unaided, and silently blessed his father for having initiated him into the use of tools. It was a heavy piece of work but his own natural ingenuity saw him through without difficulty. And the massive skeleton of iron, pipe, and wood took shape under his skillful hands. Then the endless measuring to get the correct proportions between the small figure and the big one, and the piling on of what seemed like tons of clay.

Like all statues, it was modeled first in the nude. Clothes—even clay ones—have to be placed upon something and, naturally enough, they don't fit very well unless they are draped upon the form of a human body.

The finding of a nude model seemed to present something of a problem. There were few artists in Boston, so, obviously, there were few artists' models. Always resourceful, Dan borrowed from the Athenaeum a large plaster cast of the Apollo Belvedere; he invested in a three-foot copy of Houdon's "Skinned Man," like the one Dr. Rimmer had, and a number of casts of legs and feet and arms. This was sufficient for a while, until he realized that his torso did not seem to have the subtlety and fluidity of human flesh. He must have a nude model. All right! His own strong young body would probably suffice. So he bought a long, full-length mirror and set it up in the studio, and in that mirror he surveyed his own not unattractive form.

Things were going better now. The clay figure began to look human. The faithful Patrick was pressed into service to contribute the arms of a farmer. After all, the Minute Man was supposed to be leaving his plow, and the arms must look as though they could handle that plow with ease. Patrick posed patiently, delighted to have a share in the proceedings, and the arms took shape. Patrick was cautioned not to say too much about the statue being done first

in the nude. It might be a new idea to some of them, and new ideas, Dan realized—in fact, anything new or fresh—still put Concord into a spasm. As Pamela said, “They never salute the new moon on account of their veneration for the old!” Patrick promised to be discreet in his disclosures.

The winter months went by and the “Minute Man,” now clothed, and with his plow by his side, became more and more an object of interest to friends and neighbors. It was an unenterprising soul indeed who could not make the trip in to Boston to see the statue. They stayed, they looked around at everything, and always seemed called upon to crack jokes on the skeleton which Dan had hanging by his head. This skeleton had been a contribution from Uncle Dr. Welles in Brooklyn and had been invaluable to Dan in setting up the statue. Dan observed that it was given to few to lead so useful a death.

Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott came together one day and seemed properly impressed. Dan was much pleased by the flattering interest of the two great men.

May Alcott, too, came in from time to time and offered her criticism, which was sometimes pretty drastic. The poor light in the little studio room was a great drawback. The completion of the statue kept being postponed from fortnight to fortnight.

The Monument Committee kept in touch with the sculptor during the progress of the work, and its members were helpful in many ways, but prudently refrained from hampering him by their personal views and criticisms—a course that is rare in such committees and the more striking in this instance where the inexperience of the artist might excuse advice and interference.

Thanks to the influence of Judge Hoar the Government, through an Act of Congress, contributed enough brass can-

non to cast the statue and indeed to defray the whole expense of the cast in bronze. And, by now, the Monument Committee had made their contract with the Ames Foundry in Chicopee, Massachusetts, for the casting of the work.

By spring, the statue was finished in clay, and the process of casting in plaster was commenced. This time it was to be done by professionals (Dan was taking no more chances) and some experienced plaster men in Boston were engaged for the job.

Dan decided a little vacation was in order and threw himself into activities at home, with picnics every other day at Fairhaven Bay, Egg Rock, Nashawtuc Hill—all the beloved old places. And it was good to get back to the river again—the river, so beautiful at any season, but especially so in the spring, with its lush green foliage, the lily pads, the red-headed blackbirds in the overhanging willows, the big turtles threshing down mid-river, and little turtles on every floating log, the bitterns booming to their mates in heavy notes totally disproportionate to their size, and an occasional wary muskrat teaching her “kits” the ways of the river. Dan never tired of it and was off floating with some girl every evening.

Dan had the plaster cast of the Minute Man, when it was finished, looking very ghostly and white, set up in the barn where he was working over the plaster with spatulas and little steel files. The statue did look very imposing with its air of sturdy defiance, and Dan could hardly work on account of the visitors who flocked to see it every day. The visitors pleased the Judge more than they pleased the sculptor, and in the afternoons, as soon as a carriage drove up, the Judge would follow the guests out into the barn to drink in the remarks of appreciation that were sure to follow.

Sometimes, it seemed to Sallie, that the Judge's pride in his younger son was getting a little out of hand.

"I do wish you'd come home," she wrote to Will, "and help Father admire Dan!"

Seriously, though, she admitted that it didn't seem possible that Dan could have done so grand a thing as the "Minute Man," and he the baby of the family.

In another week the figure would be done, Dan said, and the foundry men would come and take it away

Then, just as Sallie began to wonder what Dan would tackle next, she came to the realization that a plan was in the air—a plan about which she had not been consulted—a plan so breath-taking, so overwhelming, that when little hints of it were dropped here and there she could only lift her soft brown eyes to her brother's face and take them away again quickly, filling with tears. For Dan was going to Italy!

To Italy to study sculpture! Of course, lots of other people went abroad. Mr. Emerson went nearly every year. May Alcott had just sailed for a second time. And Miss Louisa had made a number of voyages. The Judge, too, and Pamela had made the Grand Tour on several occasions. But Dan was planning to go for a year or two—and to Italy, which they say ruins the complexion, and would take away his roses! And Sallie had a feeling he wouldn't come home the same simple, boyish youth he was now.

Dan's young friend, Preston Powers, the son of the famous sculptor, Hiram Powers, whose "Greek Slave" had almost riven the country in twain, had been staying in Boston and had come out to the farm with his pretty young wife, aged twenty, for a visit. Being greatly interested in Dan's sculpture, he had, very naturally, suggested that the artist come to Italy for further study

"Come over to Florence and live with us," Preston had

suggested, and Dan, who was never one to let opportunity slip by, had accepted the invitation in the same carefree spirit in which it was given.

It was just as simple as that. And now, here at the end of October, in 1874, he was actually going!

"But the unveiling," Sallie insisted, "you simply can't be away from Concord when your first statue is unveiled. President Grant is coming, and Father says that Speaker Blaine and Cousin Frank and Ellen, Miss Preston, Senator Morrill, and Grace Hopkinson have already written to ask for our two spare beds. And Mr. Curtis—George William Curtis—is to deliver the oration. Why, Dan, what can you be thinking of? You can't possibly be away then."

"But I can," said Dan, "after all, the unveiling is six months off. The statue is finished. My part of the work is done. And this is a wonderful opportunity to study abroad. The Powers family live right next door to Mr. Ball, the great American sculptor, Thomas Ball. I might even be able to study with him. Wouldn't that compensate for my missing the unveiling?"

No, thought Sallie to herself, nothing would compensate for Dan's missing what must surely be the most important event of his life.

But the Judge and Pamela seemed to think it was all right, too—this tremendous decision to leave Concord at such a time. And so Sallie, voted down, subsided and made no more audible objections.

Dan evidently wasn't aware of the remarkable thing he had done, she thought. To Sallie this seemed the only excuse for his extraordinary behavior.

Plans for Dan's departure were taking shape. Preston Powers had been very helpful. He had written Dan long letters of instruction, giving him all the details of the trip from the moment he was to arrive in Liverpool, just where

to go, what to see, what hotels to stay at, and how much to pay. And Preston, his wife, and his mother would all be waiting to welcome him in Florence.

The two weeks before Dan's departure were filled to overflowing with activity. One festivity after another unfolded itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson had a farewell party for him—a sitting-down tea, in their lovely house, where the guests overflowed into the parlor and into Mr. Emerson's wonderful library to the right of the front door—that library with books to the ceiling, busts of the literary great, and the little miniature of the bride of his youth on the mantel.

Beth Hoar's dancing-party in Dan's honor was one of the highlights, and her gift to Dan, a little American flag, which she had made herself and bordered with black to show her grief at his going, caused much merriment.

Concord girls were forever making presents for people, anyway, and the gifts that poured in on Dan at this time—bags, frames, neckties—were really a little embarrassing.

The Judge had a party, too, for his son. Dan's handsome young painter friend, Ben Porter, came out from Boston, and the always-faithful Will Brewster and Richard Dana came from Cambridge, putting up for the night on odd sofas and couches. There was a ceaseless round of parties, and what with all the festivities and his own genuine regret at leaving home, poor Dan was worn out. His boat was to sail from Boston at 5 A.M. on Tuesday. So, on Monday afternoon, Pamela and the Judge, with Grace Hopkinson, Pamela's niece, Miss Preston, Sallie and Ned all trailed into Boston with him to look over his steamer. Then Ben Porter took him in charge that night, treated him to a gorgeous dinner at the Parker House, and then to see *The Royal Marionettes*, until it was time to tuck him into his berth and leave him to his fate.

Grace Hopkinson commented that she had never heard of such a thing as feeling so unhappy about a person's going abroad! She had always considered it a subject for rejoicing. Sallie admitted that it must seem ridiculous to outsiders, but it was a hard wrench to them all at home, just the same. Besides, she just couldn't feel that Dan was old enough to cross the ocean alone and find his way to Italy.

And now he had really gone, and they wouldn't be hearing from him for over a month, probably. And, as the weeks went by and they talked about him nearly three-quarters of the time, at each mention of his name a look came over the Judge's face as though it were a sort of sacred subject, and he would pat Sallie on the cheek, as though she were the only chick and child left to him.

As for Dan, even had he been able to see ahead, to project himself through the years and see what a symbol of great importance his "Minute Man" would become, he wouldn't have allowed anything to alter his decision. The statue might become a symbol for his country, but meanwhile it would stand for him as a symbol of alertness, of readiness to turn from one occupation to another. The Minute Man was leaving his plow to take up his gun to defend his country. He was going forward. Dan was leaving a job well done, to equip himself for other jobs. He felt he was going forward, too. Nothing could stop him now.

ITALY

TO A YOUTH whose experiences on the water hardly went beyond a canoe trip on Concord River, the voyage on an ocean steamer was of absorbing interest. There was shuffleboard. There were books to read, there was a pretty Miss Ames who wore red stockings, and there was a great deal to eat. Rather too much for some people.

Dan's cabin mate turned out to be an agreeable young physician who was on his way to Germany to study his profession. He was the best of traveling companions and promised to take care of Dan if he were sick. Alas! for the well-intentioned medico! He succumbed speedily to *mal de mer* as did most everyone those first rough days. But Daniel kept his chin up and never missed a meal, his only complaint being that he was not able to sleep quite as well as he could wish several of those nights when the water was so very rough. It seemed to him somewhat the same sensation as cutting asparagus, and he admitted that a bed was preferable that didn't stand on its head more than half the time. It occurred to him that the sea must entertain the same feelings toward newcomers as the boys in Marblehead. "Here's a stranger—let's rock him!"

London proved to be a disappointment. The general smokiness and mustiness, the narrow streets and the tremendous distances were anything but appealing, and even a Bostonian might complain of the plan of the city—it was

so difficult to find one's way about in. He spent awestruck hours, however, in the National Gallery and the British Museum, and wished for more time to study the treasures. The Portland Vase interested him greatly for there was a copy of it at home, and it was fascinating to compare it with the original.

Also it was quite exciting to find a copy in Parian of his "Dolly Varden" in a window in the Strand.

The enchanted city of Paris more than compensated for what London lacked. It proved even more beautiful than he had imagined. Everything about it seemed to have been made, in fact, with regard to the laws of beauty, more like a great pleasure-ground than like a real city of business.

A week later Preston Powers, according to plan, met Dan at the station in Florence and bundled him, with all his luggage, into a fiacre for the dark, mysterious drive across the city, pointing out nonchalantly, as they drove through the dimly-lighted streets, the marvelous architectural treasures that his young guest had come all these thousands of miles to see. "Ghiberti gates," he remarked casually, jerking his thumb backwards as the carriage grazed the outer walls of the Baptistery.

The house where Preston Powers lived was across the Arno, outside the Porta Romana, among a group of handsome villas, all set in high-walled gardens, owned by the various members of the Powers and Ball families.

It was a romantic neighborhood, picturesque to the last degree, as Dan discovered on his wanderings the next morning. A great avenue, bordered on either side by cypress trees said to have been planted by the Medicis, the Roman Gate at one end, the old palace of the Poggio Imperiale at the other. Roses, roses, everywhere; lemon houses, with trees bearing thousands of lemons; orange houses, and, on every side, views of the hills that surrounded the city; the

beautiful valley in which Florence lay, and below, always the views of the city itself, with its towers.

But winter was coming on, and Italy was proving to be about the coldest place Dan had ever experienced, Grandma's best bedroom at Chester, of course, always excepted. The natives went about the streets with earthen pots, called *scaldini*, filled with coals to keep their hands warm. There was another variety, used in the house to keep their feet warm. How to keep warm, in fact, was a popular subject of conversation. The trouble seemed to lie not so much with the climate as with the houses, which were not built for cold weather. The rooms were large and high and very handsome, but freezing cold, and what Dan called "gentle zephyrs" blew about the lofty spaces with almost as small restraint as out of doors.

The search for a studio was Dan's most immediate consideration and Preston Powers seemed to know of just the place, a good room, outside the Roman Gate, with a north light, and fine views of the mountains already capped with snow. All this for \$6.00 a month. But he could not have it for a week and Dan was loath to have so much time go to waste.

There was the city to be discovered, however. And such a fascinating place as Florence was to wander in! If one had time to read up on its history, it would not seem too difficult to reconstruct the life there. The place had changed so little; the dark and narrow streets, the large, sunlit Piazzas, the powerful, forbidding palaces with their wide overhanging cornices, and the lovely gardens where one could wander down broad walks lined with trees and statues, leading to cool, splashing fountains, down shady paths where myrtle grew. Was ever a poor young artist turned loose into so green a pasture? Dan mused to himself as he sat on one of the wide benches that ran the length of the

Strozzi Palace. He had had nearly a week of days like this. It was intoxicating, really, he had seen and done so much.

He looked up at the enormous stone palace, at the eaves that jutted out over his head, at the arching entrance door, at the wrought iron "fanale," the lanterns that swung out at the corners of the building, and on either side of the Palace entrance, the massive iron rings which were once used to set the banners and torches in, as occasion demanded, and now were held so sacred by the Florentines, as all historical things were. Dan took a bag of almonds out of his pocket and used one of the rings to crack the almonds with as he got up to walk along the bank of the river.

The walking was pretty bad, to be sure. Outside the Porta Romana, on high land, the roads were fairly good, but in the city—Boston ice was bad enough, Dan contemplated, but nothing to the Florentine mud. It took a tight-rope dancer to keep his balance in the streets of the city. But it was good to be close to a river again, and the Arno seemed to be the only thing in Florence that was in a hurry.

He browsed through the drawings and the paintings in those long galleries that run between the Palazzo Vecchio and the Pitti and in the latter Palace it was a new kind of thrill to mount the king's throne while the guide went into the next room. As for the paintings, the way in which the old masters were flung about the walls on this side of the ocean was wonderful to see.

The drawings interested him most of all, however. A number of times he started for the Uffizi, going by way of the long gallery along the Arno, and never got to his destination for the quantities of drawings that stopped him on the way. Somehow they drew one nearer to the artist than the finished work, and it was a sort of satisfaction to observe that they didn't always get things exactly right the first time.

He walked out in the country, too. Always interested in agriculture, Dan kept an eye open, but there was no agriculture to be seen in winter. He saw an occasional cow but she was always white and he had a suspicion that it was the same one every time. She was as large as our largest Shorthorns, but she didn't look as if she pursued her milky way. The oxen were always beautiful and their owners seemed to know what was becoming to them and tied red ribbons about their horns.

He had time to get his room settled in Preston's villa, with such a lovely view from the window of the Campanile and Monte Senaria. And there were all these kind new friends to become acquainted with. Madam Powers had a large family of handsome sons and daughters. The daughters, in fact, were all unusually handsome and all very big and very buxom and very healthy. They, with the American sculptor Thomas Ball and his wife and daughter Lisbeth, certainly made a charming group. They quite outdid themselves in making him feel at home, especially the ladies, and Dan felt sure that they would probably all take turns in trotting him on their respective knees. In fact, before he had been there a week, the hearts and homes of the entire neighborhood were thrown open to him.

Dancing came in handy, too, for he was the only gentleman who danced the Boston and he was stared at rather more than was comfortable. But they all wanted to learn it, this new dance that they had heard of from America, and he found himself besieged by eager pupils.

He went to a party at the American Consul's. And the way the Italians danced! They started with a rush across the room and then whirled round and round without reversing as fast as they could skip, and woe to the slower dancer of the Boston if he came in their way, and woe to them if they hit him. The music played unceasingly. There

were two elaborate suppers and altogether it was the finest party Dan had ever been to and well worth seeing. But, he admitted to himself, as far as fun went, it was far behind a Concord dance in the Town Hall.

Dan purchased a new dresscoat and waistcoat for eighteen dollars and, for only sixty cents, a pair of the very best two-button lavender kids in the market. He had worn them the night before to a masked ball at the Borghese Palace, quite the event of the season. Such rooms as he had never dreamed of—flowers, fountains, flunkies, and tapestries. He got home after 5 o'clock, ready to sleep for a week. But it had been worth it.

"Oh, come now! I want a Palace," he said to himself. And only a few nights before that there had been an evening party at the Palace of the Demidoffs, where there were tables of wonderful green malachite, six feet by three, with chairs to match. There were malachite mantels—some of the walls were hung with blue silk, against which stood great malachite vases five feet high. The Demidoff family, it appeared, owned all the malachite mines in the world.

And on the nights between there was music constantly at the Villa Ball or at the Powers'. They all played and sang and Dan, who had had precious little music in his New England background, was grateful for this opportunity. Mr. Ball had a fine voice. He had sung the role of Elijah in the Oratorio of that name and always said he was prouder of that feat than of his equestrian statue of General Washington in the Boston Public Garden. He and Mrs. Ball both sang to Miss Lisbeth's accompaniment. And Lisbeth sang, too, and offered to give Dan lessons and all the Powers family performed musically in one way or another.

They were so wonderful, the way they included him in everything. Mrs. Preston Powers was teaching him Italian

and the day before had gone on a shopping trip with him to buy furniture for his new studio. The next day it would be ready and he longed to get his hands in some clay again. Ned Powers had promised some time to pose for a head and meanwhile Dan had engaged a youthful model who would be happy to shiver for him for two francs an hour.

The new studio was bare and not too warm but it had a better light than he had ever been blessed with at home. He had brought his own tools with him, some of the very ones that May Alcott had given him, and he laid in a supply of clay and the necessary iron and lead pipe for armatures, and Preston would lend him anything that he needed in the way of hammers and saws.

He signed up for the anatomy class at the *Accademia dei Belle Arte*, and also got permission to draw from their casts and from the nude.

And then such a short time later came the invitation—really such an extraordinary invitation—from Mr. Ball, asking Dan to come and work in his studio. It was almost impossible to believe in such good fortune, but Mr. Ball had called several times at Dan's studio and had made the suggestion. Mr. Ball's studio was enormous and Dan could have his own little corner—"enough to swing cats in," as the Master had told him. And so, after only three months in his own little place, Dan loaded his studio possessions behind a willing donkey and moved over to Mr. Ball's.

His little nook was partitioned off from the rest of the room by cambric curtains. The flag that Beth had made for him as a parting gift was hung up over the large photograph of the "Minute Man," and, with no further attempt at decoration, Dan set to work on the head of Ned Powers, who proved to be a somewhat inconstant sitter. At the same time he started, too, some little bas-reliefs of owls. Mr. Ball seemed to approve, but as he was unacquainted

with the bird, did not venture to criticize. The first owl was to be a sleepy one, sitting on an ivy-mantled tower.

There were numerous rooms to the studio. A big Webster statue, on which Mr. Ball was then working, occupied one of the larger rooms. A marble statue of Eve stood in front of a crimson curtain, in solitary grandeur, in another; there was a room full of small statuettes and busts; two big rooms for marble cutting, as well as a showroom with half a dozen large marbles in it.

The place was what Dan imagined a Renaissance workshop might have been. There were marble cutters and plaster casters and studio boys, innumerable people employed by the Master ready to do his bidding. Working in a studio where statues were being made and actually carried out was infinitely more instructive than working in all the ateliers of Paris put together, and his keen and observing young mind missed little.

Mr. Ball himself, an imposing-looking man, tall, with a gray beard and a powerful deep voice, was so considerate and gentle always, in his criticism, and so helpful. And when one wanted a more forthright opinion Preston was always willing to oblige. There was the usual quota of visitors. In fact, Mr. Ball insisted that those of the feminine persuasion had vastly increased since Dan's advent. The charming Miss Ames, whom he had met on the steamer, appeared one day, pretty as a picture in green silk, with clusters of curls down her back. And that afternoon she and Dan took a walk in the Boboli Gardens. They had a lovely time. They saw a snake and everything.

Preston and Ned Powers were forever taking photographs. The latter, with Dan, attached some wings to their shoulders and had their pictures taken posing as Raphael's cherubs.

The days went tearing by, not half long enough for the

work in the studio and Mr. Ball's helpful criticism, and the nights far too short for the music and the parties, with a few hours of sleep as well.

Dan had been feeling like a piece of chewed string for some time, but hadn't paid any attention to it, thinking it would pass. Finally the pace began to tell and, much to his chagrin, he had to admit to illness and retire from the scene for a number of weeks. The older ladies outdid themselves in their care of him, but it was a bitter lesson in self-discipline. Being sick hurt his pride dreadfully. He couldn't bear to have anyone know he was ill and, still, here he was, prostrate and not denying it. Dan was always loath to waste time and this enforced incarceration was humiliating. That he had brought the condition upon himself did not make it any easier to bear.

"I always thought you looked delicate," observed the big and healthy Miss Nellie Powers. That didn't help either.

After some rebellious weeks Dan was back on his feet again, but he found he couldn't work for more than two hours a day. He knew that he had needed exercise and had been neglecting it. Now he religiously walked his miles every afternoon. But the strength didn't come back quickly.

For once Dan's high spirits sank to a low ebb. Mr. and Mrs. Ball were going on a little jaunt of a fortnight, to Rome and Naples, and urged Dan to come along. The change of scene would be what he needed, and he would come back refreshed and able to work again. After some very slight hesitation he concluded to go.

They were joined in Rome by Miss Hattie Heard, aged nineteen, and her aunt, and the days of sightseeing were full to the brim. A vesper service in St. Peter's, to hear the Pope's choir sing, and the impressiveness of Michelangelo's Moses. And the Colosseum! The cold shivers went racing up and down the spine of the young artist as he gazed and

thought back to the splendid pageantry, the hideous sacrifices, the cruelty and the beauty that these battered old walls had witnessed. Dan flattered himself that he was not easily impressed, but the Colosseum took him off his feet. And then the Pantheon, that pagan temple, at last to become the final resting place of Raphael—that, too, was breathtaking, the domed ceiling and that round aperture in the roof with its view of fleecy clouds trailing across the blue of the sky. It was more impressive in its original simplicity than any fresco could ever be. Dan promised himself to come back sometime and look at it alone.

And in the Piazza di Spagna, the flower stalls—it was April now and there was every variety of flower, brilliant red and purple anemones, soft yellow and lavender freesias, and the fat, pale roses on wobbly stems that smelled so sweet. It was a pleasure to go home with bunches of them for the ladies.

There was a visit to Garibaldi's house, where they found the old soldier in his dining room (a very plain room it was), seated on a sofa, with the proverbial red shirt and blue trousers, a purple and gold cap upon his head and a white flannel shawl thrown over his shoulders. With his handsome face and white hair he made a striking picture. He talked in English, French, and Italian, the sweetest Italian that ever was heard.

There were palaces to be seen, and galleries, and endless paintings—mostly new and strange and thrilling, and a few familiar ones. For instance, it gave one a cosy feeling to find the original of that engraving of the Holy Family behind the parlor door in Concord.

Then ten days in Naples and Castellamare, with all the wonders of Pompeii and the excitement of Vesuvius.

It was the middle of May and full summer when they got back, open windows, thin clothes, and sunshades were

the order of the day, and all the orange and lemon trees were set out upon the terraces.

If Florence was interesting in winter, in summer it was utterly beguiling. There was a flood of golden light that filled the valley of the Arno just at sunset and gave the City of the Lilies exactly the atmosphere it needed to cover up its dinginess and bring only its beauties of domes and towers before one's eyes.

The Italian night sky had a quality all its own, especially in the moonlight, when everything was blue. The young people would walk down and sit at one of the little cafés in the Piazza Signoria, eating ice creams and listening to the music. They were dreamy, poetical, romantic times—those moonlit evenings in the city—when the old palaces and churches and statues and fountains were felt as well as seen, and the glory of the old times would come back again. It seemed to Dan that no city scene could be so impressive and beautiful as the Piazza Signoria at night. The drive back in the flower-laden summer air was delicious. There was something about the fragrance of an Italian night, that mixture of mimosa, jasmine, orange blossoms, and roses, that was always intoxicating.

After Dan's return from Rome, Mr. Ball had surprised him by giving him a room all to himself, where he could work when he had a model, and still keep the little corner of the big studio, as before. The Master decided that his young pupil should tackle a nude statue. So Dan, after working mentally on the subject for some time, and ever mindful of the books on mythology in his father's library at home, decided to do an Endymion. The "Awakening of Endymion" it was to be. A youth reclining on a mossy bank, being awakened from sleep by Cupid whispering in his ear. It was rather an ambitious project and didn't seem to go very well. Dan was fast finding out that he didn't

know as much as he thought he did. For four months he plugged away at it, with a model two or three times a week.

Meanwhile letters were pouring in from the family and friends in Concord with vivid descriptions of the unveiling of the "Minute Man." No Italian city of the Renaissance ever showed a livelier interest in a work of art than did Concord in this bronze figure.

The whole town was decorated within an inch of its life. Will had draped yards of red, white, and blue bunting over all the front windows of the French homestead and sent Dan a water-color sketch to show the effect.

It hadn't been too good a day as to weather. The sun had risen in splendor, only to be obscured by troops of cold, wild clouds, which parted now and then to let out a burst of dazzling sunshine.

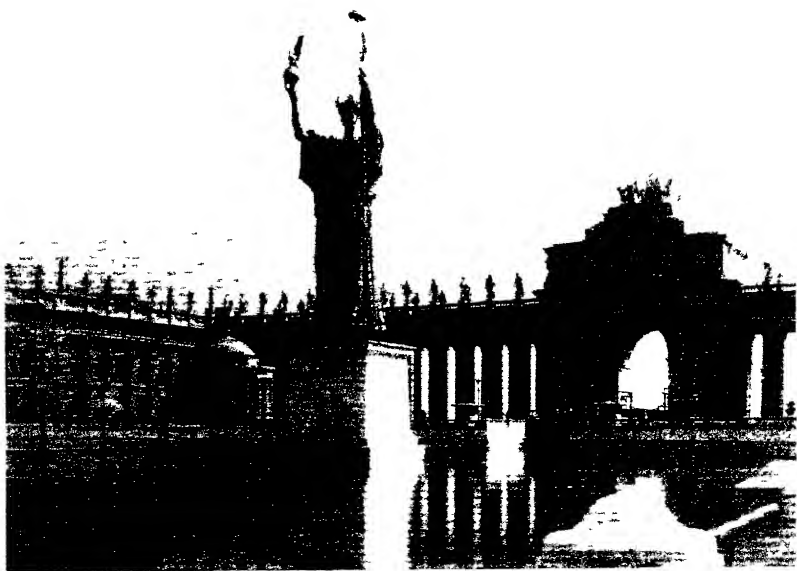
President Grant and most of his Cabinet came on for the occasion. Judge French rode in one of the first carriages, representing Dan, with Judge Hoar, while Mr. Emerson, James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, and James G. Blaine rode in the next.

They drove in solemn cavalcade down Main Street and out Monument Road, they reached the battleground where they alighted and walked, bareheaded, down the lane of trees toward the river and the monument, preceded by a military company and a band. They crossed the rustic bridge over the gently-flowing stream and came out on the little eminence where stood the statue, swathed in flags.

Before the speeches began, Louisa Alcott, who had in tow some of the wives of the visiting notables, scrambled up onto the platform and inquired breathlessly of Judge Hoar, "Where shall we sit?"

"Anywhere in the town of Concord, Miss Alcott, except on this platform," replied the harassed Judge.

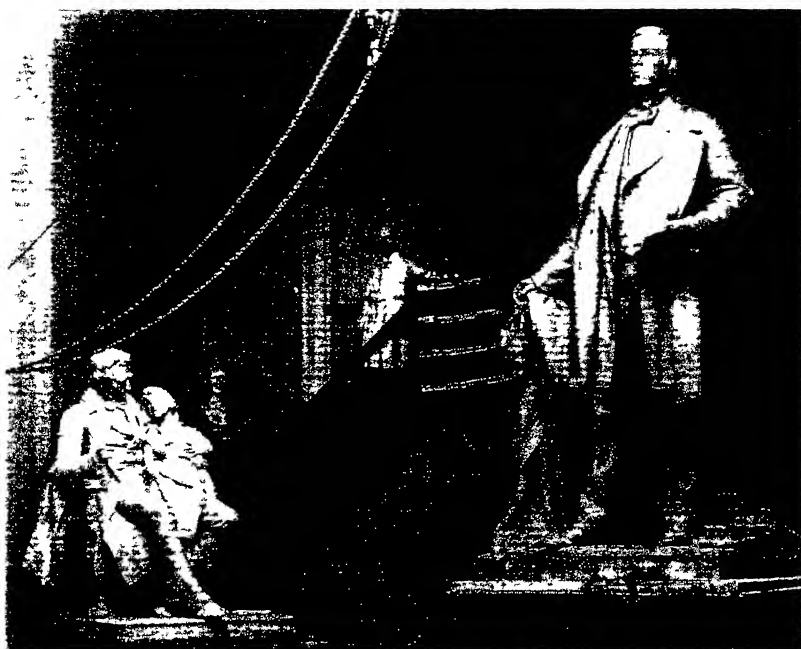
In the midst of the ceremonies, in front of the statue, in



Court of Honor, Chicago World's Fair, 1893



Dan, with Head of the "Republic"



Eleventh Street studio, about 1894, Dan on the stairs



Dan French at fifty, in his pongee smock



*Detail of Washington,
Paris, 1900*

*Washington Equestrian,
Chesterwood, 1898 Horse
by Edward Potter*





Parkman Memorial, 1906, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts



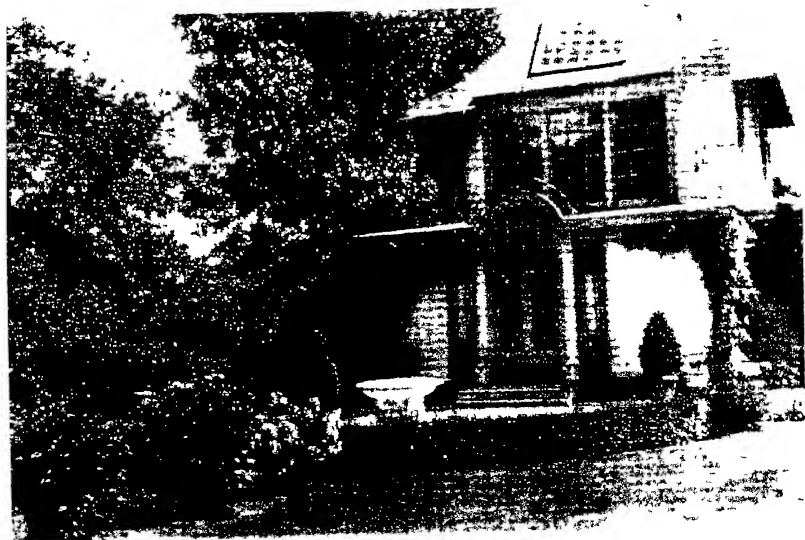
Mary French at fifty



Dan, with clay model of the Melvin



House, Chesterwood, Stockbridge, Massachusetts



Studio from the garden, Chesterwood

the middle of Parson Reynolds' prayer, the seat with the President and other dignitaries gave way and settled a few inches. The minister paused, trusted in the Lord, and went on. After a spell, it settled again, but no one was hurt and they pulled themselves together and seemed not to mind. The third time, while Curtis was shouting away at his oration, it settled some more. But there was the beautiful outlook and the military music and Mr Emerson's inspiring words, so nobody paid much attention to an interruption which only jolted a President and some Secretaries a few inches.

The day was bitter cold, and Mr. George William Curtis, the orator of the occasion, orated for two mortal hours. Judge French said in a letter to Dan that he expected that more people would die from the effects of the cold on that day than had died in the original battle that they were celebrating!

Finally Mr. Emerson read his poem,

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,

the lines of which were cut on the granite pedestal of the statue.

And at last the statue was unveiled; Mr. Emerson pulled the cords, the flags dropped away from the bronze and the splendid youthful figure leaped forth in the fullness of his life and vigor.

At that very moment the sun, which had been hidden behind a leaden sky, came out in a sweet illumination and gave a dramatic significance to the occasion. The crowd of people burst into applause and the great moment was over.

In the evening the town served a "sit-down" dinner for five thousand people and later there was a costume ball in

the Cattle Show Building, that edifice that Miss Preston always insisted on calling the Temple of Ceres.

Dan loved reading about it all. They had all been so good to write. His father admonished him, "This is fame, Dan! Make the most of it, for you don't know how long it will last." The Judge also sagely suggested, "When you return home with the knowledge acquired by your studies abroad, you will probably see defects in your statue, but do not ever tell anyone what they are, lest they quote your criticisms against you as being original with themselves."

Dan wished he could have been there. He remembered the day so well. It was the nineteenth of April, the day before his twenty-fifth birthday. He had waked up in his room at Castellamare and looked out on the sunlit bay. It had been the last day of their little trip before returning to Rome and Florence.

Dan had had a momentary twinge of homesickness, a quick wave of regret, to think he could not be present on this occasion—the most important one, so far, of his entire life. He had wondered what kind of day it was at home, the sun might be shining, but it could never be as warm as this, and there would be no roses. He had wondered how the statue looked, and that pedestal that had bothered them all for so long. He had hoped Will would be home for the unveiling. He had wondered who would take Lucy—and then there had been a voice singing beneath his window, "Bella Napoli," and he had recognized Hattie Heard's pretty little soprano. That day they were going to climb Vesuvius and he must get ready. Well, he had known his father would look out for the unveiling and everyone would write him about it. One couldn't be in two places at once, and, after all, the Bay of Naples on a warm spring day, with a pretty girl, was all anyone should ask!

And now there were these letters to pore over and read

and reread. The Judge had written that the town had wished to make an appropriation of a thousand dollars. The Committee, which had been so enormously pleased with the statue, had decided that perhaps the original idea of having the sculptor contribute his services might not be quite fair. They wanted to make a contribution to the artist and the matter was brought up at town meeting.

But there were the usual hitches. Certain gentlemen in Concord felt that an unknown artist was getting enough out of the statue, what with glory and reputation. And the Judge wrote him that the town was apparently going to pay the sculptor nothing for the statue.

Dan failed to recognize the spirit of the old town. "Is Sparta dead, that Concord has not measured up?" He suggested to Will that there be inscribed on the base of the statue, "The gift of the U S A , of Ebenezer Hubbard and of the family French!" And then, too, if no money was coming in, he was further disturbed over being so expensive a luxury to his father.

And then, on the nineteenth of April, just one year from the day the "Minute Man" was dedicated, and the day before his twenty-sixth birthday, there came a letter from his father telling him that at last there had been an appropriation by the town of a thousand dollars.

Mr. Emerson, of course, had wanted to do the right thing, and it was doubtless his influence that had brought about this final chapter in the proceedings.

"If I ask an artist to make a silver bowl, and he gives me one of gold, I must not haggle over details," he had said.

The Judge added that the town evidently felt it had done the handsome thing and that it would be wise for the family to appear satisfied, reserving, of course, the right to express their private opinions. No doubt one thousand dollars seemed an enormous sum to many a farmer at Town Meet-

ing who never saw that amount of money from spring to spring. But the fact remained that H. K. Brown had just turned down a commission for \$40,000 for an equestrian statue, and Vinnie Ream was getting \$20,000 for her "Farragut." So Dan had mixed feelings. He had certainly hoped it would be more, and then there had been a long interval when he had not looked forward to receiving anything. Certainly his reputation had been made on this statue, and, anyway, a thousand dollars would help to take the load of his education off his father's shoulders.

The Italian winter clamped down as usual, clammy and disagreeable, and Dan was having difficulties with his work. A commission he had for a bust of a little girl was going well as a likeness but he had had a poor time with the marble. The first two pieces that he started cutting developed bad flaws in the marble after the work was fairly well advanced, and a third piece was necessary, which meant much wasted time. One would choose a beautiful block of marble, perfect on the outside, and after working a number of weeks on it, black spots would appear, just where one was cutting the face. It was disconcerting and tedious. But it had been good to get away from "Endymion" for a time. One could become so stale after working on the same thing month after month. It was just like saying a word over and over, until it lost its meaning.

But Concord was beckoning and Dan realized that he was getting homesick. He wanted to be back by the middle of the summer. Occasionally the Judge would refer to the temptation it must be for a young sculptor to remain in Italy. Dan admitted that there was more in the way of art to be seen and studied here and the marble work was better and more easily executed than at home. But he had seen enough in these two years to convince him that these things by no means compensated for the loss a man must experience

in being away from his native heath—when he saw how entirely the Powers family, for instance, were cut off from the rest of the world, how they were a family without a country, it seemed almost inexcusable in old Hiram Powers to have subjected them to such a misfortune. They were not contented to be Italians. They had a longing for an ideal spot which they imagined to be America and which was very far from their ideal of it. They were too American for Italy and too Italianized for America and would doubtless feel as unsettled in one place as in the other.

It was really pitiable to see the regard and affection they had for a country which they called home but in which they could never be happy after being brought up in this easy-going Italian city. As for their eagerness for news from home and the arrival of a letter from overseas, it was pitiful to see.

"Never fear," Dan assured his parent, "I should not stay in Italy. The world we live in here is far too small."

He had still thirty-five fingers and toe nails to make on the Endymion group and was beginning to get things together for departing, and oh dear! they were beginning to treat him as the friends in Concord did when he came away. There were last presents to get for the family, mostly photographs and engravings of the Old Masters; his marbles had to be packed and shipped, besides a lot of plaster casts he had bought, and there were farewell parties. They showered presents on him. Mrs. Ball gave him a set of shirt studs, blue Byzantine mosaic, with doves in the middle. Dan could see Sallie's eye on them already. And Preston and his wife gave him a set of modeling tools with black horn handles and German metal ferules, much too handsome to use.

He had made no mistake in coming to Florence to study, as his friends in Paris had assured him he was doing. He had

learned enough from Mr. Ball to last him the rest of his life. That fine sculptor and good man had given him all the knowledge that he could absorb

And still he had misgivings about his "Endymion." He had a feeling, which he would voice to no one, that it wasn't as good as the "Minute Man." It lacked the vitality, the inner fire. Perhaps it was the classic tradition, the Canova influence, with which Italy was so saturated. One couldn't be here and not be influenced by it. Perhaps he, too, had been sidetracked by it. Perhaps he had been leaning on somebody else and had lost the independence of his own point of view.

He had learned a lot, he knew, in his two years here, especially in the techniques of marble-cutting, of plaster-casting, of making an armature, and of setting up a statue. He would never have gotten all that in a Paris atelier. It was invaluable. But the influence of Italy on the art of the seventies—that was something else again. It was almost as though it were cast in a mold. His work was getting rigid, would get rigid, if he stayed here too long. Perhaps it was just as well that the time for his leave-taking had come.

He began to scrutinize his "Endymion" with a more searching gaze. Yes, he was being bitten by the classic tradition. It was high time he went home.

THE THREADS OF HOME

THE APPROACH to Boston Harbor on a hot August afternoon in 1876 was a busy place. Steamers, freighters, tied up at the wharves. Ships with strange names starting off on long journeys to strange places. An occasional schooner with white sails spread. Cargo boats bound for the Orient. Scows trailing majestically out to sea and busy little tugs dashing about like bumblebees.

Dan stood in the bow watching the Quarantine Officer come aboard and the mail being taken off. In the distance, above the wharves, he could see the lower town of Boston, and, rising above it, the gilded dome of the State House, looking, rather to his surprise, precisely as it had looked when he left it nearly two years before.

His attention was diverted by a jaunty little revenue cutter which seemed very insistent on snuggling up to the side of the big liner. An officer in white duck climbed up the perilous-looking ladder and came aboard the ship. A moment later word came to Dan that Mr. French was wanted, Mr. Daniel C. French, and the smart-looking officer appeared at Dan's side and saluted.

"Your father, Sir, is in the revenue cutter. He's waiting for you," and the officer turned, evidently expecting Dan to follow him. Dan, feeling very conspicuous and somewhat as though he were under arrest, followed the young man down the shaky ladder and into the smaller boat. There

were the Judge and Pamela, there were Sallie and Ned and Ripley Bartlett and Miss Preston, all crowding around him and laughing and trying to explain.

"We're going to Washington," Pamela exclaimed excitedly, and Dan half expected the little boat to turn and head out for the open sea on its way to the nation's capital. "Your father's been made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and we're all going down and live in the Major's house," Pamela continued.

Dan looked helplessly at his father, and the Judge broke in, explaining: "My old friend, Lot Morrill, has just been made Secretary of the Treasury and has asked me to take the position of Assistant Secretary. At first I thought I couldn't leave my law practice in Boston, not to mention the farm, then I decided it would be a welcome change—certainly an interesting one. Pamela will enjoy it, anyway. We'll board with Mary Ellen in the Major's comfortable old house. Sarita will be there and it will be a good place for you to set up a studio."

Dan was pretty much taken aback by this turn of events. It was wonderful, of course, for his father to have such a fine position open to him; but he had so looked forward to getting back to Concord and settling down there, possibly even building a studio there, that it would take quite a little adjusting on Dan's part to accept this new situation. But they were all so happy over the prospect that he couldn't bear to let them know how disturbing it was to his own plans. They weren't going till November, so there would be a few months anyway to pick up the threads of home.

Meanwhile the Judge was beaming over his new position, of which he was already reaping the harvest by having this government tug placed at his disposal.

Pamela was pattering on about recent events. There had just been a meeting of the Literary Club at the Old Manse,

where Miss Ripley had read a new translation of *Agamemnon* by Aeschylus, and where there were seven ladies present who were Greek scholars. Could Dan's Florentine belles match that? And Edward Emerson and Annie Keyes were settled in their new home. They had had a buggy given them as a wedding present and one hundred dollars towards a horse, and a gold watch and a hogshead of India china. How good it sounded to Dan to hear all of these intimate details about the people he loved. He had just missed a dance at the Town Hall where Beth, in pale green silk and crystal jewels, looked like Undine and May Alcott in yellow with black lace had nice things to say about the "Minute Man."

The "Minute Man" was still the greatest excitement and resort for boatmen and carriages and pedestrians. Mr. Keyes had counted twenty-two carriages in one hour on Sunday.

The evening after his arrival in Concord there was a "Minute Man" reception for Dan at Mrs. Joe Keyes'. She lived in the House with the Bullet Hole across from the Old Manse, where the retreating Red Coats had fired a shot at an inquisitive head that appeared at the window. The bullet had lodged in the wall and had been carefully covered by a window pane.

It was a warm, lovely evening and all Concord was on hand to welcome the returning sculptor and to partake of creamed oysters and rolls, ice cream, cake, lemonade, and coffee. It was a little embarrassing, really, to be made quite so much of, but it was very satisfying. They had certainly turned out en masse to greet him—all the Alcotts, all the Emersons, Fannie and Susie Hubbard and Cyrus from next door, all the tribe of Keyes cousins, the Bartletts, the Hoars, all the Concord that Dan had known and loved. From Cambridge Will Brewster had come—and Dick Dana and

Grace Hopkinson Things hadn't changed much after all.

His statue had certainly created quite a sensation and he found himself a lion as well as a Daniel! After appropriate greetings they all formed in line, a long procession, and led Dan across the road and down the lane between the white pines, over the North Bridge, with its rustic railings, to show him his "Minute Man," his statue which he had never seen in bronze.

He eyed it in a detached sort of manner. The features were strongly typical of a young Yankee farmer. They wore that air of freedom that belongs to the New England face. There was energy in the fervent young figure and a splendid elasticity about it. Wendell Phillips had written of the "wonderful boy at Concord with his elastic, swinging gait, who seems to be so moving, that you would not be surprised if, on going there next week, you would not find him!"

They started up the lane, arm in arm, all the old friends crowding around.

They went back to the house where Mrs. Keyes had planned a real *fête champêtre*, with colored lanterns strung on the trees out-of-doors and music playing on the lawn, and the rooms cleared for dancing.

Dan reflected, as he whirled around to the air of a waltz by Strauss, that Concord was where his heart was. This was his home and these were his people. He was thankful that his youthful enthusiasms had not been carried away by the enchantment of Italy and that the temptation to stay there had never weighed upon him. It was his second love, and always would be. He would return to it often, he knew, but all the roses and all the Villa Borgheses in the world could not make up to a man for the loss of his own hearth. This was his Concord; this was his America. He felt a solemn pride in knowing himself a part of so distinguished a community.

The party was breaking up. Dan had asked Susie Hubbard to go back with him in his boat. Susie had grown up since Dan had been away. She was very tall and blonde, with lovely fair skin, and her white ruffy dress was vastly becoming. They had to go down the lane past the "Minute Man" again, where the boat had been tied up to the little dock there. It was a still, hot night, and they pulled out into the broad stream where it widened between the meadows, floating down under the bridges with hardly a sound, save for the occasional soft splash of an oar and the far-off call of a whippoorwill or the hoot of a barred owl. Concord River was still as tranquil and serene as Dan had remembered it, and visions of the golden Arno faded by comparison.

Washington was still lovely when they arrived, and the roses were still in bloom in the Major's garden when Dan, the Judge, and Pamela unpacked and got themselves installed. The Major was no longer living, but his big house was there to welcome all the family and tuck them around in its square, high-ceilinged rooms.

The broad brownstone mansion on East Capitol Street was very comfortable and handsome. There were two parlors opening into one another, with two-long windows at either end—windows hung with red damask curtains which were tied back by massive cords and tassels. These curtains had been in the Supreme Court Room in the Capitol, and the Major had bought them when the Court Room was re-decorated. There were gold metal lambrequins across the top of the curtains and massive gold tie-backs to loop them up. And between the windows at each end of the room were round, gold bull's-eye mirrors. There were two fireplaces, with white marble mantels, a set of rather delicately-carved rosewood furniture, covered with damask, and round

marble-topped tables, equipped with chenille covers with long fringe. On the whole, a rather sumptuous room.

In this house now lived Aunt Mary Ellen, the Major's widow and his second wife, a serene and stately woman, with her queenly height and her soft voice, and her superb gray hair crowning a young complexion. To Aunt Mary Ellen, life was something to be taken rather seriously.

Not so her younger sister, Sarita Brady, whose two rooms in the old house were full of her own vibrant personality. Sarita had visited at the farm in Concord a number of times before Dan went to Italy and, with her hair piled high in a manner wonderful to behold and her clothes in the most audacious city fashion, Dan had thought her about the most entrancing little creature he had ever seen, kept her picture on his bureau, and sighed over it a dozen times a day. Now she was even more sophisticated and entrancing, with her dark thick hair and her wide smile. She had a train of adorers and wound them round her finger. She was an independent somebody who supported herself by writing articles and working in the Treasury Department, and she was secretary of that new organization, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The house was always full of little waifs and strays that she would bring home and care for. At the moment there were three kittens of that tender and invisible age when feet and rockers are a momentary peril. It was an advantage to them that the family was small and the garden large.

Sarita, only two years older than Dan, took him in tow and saw that he had enough diversion. They went to a service at St. Aloysius' (Sarita was a Roman Catholic), where Miss Mills, the daughter of Clark Mills, the sculptor, who did the "Rocking-horse" out in front of the White House, was the soprano. She sang like a nightingale. Dan had missed the music of Florence as much as any one thing,

and this was the only chance he'd had of indulging in his love for music. They went, too, over to Baltimore to see Edwin Booth in *Richelieu*, and he had never been so excited at the theater before. They didn't get home until 3 A.M., but Booth did not play in Washington any more, since his brother had shot the President.

Sarita took Dan over to Georgetown, a ride of an hour in a jiggling horsecar, to the Convent of the Visitation, to see his cousin, Mary French, Aunt Margaret's child, aged seventeen, and pretty enough to make an artist's eyes turn somersaults. Perhaps she looked especially so, by contrast, in that gloomy convent parlor, with its black horsehair furniture and its walls painted a dreary brown. Blue-eyed and golden-haired, she was an exquisite creature and Dan, whose circumspection in regard to pretty girls rarely deserted him, found himself thinking of her rather more than was comfortable.

He went to a White House party, a very exclusive affair with only forty people, and was taken into the Literary Club, although he didn't know why. He accepted a luncheon to meet somebody important, Cleopatra's Prime Minister, or something. But it took three hours out of the middle of the day and he made no more engagements in the daytime.

The Judge had his own carriage, a satin-lined coach with two horses, and in spite of the snow he, Secretary Morrill, and Dan made forty New Year's calls, starting at 11 in the morning and continuing until the same hour at night. Dan decided he had never seen so many pretty girls, even in Concord, or in Florence.

Dan had no extensive commissions yet—in fact, none at all—but he did have a bite or two, and if they held on he felt sure he could haul them in. Without wasting any further time, he engaged a gaunt-walled studio on G Street,

not far from the Treasury—a large room three flights up, with dark paint but a fair light, though it faced south and there was really too much sun. With the plaster casts that he had brought from Italy spread around and the skeleton hung up, however, it soon took on the aspect of a studio and there was also a little extra room to fix up prettily as a reception room.

No sooner was he settled than he had a chance, through the influence of Secretary Morrill, to do two figures for the St. Louis Court House. He was to be employed by the United States Government and to be paid, not a certain sum for the work, but by the day, like a laborer. He didn't like the sound of it very well, but it was the only thing that offered itself and he supposed it would be good enough to start with. A grim determination to make his business a success was perched upon his brow. His expenses and the rent of his studio were to be taken care of, and he was to receive \$8 a day.

By midwinter, his three-foot models were completed and Dan started to set up the full-sized figure of "Peace." He intended to enlarge it by means of a pointing-machine that he had invented himself. He had sent Mr. Ball the design and was somewhat apologetic about it. It worked well enough, but the next one he made would work better. It was somewhat experimental, and he admitted that he had been like Gail Hamilton, when she followed a new recipe for cake. She left out the eggs for fear the result would be a failure and she should lose them. Her cake was always a failure. So Dan's machine would have been better if he had put a few more dollars into it.

The mere physical exertion of setting up a big statue was tremendous. Hundreds of pounds of clay were used and the advantage of a studio on the ground floor soon became apparent. Dan wondered if he would ever have one. Mean-

while, the owners of the building had become alarmed for its stability because of the great weight of clay being amassed there and felt obliged to put extra supports underneath to prevent a catastrophe. The work, of course, couldn't be left alone on account of the necessity of keeping the clay moist, and the stove had to be kept going night and day to avoid the possibility of frost affecting the damp material and destroying in an hour the result of months of toil. By March, the statue was well under way. Dan decided it was really the strongest thing he had done. He was not satisfied with it but he was encouraged. The eagle to go in the center between the statues screamed aloud. He was pretty good, but Dan knew he could do him better next time. He decided to give him some flags and things to crow over.

The studio was comfortable now. He had bought a desk, put up a partition, and hung up some of his Florentine casts. And he had bought a glass vase for flowers, which had been kept almost constantly filled by his young lady friends. In fact, on a recent Saturday afternoon there had been ten young ladies at one time in his studio. Handsome young artists were in a minority in Washington. They admired his work with ample enthusiasm, but "when the king is in the palace, we do not look at the walls."

There was no doubt about it, Dan had developed into a strikingly handsome young man. He had thick, wavy brown hair, brown and very expressive eyes, regular features, perfect teeth, and a brilliant complexion, with the kind of pink in his cheeks that many a girl might envy. But, most striking of all, was an expression in his face of confidence and harmony and strength and spirituality that shone like a flame.

The years in Italy had done a lot for him in forming his character. He was more sure of himself now. He had a stronger sense of direction, but he was still modest and unspoiled.

He was aware that he evidently lived among roses and it made him tremble sometimes to think what reverses in the natural course of events must come to him in the future to compensate for the ease and good fortune of these early years and so keep him down to the level of average humanity. So far, work had come to him about as he wanted it, with almost no exertion on his part, and when he compared his life with the greater part of mankind, who by working and struggling seemed barely able to keep their heads above water, he was filled with a sense of his own responsibility. What he perhaps did not realize so well was that he, himself, had a happy faculty of never putting obstacles in his own path. He confidently expected the good things of life to come to him, he kept his mind free of all negative and destructive thought, and by the very power of attraction the good things came.

The weather was getting warm and Dan longed to get back to Concord. But there was nothing to be done about a clay statue except to stand by and finish it. If one left it for twenty-four hours the damp cloths that covered it would be dried out, another twenty-four hours and the clay would begin to crack. So it meant several months more of Washington.

Spring was here and the weeping willows had found it out. It began to come in March. Roses were blooming again in the Major's garden. That was one of the lovely things about Washington—that slow, long, lovely spring, which had been an unknown quantity in the abrupt climate of New England. They were sitting out in the garden these long afternoons. Aunt Mary Ellen with her sewing, Sarita with her writing, Pamela with a basket of stockings to be mended. Dan would join them, crayon in hand, to do a portrait of Sarita, while Secretary Morrill and the Judge would try their hands at croquet. The smell of the box trees, with the

sun on them, was delicious. The trees were resplendent in their new spring suits and everything was smiling.

Spring was warming into summer. The magnolia tree was in full bloom, its strong, varnished leaves surrounding at the tip of each branch a great ivory-white flower of thick, waxy petals, and, deep down inside, a yellow center of the most annihilating fragrance.

The Judge, in seersucker pants and an alpaca coat, walked home from the Department every day with his Florentine sun umbrella, turned on the fountain, pinned a rose on his coat, and worked in the garden, trimming and tying for an hour before dinner. Sarita, after her day in the Department, reclined in her sea-chair near the porch, clad in white with a blue parasol, a small red shawl over her feet, a yellow book in her hand, and two brown dogs on the grass close by. Sarita's friend, Mrs. Burnett, who had just written *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, was a constant visitor. Pamela was living on milk, with a very little meat, to reduce her weight, which was 171. She had already reduced six pounds in two weeks.

"At this rate," commented the Judge, "she will in a year weigh about nine pounds, same as when she was born!"

Mary French would come over in a gauzy white dress, with a bunch of fragrant purple violets on her breast. Young Bob Peary seemed very devoted to Mary, almost too devoted, Dan thought. He was a young man with a mission, for Bob Peary burned to discover the North Pole. The young people all ragged him about it. "Why don't you go to Saint Elizabeth's?" they asked. "It would be nearer." St. Elizabeth's was the insane asylum down the river. But Bob Peary was not one to be put off so easily. "It's a challenge," he kept saying. "No one has ever been there. It's a challenge."

By June it was hot, and by July it was torrid. In the

summer, Washington took on the aspect of a sleepy southern city, a city of slow-going people, darkies, and heat. The darkies, who were not so much in evidence in the winter, poured out of the houses and shacks and the alleys in the summertime and seemed forever underfoot, sitting on the low walls, lying on the pavements asleep in the sun, and spinning their heels in the sticky asphalt of the newly-paved streets. The heat, which started early and lasted late, grew and grew, and shut down like a pall upon the city in June and stayed by it into October, seething up from the pavements, oozing out from the buildings, and beating down from the merciless blue above.

In the middle of the day "The Avenue," always Pennsylvania Avenue, would be deserted. But by evening crowds would come forth and saunter up and down, and the Capitol grounds were always a pleasant refuge for strollers and for colored mammies, in gay bandannas, with their little white charges or their own pickaninnies. The mercury would go up to 98 degrees and hitch itself there for weeks at a time. Aunt Margaret's children would come over and splash in the fountain or the Judge would turn the garden hose on them. The nights were dreadful.

Sprinkling was a favorite pastime. Dan, before going to bed, would sprinkle himself all over with cold water. That would help to cool him off for just about five minutes; then he would be baked again. In the middle of the night Sarita's sleepy voice would be heard: "Oh dear, I'm so hot! I do wish somebody would sprinkle me," and Pamela or Aunt Mary Ellen, armed with a pitcher of water, would obligingly perform the sacred rite.

They had been something to experience, those summer days in a southern city—ininitely colorful, and most horribly uncomfortable—and with the memories of them Dan

would always associate the beauty of the magnolia tree and the smell of hot asphalt and box.

On the whole he decided that he didn't like Washington very well. There was a calculating and brittle quality about the social life that he disliked intensely. It seemed artificial and forced. And even the indolent charm of the city itself couldn't make up for this very obvious drawback. He hoped that another year he would manage things better and be able to finish his work and go north at a reasonable time.

There was very little left of summer when he finally returned to Concord, and it was mostly a time of leisure which he sorely needed. In the autumn, when he talked of returning to Washington, he found he didn't look forward to the prospect with any degree of enthusiasm and he finally decided to stay on in Concord for the winter. He would set up the "Law" group full size and finish it at Studio Building in Boston, that same uncomfortable old Studio Building where he had made the "Minute Man." Porter and Munzig, more English than the English, had come back from Europe and had studios there, too, so it wasn't so lonely. And Dan would move down into their own little house with Sallie, Ned, and the baby. He was getting quite fond of the baby now, though she was a howler.

The new group got off to a good start. Dan could hear Mr. Ball's voice: "Make the concaves larger," and he took some pictures of the work to send to his Master in Florence for his criticism. He wanted to know if the action of the figures was too violent. The group was to be placed high on a building and must strike from the shoulder, where a more decided and somewhat stronger action would be needed than for a group that was to stand low. Otherwise, it would not be *felt* at all by busy occupants of city streets, who would have time for but a hasty glance. He was un-

decided about it, and there was no one in Boston who knew any more than he did.

Finally the two groups were finished. They had taken the better part of two years. Dan was slow and he was ashamed of himself. Again the wheel of fortune turned and gave him a commission for three groups, "Law, Prosperity and Power," for the Philadelphia Court House, so he kept the studio in Boston and continued to go in every morning on the cars, coming back at night.

Then Grandma died in December, and they all went up to Chester. Grandma, at ninety-seven, who had always seemed older than anybody ever since Dan could remember. And now, with her wig, her shawl, and her flute, she was gone, and they were taking her through the two rows of white houses down to the burying-ground at the other side of the town.

The Judge gave Dan Grandma's little Sheraton sewing-table, and Dan bore it proudly home to Concord. But nothing could make up for the feeling of impermanence that Grandma's going had brought him. All through his little boyhood and his youth he had spent a month of every summer under Grandma's ample roof and he looked back upon it as if it had been the entire summer, so wonderful had those four weeks always seemed to him. So now a plan that had been formulating in his mind came to have a stronger meaning—that craving for permanence in a changing world that all mankind is heir to. It gave him the impetus he needed to put into action a plan that had been simmering in his head for several years: a plan to build a studio of his own.

He had become so tired of working around in odd corners, in inadequate rooms with poor lights. In fact, except for the Florentine interlude and Mr. Ball's perfectly equipped studio, he had never known what it was to have

a skylight. All these rooms he had taken in Washington and in Boston had just been makeshifts. There had never been anything else available and he had accepted the situation, but he was heartily sick of it. Concord seemed the logical place for a studio, it had meant home for so many years. But a more practical reason was that Concord had become a magnet for the great of the land. Mr. Emerson's presence was the loadstone that drew all the distinguished men and women of this generation to Concord. They came to him first, then they came to see the Alcotts. Surely they would come, too, to see Dan's studio. That seemed to him a reasonable expectation. At any rate he would give them a chance.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF MR. EMERSON

THE NEW STUDIO was to cost \$500. It was to consist of a large workroom, two stories high, and a smaller reception room. The work was started in the spring and, with many written admonishments from the Judge in Washington, it progressed without too many hitches. Covered outside with green and red shingles, it was only a few hundred feet from the house, on the same side of the road, behind the willow hedge and nestled comfortably among the trees of the orchard. Carpenters, plasterers, and painters were "busy as the devil in a gale of wind," and now the plumbers were putting in the water, piped all the way from Sandy Pond.

Dan did a lot of the carpentry himself, secretly grateful to the Judge for having initiated him into such mysteries years ago when the old house was being done over.

It was a very pretty little building from the outside and with a few vines and shrubs it would be picturesque and attractive.

Dan went into Boston every few days and returned with material for curtains, rugs, cretonnes, cushions, and Japanese prints, and Sallie was afraid he would ruin himself, he seemed to need so many things. The walls of the big studio room were tinted a pale Pompeian red and the floor was of Southern pine. There were high shelves for plaster casts, and on one of them the little wooden lay-figure that he had

brought back from Florence sat beckoning tantalizingly to the visitor below to come up and join him on his lofty perch. There was the old blackboard, covered, as always, with white chalk sketches.

The large double doorway that connected the studio with the reception room was hung with old gold curtains and the walls of the smaller room were tinted green; there was a Franklin stove and nice old furniture, some brass bowls from India that Dan had bought on T Wharf in Boston; Grandma's "apple-sauce jar," a great Oriental vessel that some ancestor had acquired in the China trade, and a window seat elaborately gotten up with multicolored cushions, fans, and small art objects. There were fur and Oriental rugs, and in a corner of the room, against a screen hung with draperies, reposed Endymion in marble, only recently come from Florence and out of his packing case at last.

In the center of the studio was the great turntable with the beginnings of the group of "Law, Prosperity and Power" for the Philadelphia Court House. The plaster cast of the "Minute Man," full size, was there, and the busts of the Judge and of Will.

Aunt Mary Ellen sent Dan a handsome old chair which the Major had once acquired at Lancaster. It was very shabby but Dan scraped it and polished it and covered it, and it turned out to be a beauty. Uncle Doctor Welles had made an offering of two of his little Italian Primitives, and Abbott Thayer had given him several of his own small paintings.

Sarita sent him a Saxony china vase, big enough for a single rose, which, as she reminded him, "is all that ever blooms at one time in your climate," and in an amusing letter she remarked, "How is your studio? Does it come up as a flower? With anyone else in the pangs of building,

I should sympathize cordially, but in this case I have no doubt the stones fit into the ground and the bricks into the stones and the boards into the bricks, as smoothly and agreeably as the joints of Solomon's Temple!"

In fact presents poured in in a manner almost embarrassing to the recipient. But there had never been a studio in Concord before, so everyone took a paternal interest in it.

The winter was quiet, so the sculptor had a good chance to work. He was doing a sketch in clay of Mrs. Edward Emerson's head to use as a study for the statue of Law. May Alcott dropped in to look at it once in a while, May Alcott always on horseback and a figure of crushing style in a tall English beaver and lovely white gauntlets. And then in March Dan started a bust of Mr. Emerson. He had had it in mind for some time, if Mr. Emerson could be persuaded to sit, but the pressure of other work had made Dan put it off. Pamela egged him on, and her letters from Washington were positive on the subject

"It would be a great feather in your cap," she wrote, "and you must do it this winter. I'm afraid Mr. Emerson won't keep. Those lights often go out so suddenly."

Pamela was impressed with the importance of this, even putting it above the St. Louis groups, and Dan, reflecting that his stepmother's strong hints were filled with truth, decided to approach Mr. Emerson through the kind offices of Edward. There was immediate acquiescence on the part of the philosopher and the sittings were begun in March at Mr. Emerson's house.

Dan made what he called a topographical map of Mr. Emerson's face. He realized what a great opportunity was being afforded him, and there had been, so far, very little done of the poet that the family had cared about. Mr. Emerson, kind and considerate as always, sat like a philosopher,

still and patiently, and was really interested in the progress of the bust.

"You know, Dan, the more it resembles me, the worse it looks," he remarked one day, but as the sittings—and there were many of them, for the young sculptor was slow—finally came to an end, the philosopher contemplated the clay image for a long time. "Yes, Dan," he admitted, "that's the face I shave."

Mr. Emerson was one of the few men Dan had ever known who seemed as great as he really was. And, although he wrote and said things which, in anyone else, would mean ostracism, he was tremendously respected in the town. Concord was a farming community and Mr. Emerson greatly admired the common sense and shrewd sagacity of his neighbors. He wanted to talk with them and hear their views.

"I go downtown in the evening," he complained, "and pass the grocery store and see all the men talking and joking around the stove. Then I go in and the conversation stops. I simply can't get to know them."

That the Emerson family were delighted with the bust was a source of satisfaction to everyone; they pronounced it the best likeness of him that existed, and Dan was grateful to Pamela for having prodded him into doing it. "Keep a notebook of the things he says," suggested Pamela. Dan thought that was a good idea and meant to do it, but somehow it wasn't done.

Mr. Alcott's School of Philosophy was opening this summer—a little Gothic wooden structure built against the hillside behind his house, and every manner of person from all parts of the country flocked to it, to talk in language hard to understand of the "ideal," the "concrete," the "former state," and such, till many longed for the practical and the real.

But, to Dan, an even more important thing was the opening of his own studio, and he planned a gala event in August. Once more the Oriental lanterns were brought forth and were hung on either side of the walk between the studio and the house. The guests, about seventy-five, came dressed in their best, left their wraps at the house, went down the lighted path to the studio where Sallie and Dan received them; they were all obligingly enthusiastic and oh'd and ah'd as much as necessary.

It was a perfect night, still, warm, and dewless, such as Concord seldom saw, and it was a pretty sight, the young people in their bright costumes strolling under the soft lights, with glimpses of the studio through the open doors, with its statues and gay colors. There were seats on the lawn for those inclined to flirt and a hammock for the weary, usually two at a time. There was music, a piano and a cornet at the house for those who wished to dance, and the floors of the parlors were covered with white cloth. This was to cover up the Brussels carpets which were nailed unresistingly to the floors, and the white cloth, usually duck, made a pleasant surface for waltzing.

Dan made an arrangement, designed like a cobweb, for the Japanese lanterns, where they were hung on cords which extended out from one center like a tent. The refreshment table was spread under the trees and supper was served at ten.

Ben Porter came and spent the night, as did Pamela's niece, Grace Hopkinson, who had just married young President Eliot of Harvard. Will Brewster brought his bride and Beth was divine in white cashmere, with amber ornaments. Dan's face was beaming with such happiness when he kissed his little sister good night that she felt it was worth all the backache and fatigue. Sallie had to spend three days in bed to recuperate, but the party was really the sensation of

the summer, and Dan's studio had become one of the sights of the old town.

The trees were briefly bright and early leafless that autumn, and there was not a dead leaf in Walden Woods on which Dan had not trodden.

He and Ned got up a Christmas tree for the children in the Town Hall. It consisted of two enormous spruce trees placed close together and the branches cut off on the inside so that the two trees came together as one. They were mounted on a rather elaborate mechanical arrangement which enabled them to be drawn apart, disclosing, as they opened, a beautiful little boy, a Concord child whom Dan had undressed appropriately, to represent the Christ-child. The trees were laden with tinsel and lighted candles and as they swung apart the mechanism worked so smoothly that not a candle flickered, as the figure of the naked little Christ-child came into view. After the performance Mr. Emerson showed such enthusiastic interest that Dan offered to explain the workings of the mechanics that he and Ned had invented. But Mr. Emerson smiled and said, no, he preferred to regard it as a miracle! The grown-ups were more delighted than the children, Dan and Ned were highly pleased with the success of their efforts, and Sallie was secretly gratified that the entertainment had not had to take place in her parlor.

And then, when life seemed to be flowing along so smoothly and so easily, there came a blow out of the blue, the death of May Alcott in Paris.

More than anything, almost, that could happen in Concord, May's death brought Dan a sense of real loss. His thoughts went back to the day when she rode into the yard on her horse to see his sculpture and to offer him her help. He had never overcome his wonder at her seeking him out, and the trouble she took over his labored little models. He

still used the tools she had pressed into his hand that vivid spring day at Orchard House, and afterwards she had always been there to go to, to help, and to criticize. She had never seen his "Endymion." He had been putting the finishing touches on the marble when he heard the news of her death. He wondered if she would approve of it, and he found himself scrutinizing the marble anew and trying to see it through her eyes. How much he owed to her! Her practical help, her always-ready encouragement, and that lovely enthusiasm and joy in living that permeated her being. He was fortunate in having had such a friend and he would never forget.

By March the Philadelphia group was sufficiently advanced to show to the public, and Dan planned three receptions in one week. The first was for his particular friends, on Friday afternoon and evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Emerson came, with Miss Ellen and all the family stand-bys. Then, through an invitation in the newspaper, the public was invited and came three hundred strong, beginning at two o'clock and keeping on till after nine, a constant succession of people. Dan had a cold and was hardly able to do the honors, but braced up and got through it, feeling utterly miserable. The third reception was for Boston friends, artists and others, and Dan was too sick to appear and had to be bundled up in the back parlor, where he could be warm and quiet and see no one. Sallie put on her new black silk with the train and, with a silver comb in her hair, went over to the studio to receive. Later the guests came back to the house, where a handsome repast of lobster salad and frozen pudding had been spread out on the dining-room table. Dan could hear the jollification and felt more than ever forlorn.

He was better the next day. But the following week he set up a bust in a cold room in Boston, came home, had a

chill and a fever, and took to his bed. Bronchitis, they called it at first, and then as the first week went by with no improvement, the doctor admitted it was pneumonia. Dan didn't know very much about it except that he slept a great deal and felt very far away and remote from the commotion that his illness seemed to be causing. Ripley Bartlett was his devoted slave in every way and insisted on sleeping on a mattress on the floor outside Dan's door every night for a week, and Sallie was as tender and gentle and careful as she could be. As he gradually came back to a more concrete state of awareness, he felt chagrined at causing them all so much trouble and anxiety and resolved, as he lay flat on his back and helpless, that, if he ever got well again, he would get married and have some legitimate claim to care in such an hour of affliction.

After a number of weeks, when he was able to sit in a chair, Patrick would come in and he and Ripley would move him. And from the outside there poured into the house a procession of flowers and jellies and books and pictures, and even an elegant dressing gown that Fannie Hubbard had brought home to her father from Japan and which he insisted on Dan's wearing till he got well. It was almost a compensation for being sick—almost, but not quite. It was discouraging to learn that he wasn't as tough as he had thought. In the future he would have to be more careful of his health and, though one might be careful of other things, health was something that one liked to take for granted.

Concord weather was still having a struggle between a freeze and a thaw when Dan got out again. Mr. Emerson was giving his one hundredth lecture in the Town Hall; Richard Dana had just married Edith Longfellow, the "Edith with golden hair," of her father's poem; and Dan started busts of Dr. Morison and Mr. Elliot Cabot, the lat-

ter promising to be the best he'd ever made, an interesting head of the Emersonian type. Also at odd moments he was working on a design for the Boston Post Office "Science Controlling the Forces of Electricity and Steam." He proposed to represent Electricity as a youth.

"Electricity a boy?" questioned Dan's father. "Well, I declare! There is more electricity in one girl than in forty boys, if my memory serves me right!"

Asparagus was raging as usual in the spring, an average of forty dozen bunches a day, and the Judge could count on an annual income of at least a thousand dollars from the crop. Patrick took entire care of the farm now, with a little advice from Dan and frequent admonishments from the Judge by mail. Some new acres of asparagus that Dan had set out hadn't done so well, and the Judge knew the reason.

"If your ground was heavily manured and spaded deep, things *would* grow, but probably you did not treat the land as you did the 'Minute Man' and begin at the beginning, but made a fine superficial model and thought Nature wouldn't find you out. No extra charge for the advice!"

On summer afternoons Dan made frequent visits to Walden Pond where there were picnics for poor children from Boston and, by keeping his eyes wide open, he could study the boys for his figure of "Electricity." About a thousand youngsters came every week and all the boys swam and it was an excellent place to study the nude figure. There were no professional models to be had of that age, but by making pencil sketches and sharpening his memory, the artist could absorb a good deal.

The Saturday Club wanted Dan to make a bust of Mr. Alcott and Dan knew what a fine subject the venerable philosopher would make.

Mr. Alcott had celebrated his eightieth birthday the week before, and there was a meeting of the Fortnightly Club at Mr. Sanborn's in honor of the occasion where the

philosopher was to give reminiscences of his life. Sallie went at seven, but left at a quarter of ten, when he had only reached the age of eighteen!

The marble "Endymion" was put on exhibit at the St. Botolph Club, but only one paper noticed it, and that one remarked that it had been made five years before. Such was the result of honest toil! A number of people admired it and Dan wished somebody would admire it three thousand dollars' worth. Nobody did. Mr. Ball had warned him—to the discredit of modern civilization and art, be it said—that it was next to impossible to dispose of a statue of the male persuasion. If the ladies had the money, perhaps things would be different. Dan, however, had been determined to make a male statue and rather took it for granted that his usual luck would find a purchaser. It had been a blow that no purchaser was forthcoming. He remembered his father's advice about the "Minute Man" and decided to say nothing about it. He even went a step farther than this. If he kept quiet about his disappointment in regard to "Endymion," people wouldn't notice much one way or another. If he voiced his woe, everyone would take up the cry and lament that he had not sold his statue. Then his failure would be heralded abroad and stand in the way of future successes. "Better keep quiet about my disappointments," he resolved, "the less said about them, the less impression they make on me and on my audience."

He had had to wait two years before he had saved up money enough to have the "Endymion" cut in marble over there in Florence. And then he had spent two months working on the marble over here with small chisels, files, and sandpaper, and had got the thing in good shape. And now, apparently, nobody wanted it or was even interested in it. He would keep quiet about it and take his medicine, but it was a bitter pill to swallow just the same.

Dan had a studio in Boston now, for the winter months;

keeping the fires going in the Concord studio was too constant a chore, and, though it was a nuisance going back and forth on the train, it really proved to be a timesaver.

The Judge wrote urging Dan to come down to Washington for the Inauguration. There were to be fifteen people in the house, with three beds in the parlor, and much dissipation generally. But Dan refrained, even though it meant a chance to see Mary French, the golden-haired cousin who had made such an impression on him in that dreary convent and whom he hadn't seen for more than a year. Possibly, on reflection, it might be just as well not to see her too often. She was much too pretty to be safe. And of course a man just *couldn't* fall in love with his cousin.

There was a scheme afoot to raise money to purchase the Emerson bust for Harvard's Memorial Hall in Cambridge, and the Judge was urging Dan to display it in Boston at Doll and Richards' in the fall.

"What little light you have, you need not hide under a bushel!" he reminded.

Mr. Emerson died in the spring of '82, and Concord lost her crown of glory. The family sent for Dan who draped the fragile form in folds of white, making him look more than ever the Greek philosopher he was, with the beautiful radiance of his face resting in the gathered white drapery like a marble statue.

To Dan, the death of no one outside of his own family could mean so much as the loss of Mr. Emerson. It had been Mr. Emerson's gentle pressure on the Committee for the "Minute Man" that had brought Dan his first important commission and had launched him so suddenly into success and fame. Mr. Emerson had bestirred himself about the pedestal for the statue, while Dan was in Italy, visiting the site on cold winter days with Brother Will and the architect. Again it had been Mr. Emerson's influence, Dan felt

sure, that had brought him monetary compensation for his statue. To everyone he was the perfect friend, loved and respected for his kindness, his simplicity, his thoughtfulness. To all in Concord he was "Mr. Emerson"; others might make free with his name, use his initials, or his full name or his last name, but here in Concord the reverence in which he was always held was shown better, perhaps, by the manner in which they always spoke his name than in any other way.

Dan remembered spending an evening at Mr. Emerson's house when he was a boy of twenty. The philosopher had lately returned from one of his many trips abroad and wanted the young artist to see the photographs of statues and places that he had collected. So he seated Dan in a comfortable chair before the table on which was placed a stereoscope and he himself stood placing in position the pictures that he wanted the youth to see. Had the aspiring artist been a man of his own years and attainments, Mr. Emerson could not have taken more trouble over him or shown more consideration and genuine kindness.

Mr. Emerson's valuation of the present moment was brought out on one occasion when Dan sought him out to write his name in the autograph album of a friend. In turning the pages of the album, he said, "I ought to write something besides my name," and going to his notebook he selected the following lines: "This fleeting moment is an edifice that the omnipotent cannot rebuild."

His kindness, too, in granting Dan's request to sit for a bust was something that could never be forgotten. When the sculptor expressed regret at putting him to so much trouble, Mr. Emerson had replied, "But this is as easy as sleeping!"

Henry James had spoken of the "overmodeled American face." Whether this was intended as a tribute to the intel-

ligence of the Americans or not, it seemed to be true that the higher the development of intellect in a race, the more complicated became the forms of the face, and, in less marked degree, those of the body. Dan said that Mr. Emerson's face bore out this theory and in spite of the boldness of the general plan, it had an infinity of detail, the delicacy of which evinced the refinement of the soul that evolved it. There had been nothing slurred, nothing accidental, in Mr. Emerson's face; it had been like the perfection of detail in great sculpture—it did not interfere with the grand scheme. Neither did it interfere with an almost childlike mobility that admitted of an infinite variety of expression and made possible that wonderful lighting up of the face so often spoken of by those who knew him.

And now this beautiful spirit had passed on. The tall, lean figure in the dark cloak, looking, as Dan always felt, as Dante must have looked as he trod the streets of Florence, had moved on to wider horizons. It had been one of the greatest privileges of a privileged life to have known him so well and to have received from him on so many occasions such helpfulness as was impossible to evaluate.

Sallie was very ill in North Carolina and Pamela had gone down to be with her. Later in May they would return to Washington and Sallie begged that Dan come and be there at the same time. She wanted to see her two brothers together again. Pamela and the Judge had talked of going abroad for three months in the summer but Sallie's condition had become alarming and she begged that her dearest mother be near her if she should be much worse, so naturally all thought of putting the ocean between them was dissipated.

It was a sweet but sad little week they spent together there. Dan would put Sarita's sea-chair out on the lawn under the magnolia tree and pile it with cushions and Will

would carry Sallie downstairs and place her tenderly in it. She had everything but the one thing needful. The boys would sit on the grass, sketching, talking, or reading aloud, and Sallie's voice, so much fainter now, would join in. They all realized that these were days that would never come again, yet no one spoke of it, and Dan and Will talked of their future plans until a faraway look in Sallie's eyes would bring a hush upon them.

Pamela would bring out a little tray with Sallie's lunch and sit with her while she struggled to get it down. At four o'clock the Judge would come home. He would get a little stepladder and a hoe and pull down the cherries from the big tree near the porch, then go in the house occasionally and fan himself, or he would dig around the Japonicas and water the grass, then lie down in the hammock, exhausted, and look at it all. Sallie never tired of looking at him and laughing at him. And in the evening Will and Dan would carry her upstairs again.

The few months left to her after Dan brought her back to Concord were sad ones, too. Pamela came to be with her and her strong spirit was a rock to lean on during those last weeks, for Pamela, even in the face of death, could be matter-of-fact and capable and she herself looked so strong, so alive all over, that Sallie would cling to her hand and hold on to it by the hour.

That Sallie could really die was something that Dan until now couldn't be made to comprehend. Dan had an inner conviction that everything was for the best, a kind of native optimism that would allow for no unhappy alterations, and even when it was over and the beloved little sister had been laid under the pines and the oaks of Sleepy Hollow, Dan could scarcely believe that this break in the family circle could be true. Something of the light heart of youth that Dan had supposed would last forever had

gone with Sallie. There was a lump in his throat whenever he thought of her suffering, which was practically all the time. Because he knew of no other way of expressing his feelings, he made a bust of her, from memory, and from the inadequate little pictures that the family gathered together.

And then a wonderful commission came, just when he most needed it to distract his mind. It was an order to do a statue of John Harvard for Harvard College.

It is always a blessing to remember that our early Puritan ancestors had no sooner set foot on Massachusetts soil, built their houses, found necessary food, and erected places of worship, than they turned their attention to establishing seats of learning. As the inhabitants of New Towne (now Cambridge) were planning and working to this effect, it pleased God to stir up the heart of one Mr. Harvard to leave one-half of his estate to the newly founded school, together with his library, and the glory of his name. This was in 1638, and John Harvard, the young Puritan divine who passes so briefly and mysteriously across the pages of our early history, "taking New England on his way to Heaven," went to his reward in the same year. Dan read up what scant information there was about him and discovered that he must have been born about 1608, no one knows where, but it was recorded that he was a graduate of Emmanuel College at Cambridge University in England, where he took his Bachelor's and his Master's degrees. And it was believed that he came to Charlestown in 1637, only a year before his death of consumption.

Who was John Harvard? Dan couldn't find out. No one knew—nothing was known of his parentage, his lineage, his birth date, when he left the Old World and came to the New—but there was a tender reverence in every early mention of him, and Dan found he had been beloved and honored, a well-trained and accomplished scholar of the highest

type. Not only was there no portrait of him but there was no description of his personal appearance. The books he left, however, to the college, 302 of them, certified to his scholarly tastes and the fact that he wished to bequeath his property, which for those days was considerable, to a college which existed only in the imaginations of its founders, proved his generosity of spirit. "When a god wishes to ride," says Emerson, "every chip and stone will bud and shoot out winged feet to carry him." And John Harvard evidently was a man of vision, for his bequest became the parable of the loaves and fishes in materialization.

So Dan made a sketch of a young man in the clerical garb of the early seventeenth century, with an academic gown falling loosely from his shoulders, seated in an easy pose in a heavily carved chair upholstered in Spanish leather, with a beautiful, wasted hand holding an open Bible on his knee. He wears a skullcap over his flowing hair. Gently touched by the weakness which is destroying his valuable young life, he raises his face from his book and looks forward with an abstract air, weaving a dream, perhaps, of the thousands of other young men who will come to read his books and benefit by his liberality. There is the mark of refinement and the gravity of pure, high thinking, and the sculptor was able to infuse into the portrait a conception of what Harvard *might* have been in figure and feature from what he *knew* him to have been in mind and in soul.

The next winter Dan lived in Boston and devoted himself to the "Harvard." It promised well, and he felt it was the best thing he had done since the "Minute Man." People were saying the face of the statue looked like Beth, a high-bred, handsome, intellectual type, cool and aloof. Sherman Hoar had posed some for the head, though it was in no sense a portrait, but that accounted, perhaps, for the family

resemblance. Beth was engaged to Samuel Bowles, the young editor of the *Springfield Republican*; she would be leaving Concord. So perhaps Dan's thoughts were resting upon her unduly, and perhaps that's why John Harvard was said to inherit her classic features.

It took Dan the better part of two years to make the statue but it was finally finished and sent to the foundry. Dan made repeated trips to the foundry to study the progress of the work. It was certainly an elaborate and mystifying technique. Dan remembered with what innocent trust he had left the entire responsibility of the casting of the "Minute Man" to the Ames foundry at Chicopee and had wended his way to Italy without so much as a thought to even the chasing or the patina. That it was a good casting was a credit to good workmen. In Florence, on going to the foundries, he found that the casting was considered so solemn an operation that just before the molten metal was let into the mold all the laborers in the establishment would go down on their knees to pray for success.

This was a good casting and Dan and the Judge and Pamela all went to Cambridge to stay with President Eliot and Grace for the unveiling. On that occasion one of the distinguished physicians of Boston, with a greater regard for truth than for tact, approached Dan and remarked somewhat scornfully, as though he'd made a discovery, "You've given John Harvard the legs of a consumptive." "I'm so glad," answered Dan, "it's possible you didn't know that John Harvard died of consumption when he was scarcely thirty."

The statue was well received and the newspapers gave much space to it, referring to Dan as having received first place among American sculptors. The ideal quality of the statue appealed to the public in addition to the rather mysterious personality of the subject. Harvard was said to

have been a learned man and godlike in his appearance, and Dan had worked out these meager suggestions with brilliant success and presented a young man of the Puritan type with a countenance of strong intellectual mold, through which shone the calm and elevated thought of the Christian scholar. The hands were thin and nervous and the costume presented a welcome opportunity to escape the stumbling-block of modern clothes.

There seemed to be no work coming in after the "John Harvard " Dan had so far never lacked for commissions and this apparent vacuum was something to be dealt with. For years he had wanted to study in Paris and now, without the press of work that he had known for so long, this seemed the appropriate moment. In fact, he had talked about it so much that the family had come to speak of it as "Dan's annual voyage." But, just as he was getting his affairs in order preliminary to departure, a letter came from the Judge with clippings from the Washington papers. "Cholera in Paris," and Dan's plans were exploded. The foreigners were badly scared over there and people were deserting the cities. The Judge was in a dither about it, and even Pamela, who was so normal and healthy in mind and body that she was never apprehensive about anything, admitted that she was worried.

So it meant another winter in Boston and staying at a hotel, which Dan hated. The old house in Concord was rented and, with Sallie gone, much of the feeling of home had fled, so Dan packed himself in at the Brunswick again and opened a class in sculpture. He wasn't sure that he'd like teaching and he soon discovered that he disliked it intensely. Sometimes his class of young ladies was entertaining, but it was usually tiresome and he hoped he would never have to repeat the experiment. He hadn't the patience for it, he who had such marvelous patience about

everything else, but he always wanted to take the tools out of his pupils' hands and do it himself. His father advised him to write articles and to try his hand at lecturing the way Will did, but Dan was immovable. He felt he had no aptitude for it, and besides he wanted to "sculpt" and nothing else. The depression that was going on in the business world affected all art and artists and, though there were plenty of fishes swimming around in the deep with their noses towards Dan's hook, he couldn't quite seem to land any.

Then, too, the little world in Washington seemed upside down. For there came a blow that was only second to Sallie's tragedy in its power to tear the heart.

A tragedy about Sarita that had followed so closely Sarita's wedding. The year before, Sarita had been married to Stilson Hutchins. Mr. Hutchins was a man of means, the editor and owner of the *Washington Post*. Theirs had been a romance. Sarita had written a criticism of Edwin Booth, and Mr. Hutchins, when he read it, was so struck with the vigor and beauty of the style that he asked the authorship and sought the acquaintance of the fair Sarita.

They had had a wedding tour in Europe and had come back with a French maid for Sarita and fourteen Paris gowns. They moved into the new brick house that Mr. Hutchins had built on Massachusetts Avenue for his bride. They had six months more of happiness. Then came the tragedy.

The news came on Dan's thirty-fourth birthday. The little Sarita and her baby were lying dead. The baby son she had planned for, came, and as quickly went, and the little mother followed him in a few hours. It was impossible to believe that all the witchery and vivacity that was Sarita could be stilled, and Dan felt that this was the saddest and loneliest birthday that he would ever be called upon to

bear. He and the world had dealt kindly with each other, but to lose Sallie and now Sarita all in one short year made him appreciate what he had so often observed in the lives of others, that no one is ever allowed too much of happiness.

In the summer Pamela came to Concord and brought Mary French with her. They had come by boat to avoid the yellow fever which was prevalent. Mary had been terribly ill all winter with some sort of typhoid and nervous breakdown. It had dragged on month after month and Dan hadn't even been allowed to write to her. She was still delicate and terribly thin. Dan found he looked at her with more concern than he would have felt possible. He started a bust of her which discouraged him from the start, there was an elusive quality about Mary's wide-eyed beauty that evaded him from the beginning. Also, for the first time, he found himself feeling self-conscious when he was with her. This was a new sensation, for he had always felt so much at home with girls. But he was determined he'd get through with the bust just the same. People seemed to like the head, as he heard compliments about it from all sides. However, he was far from satisfied with it and it continued to give him the blues.

Then came a change in the Judge's situation. The Judge's services in the Treasury Department were over, a new Administration was coming in, and after nine years he was pulling up stakes and returning to Concord for good. It was a hard wrench for him in a way because he had loved the work there, but the encroaching years were constantly making it more difficult, and well he knew that old age was too chronic to outgrow. It was hard to say farewell to the beautiful city that he had come to love, and it was painful to leave his lovely room at the Department with its view of the Monument and the river. It was more than painful to say good-by to the clerks who had been his de-

voted friends for so many years. And it was most painful of all to see how easily the world goes on without one.

Mary Ellen mourned most of all and burst into tears a dozen times a day. The Judge was pinning his hopes on Dan's being with them in Concord. "Without you," he said, "I cannot make lights enough for the shadows that fall across my picture."

The summer would be lovely anyhow and it was too far ahead yet to plan for the winter. The Judge contemplated a new boy to take Dan's old place at harnessing, doing errands, and helping Patrick with the chores. "I don't think I shall be jealous of him," Dan said.

He found he looked forward to being again with the family in the old house in Concord, with positive satisfaction, as to a sweet haven of rest. He had been everybody's dog for so long that a real home, where he had a sense of ownership, if not an actual right, seemed sweeter than anything else. He had gotten so tired of living around in odd places and in other people's homes. His possessions were scattered around everywhere, some in Washington, some in the attic of the Concord house, a few at Sallie's, a trunk or two at the Keyeses'. He had hated it. He hadn't realized how much until now, when the prospect of a real home again with his father and Pamela was about to become a reality.

It would be a little like turning the clock backward. Concord had changed so much; Lucy and Beth both married; Sallie gone; Will living in Chicago. Still, it would be home, that was the main thing. That, and an important commission. To be sure, no definite one had appeared as yet. Nothing momentous had loomed up on his horizon. However, he would keep his eyes firmly fixed on that horizon and something would surely come.

THE LONELY YEARS

THE Judge was full of contentment to be farming again, and the farm, evidently recognizing its master, spread itself and yielded a more abundant crop of everything than usual. A pair of horses was set up for Pamela so that she should feel no social retrogression from the Washington precedent; she had a good maid in the kitchen, and for the first few months was in a perfect tizzy-whiz of setting things to rights. The old house was scrubbed and painted, rinsed and purified so that one could eat off the cellar stairs or the garret beams if one had a mind to. Pamela's house-cleaning never had been something to be taken lightly. She was thorough about it, and efficient, and every room sprang into renewed and gleaming youth under her expert hands. In fact, Dan was made to feel at times that the condition of the house was even more important than the comfort of the people in it. Still, that was Pamela's way and he accepted it as he accepted all things that were unavoidable.

Will came for a prolonged visit, and the family settled down to a joyous domestic life in their own home, such as they had not experienced for many years. Mary came for a visit at the Keyeses' and was induced to come down to the Frenches' for an extra fortnight. She had a red dress that was considered very extreme, but which the French family had to admit was vastly becoming and she had gained a little weight and looked wonderfully handsome. Her

hair had lost some of its golden glitter since the illness of two years before, and there was a fleeting expression of sadness on her face occasionally now which detracted from the glowing radiance of a few years back. The breath-taking quality had gone, but the exquisite features were as symmetrical as ever and she held her head with the same almost arrogant splendor. Dan was, as always, captivated, and liberal in his attentions. He took her to some theatricals at the Town Hall and felt as though he were sitting next to a member of the Jupiter family. He even took her into Boston for lunch and put her on the train when she went away.

Pamela opened her eyes at this—Dan, who could never be persuaded to leave his studio in the daylight hours for any motive whatever. And Mary was so casual about his attentions, accepting them with becoming detachment and apparently no more impressed than by the round-eyed worship of the sixteen-year-old cousin, Georgie Keyes.

In November the Judge wasn't so well. The seventy-two years of an abundantly active life were making themselves felt. He didn't seem to take the same interest in the farm; it had gotten along fairly well without him for nine years and he was no longer necessary to it. He missed Washington, the Department, his handsome office, the responsibility, and the hard work more than he cared to admit. The walks were shorter and slower. The breath became less free.

He would admit to no lessening of powers. But he remembered how last winter in Washington the tactful Mary Ellen would meet him at the Treasury with the carriage, or, if they walked, she would suggest a pause on a bench to observe how the sun's rays struck a projecting balcony and how thickly the trees were coming into leafage. Here there were no benches and one had to keep on walking.

One November evening Dan was upstairs working in his room. The Judge had gone down to Patrick's house after

supper to see about the pigs Patrick wanted to buy. Suddenly Dan heard a voice, Pamela's voice. But could it be Pamela's? It was so full of fear.

"Dan," the voice called, "Dan, your father, your father. . . ." The Judge had tottered in the door and Pamela was helping him to the sofa. His face was white and he was evidently in pain, for his hand clutched his chest. With his other hand he took Dan's. "I'll be all right," he whispered. Dan felt the grasp on his hand tighten till he thought the fingers would crush his own, then loosen and fall limply at his side. The eyelids fluttered and closed. There was a little gasp for breath and then silence—a long, terrible silence in which the soft sound of a branch of syringa brushing the windowpane seemed the only audible evidence of vitality.

"I'm afraid he's gone," Dan said to Pamela. And he saw in Pamela's face, in acceptance of his words, a look of terror. She, the dauntless, intrepid spirit, had come for the first time in her life to grips with something for which she had no answer.

The Judge's death, coming with such frightening, though merciful, swiftness, had brought a sharp awareness of what life without him would hold. Dan tried to be philosophical. The death of one's parents was in the orderly procedure of nature, to be expected, like spring, summer, autumn, winter. It had none of the poignancy of unfulfillment like Sallie's death or Sarita's. His father had had a life full to the brim of work, yes, and struggle, of accomplishment and completeness; a life that had brought to consummation many cherished plans and hopes; a life full-flavored with affection and attachments. There should be no regrets—only gratitude for all the kindness along the way, for all the understanding, for that wonderful readiness to help and

to be of service. And the encouragement that had been ever-present in the early years of sculpture, the practical ingenuity that had so often come to the rescue of a technical problem, and the generosity that had far outrun his purse. It was comforting to think of these things, to talk of them sometimes in the lonely winter evenings when he and Pamela huddled over the open fire in the parlor.

They were difficult, those evenings. At first, of course, the house was so solid with relatives and friends that it seemed like a thoroughfare. Gradually, so gradually as hardly to notice it, they melted away. And Dan and Pamela found themselves, just they two, alone, wandering through the quiet rooms and seeking each other's company. Pamela went on with her household duties with the same adroitness as before, but she made a pathetic picture in her deep black dress, and her grief was too living to witness calmly. Dan wished that Brother Will could be with her instead of himself. He was too silent and reticent to be of much use. When anything struck very deeply at his soul, Dan could only look at you with his warm brown eyes and a distressed little expression at the corners of his mouth and say nothing.

In the autumn of 1886 Dan and Pamela went to Europe. The long-promised winter of work and study in Paris was about to come true at last. He had so little academic training and he knew that he needed it. His art education had been a sort of picked-up affair, and he had long wanted to go to Paris to see how those Frenchmen do things.

Dan had planned for this trip so many times and each time something had happened to prevent it. And he was not going to have another winter in Concord, of that he was quite sure. He had had his share of New England winters, he decided, and had no further illusions about them.

The first week in London was rather remarkable. Frank Millet was there and took Dan in tow. John Sargent had

just taken a new studio, and, though it was in a good deal of disorder at the moment, it gave Dan an opportunity to see a lot of the artist's canvases at one time. Mr. Sargent, who looked rather more like a prosperous banker than an artist, was at work on a portrait, full length, of a woman in a black dress of the briefest nature at the top. Dan recognized it as a powerful picture, but he thought it a disagreeable one.

There was a Sunday luncheon with Henry James, to whom Dan had a letter from his old friend Robertson James, in Concord. James was very English indeed and looked like the pictures of the Prince of Wales. Afterwards he took Dan to call on Sir Frederick Leighton and then upon Burne-Jones, who had an unpretentious house standing in a pretty Italian garden, with a studio at its foot. Burne-Jones had a kindly face and a somewhat shaggy, thin beard. His wife and daughter were there, the latter a vision of girlish beauty of the blonde and slender type. Her head drooped a little on her rather long neck and her eyes looked out from under her lashes in a meek, but most dangerous manner. Why her father did not paint her instead of his perpetual long-jawed saints Dan couldn't imagine, but Mr. James thought he had never painted her at all.

Then there was a visit to Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema in his very magnificent house and studio, not to mention a garden with statues on the terraces. His private painting studio was very small, a room not more than 15 by 20, but he explained that he was short-sighted and had to have his models near him. Dan was disappointed in his appearance, short and bearded and somewhat stout and not at all intellectual in expression. He had pictured him thin and tall and fine. He was putting the last touches on a picture containing twenty-five or thirty Greek maids and matrons, bacchantes, etc., a beautiful picture. He brought out a lot

of his properties, embroideries and rare draperies, well worth seeing. On low tables rested many flat glass bowls filled with water, with two or three full blown roses, pink and yellow, floating in them. Dan filed away the novel suggestion for future use. As good luck would have it, Browning, Robert, the poet, came in while they were there, a genial, amiable, kindly old man, whom, of course, Dan was delighted to see and talk with. He had been steeped in Browning. Dan told him that it was a great pleasure to meet the distinguished man whom he had known so long by reputation, to which Browning replied with becoming modesty that Mr. Tadema *was* very well known in America!

It had been an interesting week, but Dan was glad to break away for Paris and work. Newton Mackintosh, whom Dan had met at Fred Crowninshield's summer art school in Richmond, Massachusetts, a few years before, was in London and they embarked together. Mackintosh was a distinguished-looking young painter of the dilettante type. He was thin, with a dark beard, and very much of an individual. Kind and generous, he seemed eccentric, for Mackintosh always did and said exactly what he pleased.

After scouting around for some time hunting for suitable living-quarters for themselves and the ladies in the rue d'Alger, Dan got himself settled in a studio in the rue Campagne-Première and went to work.

It was a long winter and a cold one, but a profitable one. There were many friends to play around with. Edward Potter, the sculptor, was there, in fact, Dan gave him the little room in his studio to sleep in, and the other studios were always hospitably open to Americans. Dan haunted the Louvre and the other galleries, and made himself familiar with the best works of sculpture in France. In the evenings there were amusing little restaurants to go to, with an intermittent fling at the Opera or the Comédie Française.

Paris, too, held an occasional pretty girl to call upon, but the circumspection for which Dan had always been somewhat remarkable seemed ever to keep his interest within the confines of a formal call. He was afraid of getting into the swing of social life the way he had in Washington; it was too distracting and tiring. Paris as a city didn't really affect him very much. His studies and his observations were valuable in the extreme but he didn't allow his own way of living to be interfered with.

He greatly preferred the evenings in Pamela's little salon, where there was a cosy fire always burning in the open grate, lighted candles on the mantel, flowers, books, and a big lamp on the center table; where Susie Hale, discoursing on French politics, was brighter than anyone; where Miss Preston would read her latest articles for the *Atlantic*; where Mackintosh would make some of his exquisite pencil drawings or Pamela would read aloud in her beautiful French.

Dan found French more difficult than Italian and he was always a little timorous about using what little he did know. But Pamela spoke it easily and was never held back by timidity.

Dan signed up for Mercié's sculpture class several evenings a week. He bought plaster casts to send to America for Will's Art Institute in Chicago, including one of the great Winged Victory in the Louvre, and a hundred dollars' worth of small sculptures which would be unique in America. Will was now the Director of the Chicago Art Institute and he was intent on building up, as well, as fine an Art School as could be established in the United States. Dan was pleased at the idea of having a hand in it and took very seriously his commission to help form its collection of plaster casts.

Dan had a commission to do a statue of Lewis Cass. It was

being presented by the State of Michigan to the Capitol at Washington. Dan had decided to make the statue in Paris.

The figure was a biography in stone and Dan only speculated whether he had made him aggressive enough. He had read up everything he could lay his hands on about the good General that would throw light on his personal appearance, and had thoroughly studied the history of his times and his surroundings as well, so as to have everything in accord with the times in which he lived. He had dressed him in the well-known swallow-tailed coat of the era of Daniel Webster, which was always worn in the Senate Chamber of his day. If the Senators would now go to the Senate Chamber in full dress, Dan reflected, they might treat each other with more respect. There had been a bust of the great statesman to study, several portraits in oil, and an old daguerreotype to make use of, and Dan felt he had achieved a faithful portrait of the sturdy, honest old man. Mr. Healy, the portrait painter, called to see the statue and give it the benediction of his approval. Healy had been a friend of Cass's and painted his portrait, so that his pronouncement of the likeness as admirable was a relief to Dan's mind. The statue was to be cut in marble, which meant a freer and more crisp treatment than a statue that was to be translated into bronze. Also, a figure that is to be placed indoors can safely endure a greater attention to detail than a statue to be placed out-of-doors, where details are lost and more simplification is necessary.

Dan knew he had made a good statue; the thing had force and power. He had done a good eight months' work and he was pleased. The figure would be placed in Statuary Hall. That famous chamber was rapidly becoming the repository of more poor sculpture than any place in America, and Dan was determined that his own contribution should, if possible, bring the average up. Portrait statues, as such, had a bad name to begin with and were seldom

looked upon with the respect that so-called "original" sculpture was. But Dan remembered that some of the greatest artists in the world had specialized in portraiture, Velazquez, Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyck. These were all painters, to be sure, but there was that marvelous array of sculptured heads in the Capitoline in Rome and the great equestrian portraits in Rome and Venice and Padua. And Houdon—one could never forget Houdon.

Dan struck up a friendship with the younger Browning, the son of the famous author and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who had the studio near his own. Browning was in Dan's studio one day when a neighborly French sculptor came in to see the "Cass." Instantly he pounced upon it with the French criticism that Dan expected; he didn't like the stolid pose with the weight equally disposed on the two feet. He evidently thought Dan didn't know any better and wanted the General to stand on one foot and put an arm akimbo! To illustrate his point he ran back to his own studio to get a little statuette of his own. "But," said Mr. Browning, "you are late with your criticism." "Oh, he can alter it easily," was the answer, with the air of one who is sure it will be done. Dan and Mr. Browning exchanged sympathetic glances.

The Paris training had given Dan just what he had been looking for, a greater crispness in modeling. He realized that, until now, he had never really felt master of his trade.

In the spring, and spring begins so early in Paris, they would all take little fiacres and drive out through the Bois in the early evenings when the *marronniers* were in bloom. And on Sunday they would go off on an excursion for the day, to Versailles, or Chantilly, or Chartres, and prowl around among the old things, and see the sights and sit on the grass and eat their lunch and drink their bottle of *vin ordinaire*, like any other Parisian bourgeois family.

In April they took a quick little trip down to Italy. They

found the Balls in Rome and that beloved family urged them to visit them while in Florence. It had been more than ten years since Dan had been there, and he found a youthful enthusiasm in renewing old associations and memories.

Dan left his statue to be cut in marble by skilled Paris workmen, a job that would take more than a year, and then the final finishing Dan would do himself when the marble was sent home to America.

He had just received a commission to do a statue of Dr Gallaudet, the famous teacher of the deaf and dumb, and he was anxious to get back and embark upon it. He made a number of small clay sketches in New York and, selecting the best one, took it down to Washington to show to Mr Gallaudet, the son of the distinguished doctor who was to be represented so enduringly.

Dan had made the little model showing the physician seated in a chair with his first little girl pupil at his side, with his right hand he is showing her how to form the letter "A," the sign-language alphabet that would open up to her the door to a new world. The doctor looks down at her with an expression of compassion and understanding, and she gazes intently up at him with an infinite longing expressed in her wistful little face.

Mr. Gallaudet pointed out to Dan the site he had selected for the statue. It was close up against a group of buildings and supremely unsuitable as a dignified background for a memorial. Without demurring too much, Dan wandered around the spacious grounds until he came to a lovely bit of lawn where there was a superb planting of old trees. He called Mr. Gallaudet's attention to it, and said, "That really is the ideal site for our statue."

"I know it is," was the reply, "but you see that old apple tree near the center? It may not look like much to you, but

my daughters have an inordinate amount of sentiment about that tree. As children they climbed and played house in its branches, they picked the blossoms in the spring, and ate the fruit when it had hardly more than budded. They would not hear of having it removed."

"I can understand perfectly," said Dan, summoning up all the tact he could muster. "But let's not decide just yet on the site. Let's just wait and see."

And with his little model he went back to New York.

A few months later there came a letter from Mr. Gallaudet. "What do you think has happened? I really believe Providence is aiding and abetting us. We had a terrific storm the other day and it blew down half of that old apple tree. It looks pretty dreadful, but my children refuse to come to their senses and will not listen to my taking it down. I really am greatly disturbed about it. What do you think we had better do?"

Dan was much amused. It really looked as though the site he had selected was going to be available. Surely half of an old apple tree was not going to prevent his statue from assuming its proper position. "Let's not do anything," he wrote to Mr. Gallaudet. "Let's just wait and see." And he went back to his work with new enthusiasm and a kind of secret elation.

Another few months went by. Another letter came from Mr. Gallaudet. "What do you think has happened now? Another storm has come and gone, and has blown down the other half of the apple tree, and even my unreasonable offspring cannot insist on a bare stump standing there, so you will have your statue where you want it and where it ought to be!"

"Dan's luck," commented Pamela.

"No," said Will, who had a greater understanding of Dan's quiet tenacity than she, "not Dan's luck, but Dan's

undeviating patience, his imperturbable calmness, no matter how heavily the cards seem to be stacked against him. His equanimity in the face of disappointment is one of his outstanding characteristics. It's one of the things that have brought him where he is. He might so easily have antagonized this situation, made enemies of the family, and lost his point into the bargain. He certainly knows how to handle people," added Will proudly. "I bank on my brother every time."

Dan had been working in New York most of the time since he came back from Paris and he was definitely coming to a decision which he realized was another turning-point in his life. He had decided to build a studio there and to make the place his home. He realized there were many things against it. It had none of the learned solidity of Boston; it had little of the irregular charm of Washington. It was a distressingly ugly city, such monotonous rectangular blocks of brownstone houses, such endless avenues that hopefully seemed to be going somewhere but never arrived. But the museums and the galleries and the art schools and the studios, oh! that was its golden virtue, and all the artists in this country seemed to be settled there. It was a living city and, in so far as art went, it really seemed to be achieving something. Dan wanted to become a part of it, for he was interested, not only in his own career, but in the growth of art in this country and in all the new organizations for beauty and for betterment that seemed to be springing up on every side.

Washington, with his father's official background, had been of great value, but Washington had no native art and always looked to New York for its embellishments. And Concord, now that Mr. Emerson was gone, was living on its past glories. People still flocked to it, but not to become part of anything. They surveyed the ruins and went home.

As Pamela said, "Concord is like an extinct star, that continues to shine long after it has really gone out!"

Dan knew that life was for the living, that one couldn't cling to the past. And, still, to give up Concord meant tearing himself completely from his moorings. He decided to temporize by working in the little studio there in the summer when he could.

He had already settled on a house in West 11th Street, 125 the number was, a four-story brick house with the fashionable brownstone trim. It was on the north side of the street, and Dan was going to build a big two-story studio at the back, taking in most of the back yard. He would rent the two upper floors to artists with which the neighborhood was being flooded. He worked with the architects, Brunner and Tryon, on the plans for the house and then, in the spring of 1888, he went down to Washington to see about setting up the statue of Lewis Cass.

TIME OUT FOR LOVE

MARY was ill again and Dan knew the reason. Ever since Dan came home from Italy to spend that first winter in Washington, when Sarita had taken him out to the convent to see his golden-haired young cousin, he had had a feeling about her that he had never had for any other girl. It was one of those strange things one couldn't describe. Other girls, and there had been so many, had been pretty and gay and fascinating. But Dan found he compared them all with Mary to their detriment.

However he and Mary were cousins, and one simply couldn't fall in love with one's cousin. Ever since he could remember, he had heard it stated as indisputable law in the family that cousins did not marry. So firmly had the lesson implanted itself that it didn't even occur to him to look into the matter. The New England conscience about such things, about anything, as a matter of fact, was something that one didn't question. One inherited certain traditions and one abided by them. That was all there was to it.

As the years went by, and it was eleven years now since the convent episode when she had made such an impression, he saw her whenever he went to Washington and when she came to visit the relatives in Concord or in Chester. He did not dream that there was a doubt about its being wrong to think of marrying one's cousin and so he had been careful never to let her know by look or word or deed that she was anything more than his pet relation.

If Dan could have talked over the situation with anyone, it would have been a help. But your good New Englander is like an iceberg, nine-tenths submerged, and it would have been completely impossible for him to exteriorize his position with any member of his family. As for talking about it with anyone outside the family, that was unthinkable.

They were like stone walls, these New England conventions, hard and high and completely impenetrable.

So the years went by. Then, a few months before he died, the Judge, summoning up unprecedented courage, actually did put into words, into just a few sentences, his wish that no objection of his must ever stand in the way. He wanted Dan to know that.

Still Dan hesitated. Mary had never given any indication that she cared. He had no reason for thinking that she considered him in the least. She was always surrounded with beaux and took them all very airily. She took Dan airily, too. One summer when she made a three months' visit in Concord with her various relatives Dan made a bust of her and saw her every day for weeks. He put himself out to be devoted to her, waited upon her, and tended her, all of which she took with supreme indifference. Dan wouldn't admit that his lovely relative was ungrateful, only she took all these little tributes to her beauty as a matter of course.

By the time she went back to Washington he was convinced that he meant no more to her than any one of the other swains who dogged her footsteps.

And then she sent him a Christmas present, a handkerchief-case that she had made with her own hands, and a sweet note which set him wondering.

The following summer when he had decided on purchasing the New York house, she came again for a long visit. She stayed at the farm for over a month.

And then, in an unguarded moment, it had all come out.

It was an August evening and Dan and Mary were out on the river. He was looking at her profile against the darkening sky. He so rarely saw her alone, it seemed to him, and she was much too good to be diluted. She was looking particularly appealing, her hat dangling over her arm and her blonde hair wound in a thick coil at the back of her neck. When they reached French's landing, he took her hand to help her out of the boat. She had on her city shoes, little high-heeled, laced boots, with tassels at the tops. She stumbled over the humpy, uneven ground, and Dan's arm went round her to steady her. That one involuntary gesture unsteadied them both. And it all came pouring out, the long sad little story. She had loved him, she said, ever since she first saw him at the convent, after he came back from Italy. All these other youths that clustered around just filled in the time. They meant nothing.

But the family lesson had its effect on her, too. She wasn't New England like Dan, but cousins didn't marry. That had been dinned into them all since childhood. And she had taken great pains never to let him know she cared. After all, he had never spoken of the state of his feelings to her. How was she to know?

And now that they did know, both of them, there was still nothing to be done. Cousins simply didn't marry. She would go back to Washington and he would go to his new house in New York, and they would both try to forget.

But Dan found that forgetting was much less easy than he had expected. It proved to be the most unhappy winter of his life. He had supposed that a man could get over a love affair if he had to. But this had been going on for twelve years. Apparently the limit of time for some men was the limit of life.

Then came the news of Mary's illness in Washington

which the doctor said he could discover no cause for unless something was troubling her mind. It was a nervous illness of some kind and it had been going on for months.

So Dan, in his methodical way, set out to study this business of the marriage of cousins. He bought books on the subject and he went to the library and read all he could find. He studied the question thoroughly until at last he became convinced that his family's ideas were all superstition. All modern authorities seemed to agree that there was no reason for those of near kin not marrying unless there was insanity in the family or some great peculiarity in the blood, in which case the peculiarity would be likely to be emphasized in the children.

Dan found himself wondering why on earth he hadn't investigated the matter before. What terrific power they had, those New England traditions and conventions. Now that he was at last free of this particular one, he couldn't believe that it could have held him in such a vise.

He went right down to Washington and told Mary of his investigations and the result of them. Now there was nothing to stand in their way. He who had been blind for so long could now see. They would be married immediately, in June, before either of them had time to reconsider. Not much danger of their reconsidering, but the weight of family opinion might be too strong.

The family, on the whole, however, were sympathetic and understanding, kind and brave, possibly, in an emergency, rather than pleased. There were several cousins who stood out against the alliance and made a little private fuss of their own. But Dan, as always, when his mind was made up about a thing, brooked no interference from anyone.

Rising to the occasion, Pamela was angelic about the whole thing, sweet and sympathetic and kind. She had her misgivings about what kind of wife Mary would make

(Mary had never shown the slightest tendency to domesticity) but she kept her misgivings to herself. Dan loved Mary and that was enough.

"I have lost much and perhaps gained something," Pamela said to Will. "Dan's delight is catching. Poor old fellow! He has been alone so long."

And she sent Mary a check for \$100 "as a present," she said, "from the Judge."

The architects, whose plans for the upper floors of the new house had fortunately gone no farther than paper, were somewhat shyly admonished to change the second floor into a library and dining room. Other artists would be an intrusion now, and Dan and Mary could settle easily and comfortably into the entire house. Mary loved the idea of having a studio under the same roof with the house and Dan was full of plans for making the rooms attractive.

It was nearly June and the "Gallaudet" would be cast in another week, and then Dan could go to Washington and he and Mary would be married very quietly in Aunt Margaret's house on B Street.

Dan thought the group was coming out well. He knew that he had given the doctor an inspired expression full of patience, humor, and encouragement, and the sad, lovely child at his side looked up at him with a strained, almost startled look, expressing the gratitude of her little pent-up soul with a wild beauty of expression that was fairly haunting. Dan felt the group was a successful psychological performance and that he had given the two figures a real humanity.

And then one day Saint-Gaudens sauntered into the studio. He had come to find out about a bronze foundry. He and Dan sat and talked for a while about trade, Saint-Gaudens glancing at the statue occasionally but making no

comment. Finally Saint-Gaudens unfolded his long legs and started up the stairs.

"See here," said Dan, "I can't let you go like that. I've got to know what you think of my statue."

"Oh," said Saint-Gaudens, hesitating on the balcony, "it's a good statue, but the doctor's legs are too short. I thought you knew that."

Saint-Gaudens was gone. Dan sank into a chair. Yes, he did know it. Saint-Gaudens was right, the legs *were* too short. Why on earth hadn't he seen it before? Perhaps his attention had been diverted by the event that was so soon to take place in Washington. But this was a catastrophe. To merely add a few inches to the doctor's legs sounded so easy, but it meant sawing the statue in two, so to speak, and not only must the inches be added to the doctor's length but to the little girl's as well, and to the chair's. Dan was really crestfallen and blamed himself rather harshly for the lack of vision in his usually seeing eye. He looked up at the statue again, seeing it afresh through Saint-Gaudens' eyes. Yes, now that he knew the legs were too short, he couldn't see anything else. Rather sheepishly he went up the stairs to his desk.

This meant another month's work. This meant the wedding would have to be postponed. He would have to write to Mary and confess to her his recent poverty of perception and that the marriage would have to be put off, and what kind of lover would she think him anyway!

It was a month later and Mary was sitting in the bay window peering anxiously across at the Capitol grounds. She had tried lying in the hammock for a while but it was too hot even for her, and she came indoors. "Born and bred in a briar patch," she always said she didn't mind the heat as much as some, but mid-afternoon in mid-July in Wash-

ington was not to be trifled with. The windows were open and there was a hurdy-gurdy playing down the street; soon the man would be along this way and she wanted to go and get a penny for the monkey, but on second thought she decided not to leave the window. Dan would be coming any minute now; in fact, from the little gold watch he had given her and which she looked at continually, he was three minutes overdue. The station was only over the other side of the Capitol and he would probably walk and he ought to be here by now.

Mary had on a dress of soft blue mull just the color of her eyes, and her hair was coiled in a bun at the nape of her neck. On the pretense of getting some honeysuckle to pin in the front of her dress, she strolled down the brick walk to the gate, and then she saw him, walking slowly along under the trees below the Capitol, his heavy valise in one hand, his hat in the other, waving at her. She ran to meet him and arm in arm they crossed the street, the gate closed behind them with a little click, and they walked up the path towards the house.

July 17th proved to be the hottest day so far of the summer of 1888. The ceremony was scheduled for two-thirty, and Mary after an early lunch went upstairs to dress. She had designed her wedding gown herself, somewhat after the pictures of Mme de Pompadour, a heavy deep cream satin, almost champagne-colored, made with a very full long skirt, gathered voluminously into a tiny waistband—the bodice was made very tight in the waist and laced down the front in a long point over the skirt; there was a deep, square neck and elbow sleeves with little lace ruffles. Harriet, the colored maid, and Mary's young sister, Daisy, were trying to help her on with it. Aunt Mary Ellen in the next room heard peals of laughter and came in to investigate. Mary was sitting on the bed, laughing, the beads of perspira-

tion pouring down her face from the effort of trying to get into the dress

"I wanted it tight," she said. "I thought it would look nicer that way I tried it on on a cool day, and now I can't even get into it "

"Don't try," admonished Mary Ellen. "It's such a tiny wedding, no one will expect you to dress. You'll be worn out if you try to put it on again in this heat. Wear your traveling dress and we'll spread the wedding gown out on the bed and if anyone wants to see it they can come upstairs and gaze This is the worst day we've had all summer," and even the unsusceptible Mary Ellen took her handkerchief out of her belt and delicately wiped the back of her neck.

Mary, with an amused though vanquished expression, pulled off the one heavy satin sleeve, which was all she had been able to get into. She always wore rather picturesque clothes and enjoyed fussing over them, but she had very little vanity so that not being able to wear her wedding gown was a matter of small consequence to her. Life in Washington in the summertime was always a somewhat dawdling affair, one only did what was absolutely necessary and let the other things go The wedding was necessary, but dressing up for it on a day like this certainly was not, so with a lassitude born of twenty-eight torrid Washington summers Mary dispassionately spread the heavy satin out on the bed and got into the sheer blue dress that she had planned as a going-away costume Her bag had been packed since early morning.

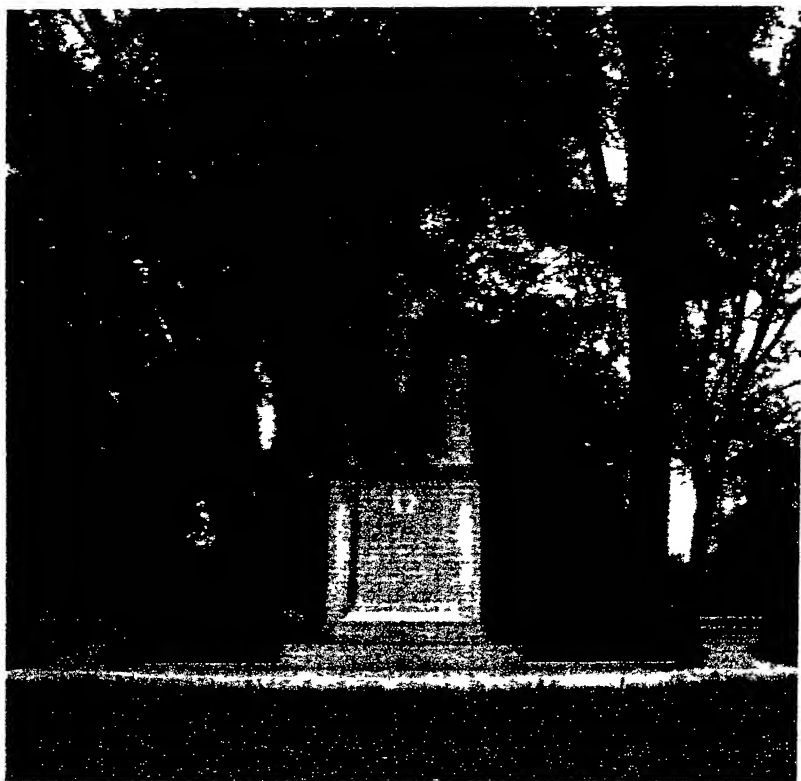
The house seemed to be full of brothers. Mary had five brothers, all over six feet. Tall young men kept dashing into her room at inappropriate moments to ask her questions The ice cream hadn't come, hadn't they better send George for it, and make him promise not to eat it on the way home. Will's baby was sick this morning of summer

complaint and he and May didn't know if they'd be able to come. The Blairs had sent some heavenly crepe myrtle from their place at Silver Spring and Aunt Margaret had fixed it in two tall vases on the mantel, but it had wilted already and hung down over the sides of the vases, looking very bedraggled. Nothing would stand up in this heat, even in water; they might have known that. And black Aunt Sarah, who had been in such a state of entrancement over the wedding, and who had promised to be here especially early to make the beaten biscuit, had chosen this moment to go on a jag. She had been out the night before to a meeting of the "Sons and Daughters of 'I Shall Arise.'" She had been very good lately, and they thought she had reformed, but the provocation of the wedding was too much for her and she had appeared, bright and early to be sure, but in a state that was distinctly more of a hindrance than a help, and Uncle Lloyd, her husband, had to be rounded up to take her home and put her to bed.

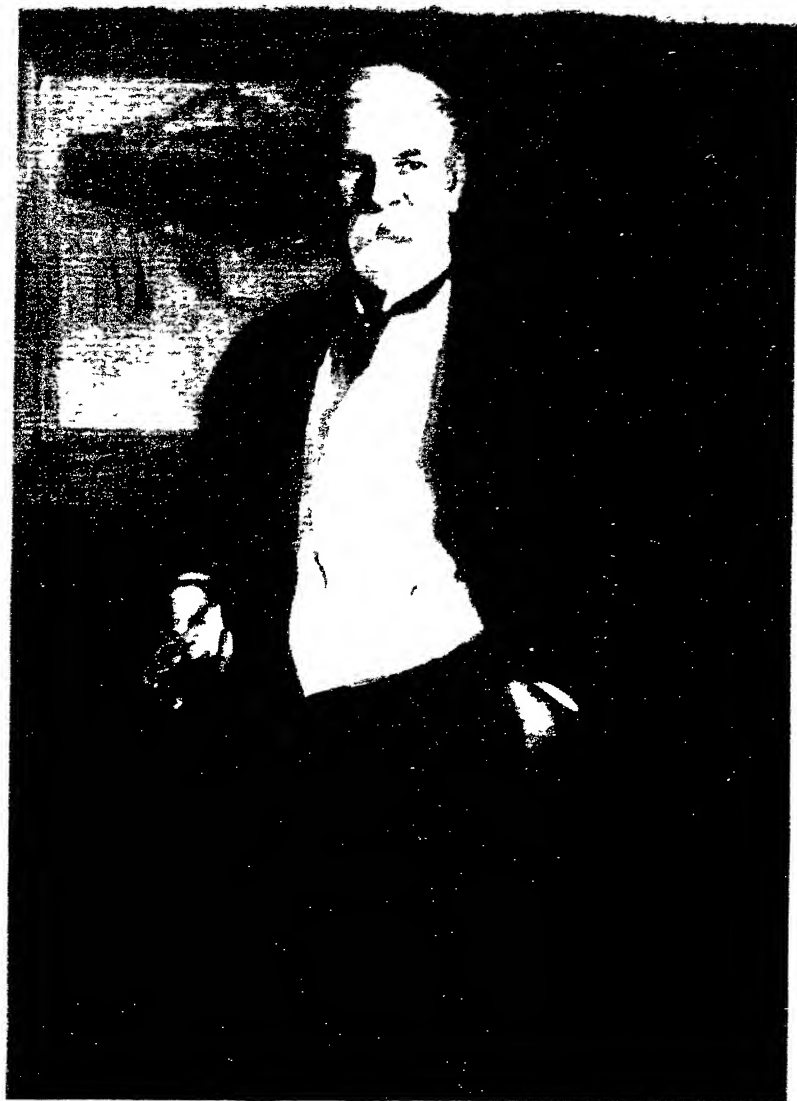
"Any more good news?" asked Mary. "You might go and ask Dannie if he hasn't forgotten the ring!" The ring was something that could hardly be forgotten, for Mary was to be married with five of them. It seems that, when Aunt Margaret's grandmother had died in London many years before, her boxes had been sent over to this country to her only daughter, Mrs. Peter Brady, Aunt Margaret's mother. In these boxes was found, among old brocaded dresses and high combs, an envelope with two little wedding rings, hers and her mother's. Mrs. Brady placed her own wedding ring with them and handed the little bequest on to her daughter. That made three. Aunt Margaret was growing stout. Her wedding ring had to be cut off. It was deposited with the others, and Mary, who had a good deal of sentiment about old things, always said she was going to be married with the four ancestral rings. Dan had borne



Dan, with the bust of Poe, 1922

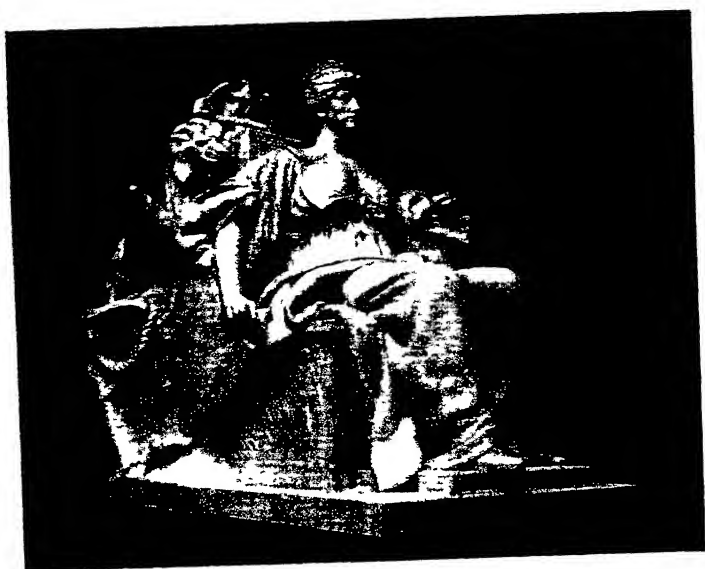


"Flanders Fields," Milton, Massachusetts, 1925

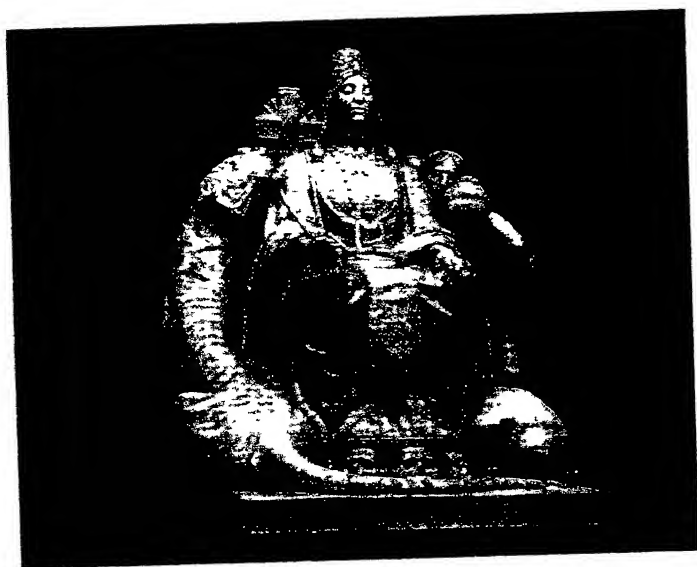


Portrait by Louis Betts

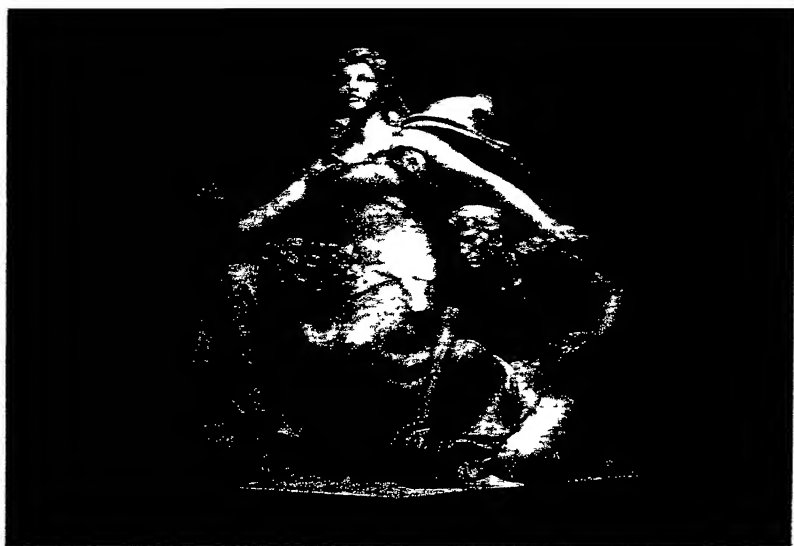
William Merchant Richardson French, Director, Chicago Art Institute, 1879-1917, Dan's "Brother Will"



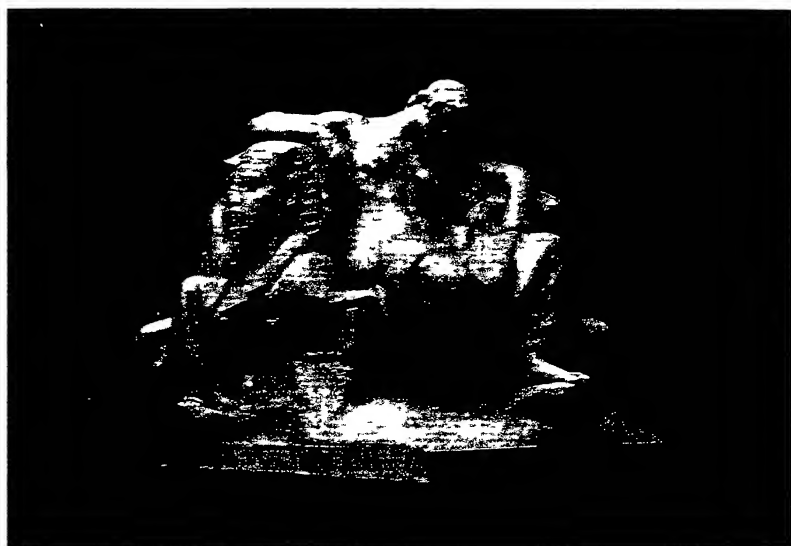
"Europe"



"Asia"



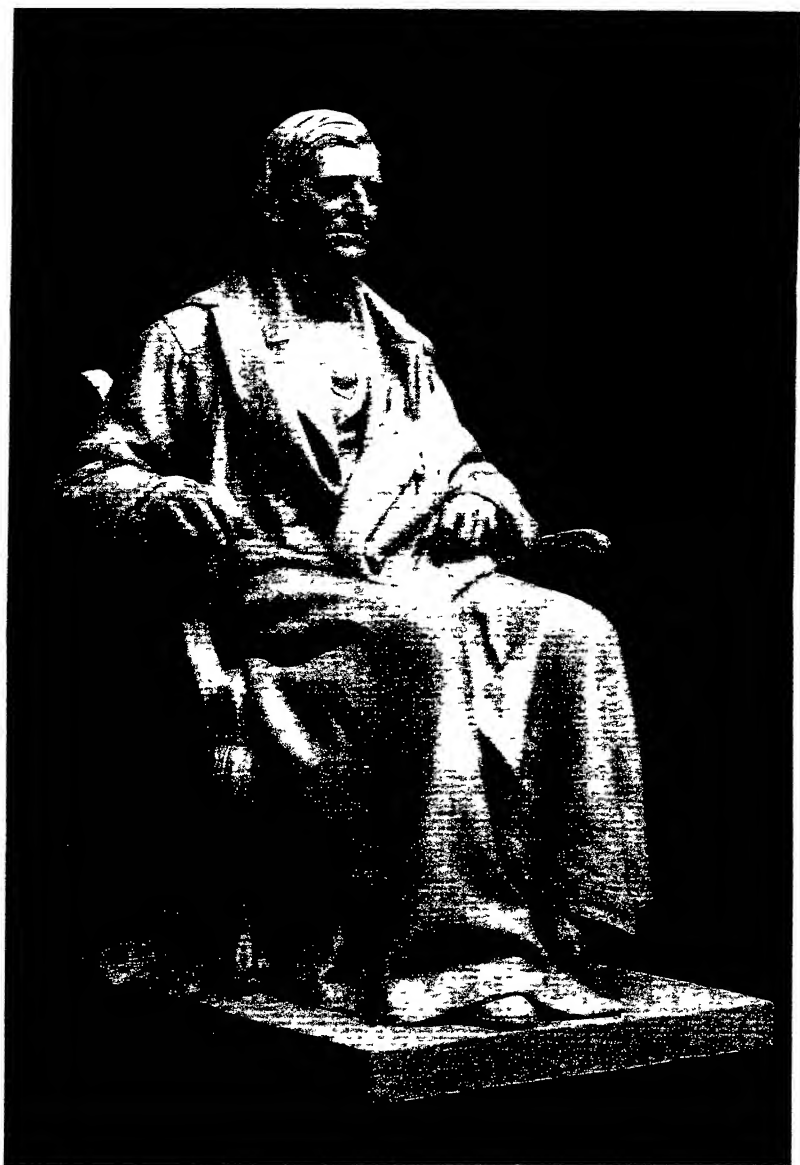
"America"



"Africa"



"Standing Lincoln," Lincoln, Nebraska, 1912 Henry Bacon, architect, Dan French, sculptor



Ralph Waldo Emerson, Public Library, Concord, Massachusetts, 1914



*Margaret's wedding, monastery of Santa Caterina, Taormina,
Sicily, 1921*

them off to New York on his last visit to have another diminutive ring made to put with them, and the five rings, all very narrow bands of gold, were to be held together by a tiny link.

"All right, Mame, Dan's got the ring right in his pocket. He showed it to me, and it's a beauty. But he says it's after half-past two and he wishes you'd come on down. He's getting fidgety."

Mary took one final look at herself in the mirror over the washstand, dipped her hands for a minute in the pitcher of water so that its coolness came up over her wrists, dried them off, and then picked up her long ruffly train and, surrounded by a phalanx of giggling and gangling brothers, managed somehow or other to get down the stairs.

Mary was thrilled over the new house, as well she might be. Dan had taken no end of trouble to make it elegant and unusual and it was with a feeling of intense pride that he showed it to her, as they walked slowly through it, hand in hand, one room after another revealing itself.

The reception room, on the main floor, had a mantel with a plaster copy of the frieze from Dan's Concord studio, the one he had modeled himself, with its Grecian maidens, and over it the chimney breast was covered with embossed Cordova leather, on which hung a Grecian shield, very impressive indeed. There was an elaborate gilt chandelier which Dan had had fitted for gas, and a plaster bust of Mary on a pedestal in the corner.

But the *pièce de résistance* of the entire room was one of those cosy-corners that were considered so essential in these days to all fashionable interiors. Dan had replaced one of the windows with stained glass; a built-in divan was covered with an Oriental rug, there was a yellow Chinese parasol suspended over the divan, and somewhat at the side

hung a Japanese lantern of teakwood and painted glass; on the wall were a number of fans, and a fine old Italian primitive of three saints on a gilded panel. The demure little Florentine saints must have found themselves surprised at inhabiting such an exotic background.

Sliding doors from the reception room gave out onto a small balcony where the stairs led down into the studio. The latter was a tremendous room with the walls painted light green, and no attempt whatever at decoration save a few shelves placed high up on the side walls to hold plaster casts. The plaster model of the "Gallaudet" occupied the center of the great room. There was a splendid sloping skylight, and double doors led into another studio at the back, the walls of which were covered with shelves, they in turn covered with plaster casts. This room, with its lower skylight, was to be used for small things and portraiture. Here, too, were the clay bins and the workbench, the cupboards full of tools, and all paraphernalia for plaster casting. Dan, of course, was happier over the studio than anything else. It had taken him a long time to get it, a real studio with a first-rate skylight. Dan was much pleased, also, with the kitchen, which had its pair of double doors leading into the little front yard that gave onto the sidewalk so that, when a statue was dissembled for shipping, large plaster casts could be carried from the back studio right through the house and into the street without creating any commotion at all, save possibly to the cook. Dan had showed great inventiveness in doing over the house and, now that Mary was going to occupy it with him, he had been spurred on to new realms of enthusiasm to make it charming and livable.

They climbed the stairs to the second floor.

The library was green, with bookcases and a fireplace that Dan designed himself, which included a little bronze

brazier full of terra-cotta coals to replace the gas logs that were so fashionable now and which Dan didn't like. Mackintosh had been pressed into service to decorate the ceiling with squared-off sections of gilt molding and little green wreaths with fluttering blue ribbons painted in between.

The dining room was yellow, a rather shocking innovation in the use of color, some of the family decided, but Dan said a north room needed sunlight; so yellow it was. There was a niche which was covered inside with gold leaf and which held on a pedestal a heroic-sized bust of Antinoüs, and there was a set of Windsor chairs which Aunt Helen had contributed from the old house at Chester, and which, painted white, with yellow velvet seats, looked very well indeed.

Dan and Mary were to occupy the front bedroom on the third floor, so Dan had purchased a very handsome double bed made of brass which everyone now considered so much more sanitary and graceful than the mahogany four-posters Dan had slept in as a child, and even the black walnut that had supplanted them. Over the bed was a canopy; he had seen so many of them in Paris and always thought they were charming. And from the canopy hung draperies of what was called cretonne, a flowered material which he had had great difficulty in getting. The English houses he had seen were full of it.

There was a door into a hall bedroom and this he was fixing up as a dressing room for his bride. The doorway was screened by a curtain from Paris made of glass beads, blue and white and yellow, which were strung in such a way that the colors formed a pattern and it gave off a resonant tinkle when one walked through it. The walls and ceiling of the dressing room were covered with yellow sateen and over the sateen was stretched white dotted swiss, the swiss on the ceiling all drawn to a rosette at the center. Near

the window there was a dressing table hung with the swiss with a valance over it, draped rather precariously over the projecting gas jets, the gas itself glowing behind globes of yellow glass. The furniture was painted yellow; there was a picture of Gerôme's Madame Récamier on the wall, and in front of the dressing table there was a little gilt chair. Dan surveyed this room with satisfaction. Mary sat down in the little gilt chair, looked at her husband approvingly, and remarked, "Dannie, you've certainly come a long way from Chester!"

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

MARY took over the new house with surprising efficiency and straightway engaged two Norwegian maids to take care of them. "Pick out pretty ones," Dan had said, and Mary had complied. The Norwegians were not only comely, but capable as well, and when Pamela came on to New York for a visit in the winter, she had to admit that the house ran very smoothly and that everything looked very nice. There seemed to be something under Mary's unstudied and rather casual housekeeping that produced a delightful effect. The food was excellent, the meals were on time, there was more or less random entertaining of a charming and unaffected kind, and certainly the artists and their wives who trooped in and out of the house were of the most refreshing variety.

Dan was happier now than he had ever been in his life. He had been drifting for so many years in first one place and then another, living around with kind relatives, with scattered studios, that just this feeling of his own roofter, his own possessions, and his own attic and cellar to store things in, seemed the most satisfying thing in the world.

Mary took much responsibility off his shoulders. People insisted on coming to call at inopportune moments, just when he had a model, or was doing a bit of inspired work, and Mary took them over and made herself so agreeable that they hardly realized they were being sidetracked. A

man's wife has need to be a sort of second conscience to him, and Mary assumed all sorts of little obligations that cleared the way and left him free for his work.

The following summer they were in Concord again, staying with Pamela. Dan was very grateful to Pamela for taking them in. It was so hot and uncomfortable in the city and he hardly knew what they would have done if Pamela hadn't urged them to come to the farm.

And there on the 3rd of August, in her grandfather's old house, the little daughter Margaret was born. Dan was thankful to have the ordeal over, he hadn't realized that he could look forward to anything with so much dread.

In Pamela's room, in Pamela's great bed, they were lying side by side as sweetly and peacefully as if they had not been fighting for life only a few hours before. Dan had gone downstairs again to write to Brother Will after looking curiously upon the infant who had caused all this commotion. He had been surprised to see so human-looking a little thing.

"I'm so glad our child was a girl," he remarked some time later to Susie Hubbard. "I shouldn't have known what on earth to do with a boy." And it was good that Mary didn't have to be apologetic about her baby as so many mothers feel they must be when the first-born is not a son. Dan's fondness for girls still held true.

People were always coming out from Boston to see the artist and the little studio. Herbert Adams came once all the way from New York. He got off the train and looked rather helplessly at the four roads that led off in different directions from the station. A group of boys were starting off with a wheelbarrow full of apples. Young Adams approached them and inquired very politely: "I wonder if you can tell me where Mr. French lives?"

The youths looked at him for a moment in dumb be-

wilderment. Then a look of comprehension spread over a freckled face and its owner replied with an amused smile, "Oh, I guess you mean Dan," and pointed up Sudbury Road.

After a few more hot summers in Concord Dan and Mary went up to Cornish. Cornish was a little community in the New Hampshire hills, just on the border of Vermont. Saint-Gaudens lived there and Herbert Adams and there seemed to be quite an artists' colony growing up. Saint-Gaudens urged Dan to come.

Dan showed his accustomed caution by not purchasing a house at first glance. They went there for two summers and boarded in a farmhouse on a hillside while Dan worked in Saint-Gaudens' studio.

The place was delightful, charming people, and the hills were beautiful with the little villas dotted over them, for all the world like Italy, but Dan was pretty sure he didn't want to live there. It was too far from New York. It was too far from Boston. And it was so far north that the season was too short. And secretly he confided to Mary that the place was too "arty."

"Don't tell anyone I said so," he admonished, "but you couldn't set up a hitching-post in this place to tie your horse to, but the whole colony would come around and stand in front of it and offer advice. 'French, I think you've placed it too far over to the right.' And, 'Really, French, I think you'd do better to paint it green instead of blue.' "

The New York studio was really the place where he could work unhindered.

He was at work on a sketch for a Memorial that interested him greatly. It looked as though at last he would be asked to do his "Angel of Death," an idea that he had been turning over in his mind for a long time. The sculptor Martin Milmore, whom Dan had known in Boston when they had

studios near one another in the Studio Building, had died, and Dan had been approached by the family to submit a sketch for a monument to him, to be placed in Forest Hills Cemetery.

Daniel French had had death come very close, and he had found her to be both merciful and beautiful. He had seen enough of the contemporary representations of death, in the cathedrals and Campo Santos of Italy and France; so often they were skeletons, terrifying and horrible, shaking their chains and brandishing their sabers—they could have brought cold comfort to the living, and certainly were of no service to the dead. Dan was determined to get away from these hobgoblins of intimidation and to do an angel of consolation and deliverance.

So, against a relief with a carving of the Sphinx, he placed a figure of a young sculptor, chisel and mallet in hand, looking up in surprise as the hooded figure of an Angel approaches and with her outstretched arm lifts his hand gently from its task.

She walks with a majestic tread. She wears draperies that fall in heavy folds about her superb figure. She has great curving wings that sweep down on either side. She has a severe dignity and yet a kind of sublime warmth. She even has flowers in her hand; poppies, the flowers of sleep. There could be no fear in contemplating such a presence, for she is both solemn and touchingly tender and she comes as a mother might come, to offer refreshment and hope.

Dan worked eagerly over this group. He knew that he had a fresh idea in it, and something told him that it was going to be a masterpiece. He had never modeled an angel's wing before, but the youthful years of ornithology would stand him in good stead. He kept a little drawer full of birds' wings in the studio, relics of the days when he and Will Brewster tramped the Concord woods. He would take

a wing out of the drawer, feel of it, separate the feathers, hold it up to the light, study it from every angle.

He could do an angel who could really fly. Her wings would be correct in every detail and still there would be enough departure from realism to keep the thing from being static. Nothing that he had done so far had given him such satisfaction in the doing, coupled with a feeling that he was treading on beloved and familiar ground.

Dan wanted to take the plaster of the "Angel of Death" to Paris and have it cast at one of the great French foundries. He would enjoy another winter working in Paris.

So he took his family over with him, found a small apartment with a well-starched Clothilde to take care of it, and a studio in a little court in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

And then, just as they had settled down into the life there, just as the plans for the bronze of the "Angel of Death" were completed, and just as Mary had laid in an adequate supply of winter flannels against the penetrating cold that was closing down on them, Dan, about the end of January, received a "command" from home.

The World's Fair, the great "White City," as it was called, was getting under way in Chicago. The greatest artistic vision that the new world had ever seen was being developed to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. Saint-Gaudens was selecting the sculptors. There was to be a Court of Honor, surrounded by a dozen palaces, and at one end Saint-Gaudens wanted Dan French to do a sixty-foot gilded figure of a woman, to symbolize "The Republic."

Fortunately, Dan had finished his work on the plaster of the "Angel of Death," and could turn it over to the foundrymen, so, leaving his statue and his little family behind him, he trailed back across the wintry ocean and made straight for Chicago.

It was an incredible thing that he found there. Seven hundred acres of swampland, out at Jackson Park, were being converted by Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape architect, into a world of dreams. Seven hundred acres of sand bars, with intervening swales of soggy vegetation, to be transformed into canals, basins, lagoons, terraces, islands, palaces, towers, and connecting bridges. It was a magnificent undertaking and it brought together all that was greatest in the men of the fine arts in this country.

Saint-Gaudens said one day, "Gentlemen, do you realize this is the greatest meeting of artists since the days of the Renaissance?" The highest taste and the best brains of the country were being brought together to create a masterpiece.

To the artists the Fair meant recognition by the public, on work in which they had collaborated. Heretofore each artist had made his own little separate contribution; now for the first time they had the opportunity of working together to create a perfect whole. Standards of taste had been established. And the classic period in American art was being reborn. The country had been overridden with the cluttered atrocities of the Grant and Lincoln periods in architecture and decoration and now people were made to remember with surprise that Washington and Jefferson, in their plans for the first buildings of the new republic, had insisted on classic precedents. It seemed rather a new and startling idea, but it caught hold.

All the statues and many of the buildings were to be made of staff. Staff is a kind of reinforced plaster of a very tough and durable variety, sturdy enough to weather an outdoor exposure for a year or more without disintegrating. Obviously, sculpture that is destined for a great exposition, where its use is limited to only a matter of months, cannot be made of enduring bronze or marble.

A section of the Forestry Building was turned over to Dan to use as a studio.

The building was a great barn of a place and very cold. The statue froze up once, which retarded its progress somewhat; and mornings it was sometimes too cold to work at all.

The statue was modeled first in clay in the usual manner and then cast in plaster. This took months, of course, in itself.

Of colossal proportions, she was to be not only a big figure but a great one, one of the features of the Exposition, and, towering over her surroundings. Hence she must have straight, severe lines and the archaic austerity of her classic folds must be carefully thought out and reduced to their simplest principles, leading the eyes up to the arms and the head until they came to rest upon the calm, serious face. It was quite different from anything that Dan had done and he foresaw that there would be a division of opinion about it. Anyway, he believed it was not commonplace and he would rather have it cordially hated than endured.

"We must get the essentials right," he said. "The reason a silhouette is a good likeness is because the essentials are right, even though all the details are left out."

As this statue was the largest ever made in America, sixty-four feet high, it meant enormous simplification of design and tremendous complications arising from the mechanical aspect.

Dan's twelve-foot model had to be enlarged five times. A group of workmen, experts in pointing and in plaster work, were assembled, with Augustus Lukeman, the sculptor, to boss the gang. The finished plaster model was cut crosswise into sections and, by an accurate system of "pointing off," each section was enlarged five times, the model having been set up exactly one-fifth the proposed size of the

finished statue. When the model was "pointed-off," the corresponding points were located on the corresponding big section and marked by long nails driven into its ungainly skeleton from which they projected at all points like the quills of a porcupine. Each section was as large as a small house. With the workmen scampering up and down the surrounding scaffolding, they were puzzling and ominous-looking objects to the few visitors who gained admittance.

The sections were strengthened by having their joints wrapped with long jute fiber, dipped first in rather thin mortar. Then came the work of covering the frame with layer upon layer of staff. The finishing coat, finer and whiter than the rest, was done by Dan himself. When the scaffolding was taken down, these sections were taken out to the lagoon and hoisted into place, one on top of another, on the thirty-foot pedestal that had been built to receive them. The statue was strengthened by an interior framework of iron, and a little stairway of the same material ran up to the top of the head, principally for the use of the electrician who had charge of the circle of lights around the hair. Then she was covered with gold leaf from top to toe, with the exception of the head and arms which were left cream white, and lo! an American goddess stood forth, with golden hair, clothed in shimmering draperies and by night a halo of stars around her head.

But this was not all. While "The Republic" was building, Dan and Edward Potter were setting up, in another great studio, a quadriga, "The Triumph of Columbus."

Columbus, to be sure, was the *raison d'être* of this Exposition and he must have a central place. Overlooking the lagoon was a Triumphal Arch, and on this arch must be uplifted the apotheosis of Columbus. So a quadriga was decided upon, a four-horse Roman chariot.

Dan modeled the figures and Potter did the horses and

the same system of mechanics was employed for enlarging as had been used for "The Republic."

There was feverish activity in all the studios to get the things finished in time.

The work was terribly rushed, for some reason World's Fairs always are, and there was an element of danger that became wearing as the months went by. The workmen were entirely reckless, they had to be, and were always tumbling off things, and Mary held her breath to see her only husband scrambling around on scaffoldings at dizzy heights.

In the summer Dan and Mary stayed on in Chicago to admire the Fair and to enjoy it.

It was a new thing to America, this White City, and America found it a little difficult to live up to. America hadn't quite learned how to float around in a gondola, doing nothing, or to sit on a moonlit terrace, sipping vermouth and listening to music or the cascading of a splashing fountain. There seemed to be always more people braving the excitements of the Midway than strolling under the arches of the loggias. But America was learning in spite of herself, for the World's Fair marked an epoch in American taste. The mansard roof and the bay window were giving way to the columned portico and the sculptured pediment, and the classic spirit was being reborn.

This suited Dan exactly. A kind of native classicism in his own New England soul responded instinctively to the restrained and disciplined beauty of ordered taste. He felt sure of himself. He was on home ground. He couldn't have been any different had he tried to be. But it was encouraging to have his own country come around once more to a renewal of the classic tradition that the founding fathers had so carefully established.

Dan was happy over the news from Paris. His "Angel of Death" had not only been given a prominent place at the

Spring Salon but it had been awarded a gold medal, the first to be given an American sculptor, and the French newspapers, somewhat to their own surprise, were acclaiming this, to them, unknown artist who had achieved a work of sentiment that was minus affectation.

At home the group was creating a furore. The bronze had been shipped back from Paris and put on exhibition in the Palace of Fine Arts at the World's Fair and nothing that Dan had done, not even the "Minute Man," had brought forth such a hue and cry. The critics were hailing it as the noblest and most sublime conception ever produced by an American artist. They were in ecstasies over its technical perfection, over the moving quality of its appeal, and welcomed it as a rare expression of the thought of a profoundly sensitive and intelligent artist. They spoke of the Angel's mighty wings and her massive trailing draperies, of her slow, large gestures, her solemn mien and her stately pace. They talked of the figure of the vigorous, young sculptor, so naturally conceived and so sincerely felt. Death seems no enemy here. The youth's face shows no terror, the Angel's no threat.

People wrote poems about it and letters of felicitation poured in. They referred to it as a *Mère Consolatrice*, and anguished parents told of the mitigation it had been of their sufferings and the balm that it had brought to soothe their grief. Clergymen preached sermons on it, taking the figure of Death as a text. Such a group would have been impossible at any other period of the Christian era, they said. This deeply-hooded, commanding figure, strange but gracious, gentle but imperious, "speaks not, nor does she explain. She does not justify, she makes no promises, she gives no assurances, but in the mystery that she brings she opens more eyes than she closes." This beckoning angel would seem to suggest that sure, though obscure, attraction that

is akin to that which guides the birds to their southern homes in winter and to their northern nesting places in summer. Inevitable as destiny, but replete with method, order, and development, she brings a universal message to the universal heart.

Dan realized that this was a high-water mark in his sculpture. He had put into it all he knew and all he felt, and now people were finding even more than he had dreamed of. He was grateful that he could be the means of bringing people to a larger and more comforting vision of death and he thought again of Emerson's words, "All that I have seen leads me to trust the Creator for all that I have not seen."

WAGON TO A STAR

DAN and Potter had done such a brilliant job on the World's Fair quadriga that the committee which was planning the statue of Grant for Fairmount Park in Philadelphia abandoned its program of a competition and engaged the two sculptors forthwith.

Dan and Mary took an uncomfortable little farmhouse in Enfield for two summers. Enfield was a tiny hamlet, not large enough even to be graced by the name of village, in Massachusetts, in the Connecticut Valley. Dan had come here because Potter was already established here, and Potter was doing the horse for the Grant equestrian. Dan had been brought up with animals but he felt no sculptor should embark on so serious a subject as a horse for an equestrian statue unless he really loved horses, understood them, and preferred a stable to a house. Dan's familiarity with horses did not extend to affection. He had ridden all his life, but he sometimes said that he didn't know which he disliked most, the front end or the rear end of a horse.

The house Dan had taken was derelict in the extreme. Mary's heart sank when she first saw it. But there was a magnificent old tobacco barn, which made a good-enough studio when Dan had punched a hole in the roof and put in a skylight. And to Dan, if he could get a good studio with a good north light, living quarters were of secondary importance.

The tobacco barn, however, though commodious, had its drawbacks.

"Yesterday, in the storm," Dan said, "the skylight leaked so Potter and I spent the whole afternoon running around with pails and mops, and didn't get a lick of work done. I've really got to have a decent studio in summer."

Mary put down her sewing with a little sigh, "And I could stand having a decent house," she said "I'm getting tired of boarding-places and inadequate farmhouses "

"I think in a few years we could have a place of our own," Dan continued. "I want to build a really first-rate studio I've been piling up some ideas as to just how I want to do it. I want to be within striking distance of both New York and Boston. Some time when I can take a week off we'll get a horse and buggy and drive up through the Housatonic Valley in Connecticut and Massachusetts and take a look at some of the farms there. I'd like to have a lovely view A lovely view and a good studio and I shall be content." Then he looked at Mary questioningly—"But, I suppose, most of all, you want a house."

"On the contrary," said Mary, "most of all I want a bathroom. And a closet or two And some place for the washing to be done besides the kitchen sink. And a decent place for Asta and Ingeborg to sleep and some place for them to sit in the evening besides the kitchen " Mary was waxing eloquent.

"Well, we can't do it just yet," said Dan, "but judging from the way work has been pouring in, I don't think it will be long before we can."

Work certainly was pouring in. Since the "Angel of Death," Dan's name had become associated with angels, and commissions to do them were appearing from every quarter. In addition to these, Dan was starting a memorial to the Irish poet and patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly, and he had just received the commission for a statue of Rufus Choate for

the Boston Courthouse. With no sense or appearance of haste, he was working rapidly now. This pleased him, for, untrained, it had taken him so many years to learn his trade. It hadn't been until he was thirty-five that he felt at all sure of himself. The ideas had been there, but the technique, as he visioned it, was slow in coming. He had learned by doing. The World's Fair had been a tremendous spur, there he had had to work fast, there had been so much to do and so short a space of time to do it in, and now, at forty-five, in his own unhurried way, he could start in on a sketch, do the small model, set up the big one, and finish it, all in the space of a couple of years.

In the winter of 1895 Pamela died in Concord. Pamela had never been ill a day in her life till the Judge's passing, and after that she had never been really well. Dan's memories of his own gentle mother had become a rather confused and faraway impression of a serene personality. But Pamela had been strong and vibrant, colorful and illogical, and welcome as roses in May. She had the kind of effervescence that could never be stilled and her children had come to think of her as immortal. And now she was gone, their background was gone and they were the older generation.

Dan came back from Concord bringing some of Pamela's things and some little treasures for his daughter Margaret.

He had only been gone a week, but he always found that a week away from the studio opened his eyes to things that he had never seen before. He had set up his John Boyle O'Reilly group in the Eleventh Street studio in New York. A stately seated figure of Erin, with her sons, Patriotism and Poetry. He had been working on the figures for six months. He had gone away feeling rather contented about it, but now that he had got back he realized that there was something wrong with his statue. What on earth was it? He sat down in front of it and pondered it soberly. It was some-

thing about the Erin. The pose was wrong. He got out his small sketch. He compared it with the three-foot model. The small sketch had a quality that the big figure lacked. Bigness, that was the word exactly. The small sketch had a big quality, a sculpturesque quality, that he just hadn't succeeded in getting into the finished figure. The figure was too thin, too meager. And, worst of all, the pose was wrong. He knew he couldn't alter it or even improve on it by taking off or putting on more clay. It would have to come down and be done over again from the beginning. If he did it over, changed it, he knew he could do it better.

And to make a change in a full-size statue meant a surgical operation of sufficient seriousness and the loss of six months' work. He hadn't had to do anything like that since the "Gallaudet." It was a rather agonizing decision, but it had to be done. He thought of the fine work that the other sculptors were doing, Saint-Gaudens, and Warner, and that sturdy old veteran Ward, and all those gifted Frenchmen that he had known in Paris. He was competing with them. And he was competing, too, with Michelangelo and Verrocchio and his beloved Donatello. Well, he had hitched his wagon to a star when he had done the "Minute Man" and he could only continue to do the best he knew.

So down came the Lady Erin, ruthlessly dethroned, and in her place a fair successor, almost identical, but better, was begun. No great difference to the layman, but to the artist all the difference in the world. Five months later Saint-Gaudens was in the studio, and Dan found him looking in perfect silence at the O'Reilly group, a reverent silence, really. Then he turned and looked at Dan and said very quietly, "I wish I had done that, French." And Dan felt rewarded for his painstaking insistence on doing the group over.

The studio was too full for comfort. In fact, so many

commissions were coming in that Dan was thinking of hanging out a sign, "Standing Room Only." He *must* have a place for the summer months.

He remembered the conversation that he and Mary had had in Enfield, on the subject of farms and that they had promised themselves a little scouting expedition in the not-to-distant future.

And so in June, when the apple trees and lilacs had finished blooming, he and Mary took the train as far up as Kent in Connecticut, such a pretty trip beside the winding Housatonic River, and then with a horse and buggy started out to investigate every old house and farm that was spoken of as a possibility. Dan had spent a summer in this region, some years back, at Fred Crowninshield's art class in Richmond and he had never forgotten the lovely country, fertile and green and lush, with rolling hills and little lakes and enough elevation to insure cool nights.

They spent days in Salisbury and Sheffield and Great Barrington. Then they went on to Stockbridge and put up at a rambling old white building, whose swinging sign proclaimed it the Red Lion Inn. Dan sat down at the desk immediately to go over his mail and Mary announced that she was going out for a walk before supper.

Close to the Inn were half a dozen little shops, behind enormous elms. A gray stone church with an over-bright red tile roof stood at the corner. In a group of trees near by was a fountain, a circular pool with a cat and dog in stone spitting water at one another in a fine fury. Mary wandered down the street, due west evidently, for the sun was setting in a burst of flame exactly on the axis of a double row of elms. They were wonderful, these elms, so large and branching and so many of them. The grass that bordered the street on either side of the parallel sidewalks was neatly cared for and the houses, most of them old, were set well back, each in

its own well-kept grounds. There was a large and handsome clapboard house, with the date on its portico, 1785. Mary wondered who lived there, it looked so substantial and aristocratic.

A little farther on was an enchanting one of pink brick, with very small panes at the windows, it was gayer and more lighthearted than most New England houses. Mary stood and looked at it a long time, she felt she had made a discovery and she wanted to tell someone about it. Farther on, on the other side of the road, was a cemetery with old, old spruce trees and unusual obelisk-shaped tombs, behind a high, clipped hedge. On and past another church, an old one this time, a real New England meetinghouse, of red brick, with two front doors and a white steeple puncturing the lemon-colored sky.

She was almost at the end of the street now, where it seemed to curve to run between some meadows. The meadows were bathed in the last dazzling yellow rays of the setting sun and the trees that stood out against them were like black silhouettes. What a wonderful refulgence of light! Mary stood entranced. But she knew she must get back for supper; Dan was always so prompt. As she started to turn, her eyes came to a cairn of stones with a rough stone shaft, set on a little knoll. A monument of some kind. She climbed the bank and read the inscription: "Burying-ground of the Stockbridge Indians, the friends of our fathers."

What a peaceful resting-place. She was in a grove of willow trees. There was a bench that overlooked the meadow and she sat down and settled back on the rather hard bench. She certainly had seen nothing like this in the entire week they had been prowling about. It was so complete, the superb tree-lined street, the nice old houses, the trim God's-acres, the orthodox church, the river, the magnificent view and this picturesque little Indian burying-ground. It was

all a New England village should be, well-cared for, respectable, and utterly charming

She pulled herself up and walked back towards the Inn. The street, so wide, struck her afresh with its loveliness. Chester had a nice old street, Concord had a lovely one. But this was more beautiful. She kept saying it over to herself: "This is more beautiful. I'm sure I don't know why, but this is more beautiful, it's much more beautiful."

She arrived at the Inn a little breathless. Dan was still writing. She went up and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Well, Dannie, I don't know where *you're* going to live, but *I'm* going to live here!"

The next morning Emily Tuckerman, who had heard of their arrival by that mysterious rapid-transit of small villages, appeared on the scene and announced with her usual air of finality: "I've got just the place for you. The Marshall Warner farm is for sale. It's only three miles out of the village and it has the best view anywhere around here." And she pulled a letter out of her bag. "If you don't believe me, you can take Matthew Arnold's word for it. In fact, that view was the one thing in America of which Matthew Arnold wholly approved! 'I long to come again,' he wrote, 'and drive with you out to the Marshall Warner farm and lean over the fence and gaze long at that beautiful and soul-satisfying view.'"

So Emily Tuckerman, in her smart trap, drove them out to the Marshall Warner farm.

It was all that she had described it and more. An old dwelling of the true farmhouse type, painted white with green shutters, a narrow porch that ran around three sides, with neat little gingerbread ornamentation, a well with a pump beside the kitchen door, quantities of fruit trees in good condition, lilacs, syringas and peonies, a white picket fence across the front, broad meadows, and—the view! Dan de-

cided it was one of the most ordered and compact views he had ever seen. There was nothing of the panorama about it, he was thankful to find; just two mountains, but of such a beautiful symmetry, and so perfect in proportion, one to another, the distant mountain so similar in outline to the nearer one that it seemed almost an echo of the other. Alas! there was no water in it, but Dan concluded it was the best "dry view" he had ever seen.

Mrs. Warner, a woman of dignity, dressed in black and in a white cap, came out and told them about the mountains.

"The near one is Monument Mountain," she said. "If you've read any of Oliver Wendell Holmes, perhaps you know of *Elsie Venner*. Holmes lived for a time not far from here, up in Pittsfield, and Monument Mountain, where the rattlesnakes were, was the favorite haunt of his heroine." Had Dan heard of "Elsie Venner"? His thoughts rushed back to Concord days and his bas-relief of "Elsie" which Secretary Morrill had never liked because he said it reminded him of a snake!

They went out to a fine great barn, set in an apple orchard, a splendid barn full of hay and horses and cows and chickens and a most inviting smell. The orchard was set against a background of dense woods, fine old trees, oak and chestnut and maple.

"Out there is the cave," said Mrs. Warner, waving a hand towards the woods, "and Spouting Rock, where our boy orators spoke their pieces."

Dan wanted to see everything. Out past a mulberry tree there was a little cave, sure enough, and big rocks, and lovely trees. He was warming more and more towards the place, but he was not one to come to a serious decision without due consideration.

They would go back to Emily Tuckerman's for lunch, poke around some other places in the afternoon, and return

here towards evening. Mary's mind was already made up. What they would do with the barn, so close to the house, she didn't quite know, but one could make an enchanting garden in that apple orchard. Mary had never had anything to do with a garden; there had always been a few well-meaning flowers in her mother's yard in Washington, but she hardly knew one plant from another. However, she wanted a garden and she could learn.

The place looked even more desirable in the lovely light of evening. Dan wandered out in the woods again. There were some fine tulip trees and beeches, there were mosquitoes and midges to be sure, but there was also a hermit thrush pouring its heart out in a cascade of song. And there was a big clearing, a pasture. Dan scrambled over the bars and looked up at the hillside where mountain laurel showed pink against the rocks, and beyond, a sort of amphitheater of hemlocks gave out onto another lovely view. Dan's decision was pretty well settled when he came back and found Mary rocking on the piazza with old Mrs. Warner.

Mary looked up at him. "Do you think it belongs to us?" she inquired hopefully.

"Yes," said Dan, "I think it belongs to us."

So the Marshall Warner farm was purchased and Dan got Henry Bacon, the architect, to draw up plans for a studio. Dan and Bacon had worked together on a number of monuments. Dan liked the thorough way in which Bacon worked, his serious approach to a problem, the way he always adapted a building or a memorial to its site. And he liked especially Bacon's profound love for all classic tradition. He knew they would work together on the studio eye to eye.

He had just received a commission from the women of America to do an equestrian statue of Washington for the Place d'Iéna in Paris, the first monument by an American to be erected in that city. More than ever did Dan now have

need of a big studio, for his small sketch of the "Washington" showed the General holding his sword on high in an appeal to Heaven as he takes command of his forces at Cambridge. It was a statue that would need tremendous height and the new studio was planned accordingly. Potter was to collaborate with him and do the horse.

The great barn was to be moved to make way for the studio. The building went up rapidly and in July Potter came over and the Washington horse, in plaster, was set up in the studio, while the stuccoing of the building was still going on on the outside. On the plaster horse Lukeman built the framework for the figure of Washington and from the same model pointed up the clay. The son of a neighbor with a rangy, powerful build was persuaded to pose for hours on end, sitting, high up on a platform, astride a barrel to give the desired spread. He had been sent down to New York to a costumer's to be fitted for the General's handsome uniform of blue and buff broadcloth, with brass buttons and gold epaulettes. It was a warm outfit for a sultry August day but he was interested in his new occupation and didn't complain. And days when the young man couldn't come, Anne French, in army boots, posed for George Washington's legs.

When the studio was finished there was a little tea to show it off. It was worth seeing, perhaps the finest studio in the country; a perfect cube, thirty-by-thirty-by-thirty, the great room had a high peaked ceiling and splendid skylights. There was a casting-room with a carpenter's bench, a vise, a grindstone, clay-bins, and cupboards for tools; closets, a sink, and a chute to the cellar to dump the plaster and refuse. The reception-room, with soft green walls and a fireplace, had French windows leading into the garden and a high window for painting, and on the south side, towards the view, was a covered porch fifty feet long for which

Mary was painting wicker furniture, and Dan was training young grapevines.

The feature of the main studio was the great revolving modeling-table which rested on a flatcar and this in turn on a broad-gauge track extending from the center of the building into the side garden. Dan had been troubled in the modeling of the "Grant" and other statues that were to go outdoors by the fact that he could never see the statue out-of-doors until it had been cast in bronze. Sometimes the effect of sunlight and shadow on a statue that had been modeled in the austere north light of a studio was such that the artist could hardly recognize his own child. And so Dan designed this idea of a railroad track to settle that problem.

The whole family, cousins and nieces and friends, was on hand the day the Washington statue was pushed outdoors for the first time. Dan came into the house and invited them all out in the studio.

They trailed after him. The great doors, thirty feet high, at the west end of the studio were open, and Lukeman and Biemer were taking up the flooring which had been made so it would come out in sections, then they took hold of the turntable on which the statue rested and gave a little push. It started its journey towards the door and the two men climbed down onto the track, three feet below the floor level and slowly pushed the statue out into the sunlight. The whole thing moved as quietly and smoothly as though it had been rehearsed, and Dan's sober satisfaction knew no bounds. He went down the short flight of steps that led from the retaining wall into the meadow below and which gave him about the height of a pedestal and looked up at the statue.

There was something about the General's arm that wasn't quite right, and there was too much play of light on the front of the coat; it needed a few concaves and creases to

break it up a little, but on the whole the thing looked pretty well. And Dan was so pleased with the way his scheme was working. This business of being able to see one's images in the broad light of day had a value beyond measure, and he knew that many mistakes in the past would be preventable in the future. He looked up again at the statue and cupped his hands to shut out too much sun. It looked pretty handsome, he had to admit to himself, as it stood there in the dazzling sunlight flaunting its pale gray color against the dark green of the woods. It would have a different effect, he knew, in bronze, in a Paris square but he had taken a quick trip over to Paris the summer before to study the site and had been satisfied with it. It was to be unveiled at the time of the Paris Exposition in 1900. Five of Dan's works were being unveiled right now, this very summer, within a month. That seemed a record. He couldn't be present on any of these occasions because he was feeling pressed for time on account of this equestrian. Well, 1900 was still two years away and Dan concluded that that was one unveiling that he should like to see.

After hours on the stepladders at work on the "Washington," Dan cut vistas in the woods, with Margaret's help, or trimmed the hemlock trees which he brought in from the pasture, and pruned the grape vines, or helped the men at haying. He sold ten tons of hay to a neighbor, the payment to be in labor and manure, and was as pleased with his bargain and the produce of his farm as though he had just completed a statue.

Between the studio and the woods was the apple orchard, an old one, and here Dan planned an exedra or curved seat with marble steps, high brick walls, and a small brick pergola, a straight grass walk bordered by peonies and standard hydrangeas leading up into the woods and flower beds against a retaining wall for Mary to dig in. The garden

had two of a garden's most essential points. First, in its central green carpet it had a decorative but undecorated space on which the eyes could come to rest. Second, by surrounding woods its boundaries were firmly set. Its formality and variety and gaiety were framed like a picture and did not dribble off into indefinite surroundings.

Dan felt about gardens pretty much as he did about statues—that if you got your essentials right, your foundations, in other words, if your skeleton and your bones were in the right places, then the chances were you'd have something worth looking at. Dan's garden had comparatively few flowers, really, and was therefore easy to keep up. It had broad sweeps of lawn for tranquillity, it was enclosed by walls and woods, it had a more or less formal plan, with flowers used mainly as accents. The walks were on the proper axis and Dan was careful to see that they led to something. Architectural features, such as seats and fountains and columns, might be more trouble and expense at the beginning, but they were an economy in the long run, they stayed where you put them, they didn't get winter-killed or require food in the spring or mulching in the fall. And so many people, Dan observed, just put a garden down anywhere, with no relation to the house. A garden should be a continuation of the house, a room of living green, with plenty of shade to sit in and seats in the right places.

Dan wanted a fountain and he planned to put one in some day. He had just acquired a colored terra cotta bust by Herbert Adams which made the perfect accent in the woods beyond the terra cotta columns, and he wanted a copy of Potter's wonderful little sleeping faun. The place might be a responsibility, but it was certainly a great resource, too, and Dan's mechanical bent and his ingenuity were never allowed to go to seed.

He always clipped the box trees and the privet himself;

there were fruit trees to be pruned and raspberries and roses; there were perennials to be set out and annuals to be seeded, pears to be picked and sorted into boxes, then set into a dark place in the studio to ripen.

He kept a little notebook of everything that was done on the place: when the lilac hedge was clipped, the depth of the foundations for the garden wall, the cost of the new hydraulic ram and its constant repairing; a table of temperatures and frosts; long lists of plants and fruit trees and shrubs set out; how many bushels of buckwheat were had from the south meadow, how many Auratum lilies on a single stalk; and always the purchase or sale of a new horse or cow.

Dan felt that the old farm was developing into a gentleman's estate in spite of himself. The studio was so imposing that he might be forced to build a house to preserve the harmonies. But he couldn't any more help trying to make the natural features of a place more beautiful than could his father before him.

SALUTE TO GENIUS

DAN and Mary had decided definitely to build a house. There just wasn't room in the limited quarters of the little old farmhouse to stow the relatives and friends who came and stayed through the summer months. And the lack of conveniences. Only one bathroom and that opening informally off the dining room. And the entire lack of closets. Mary had turned a tiny bedchamber into a dressing room, but that was of no use to Dan nor the rest of the household. And the bedrooms were hot. To be sure, when one got tired of bumping one's head on the dormers, one could go out and luxuriate in the view. But the place was uncomfortable.

So Dan got Henry Bacon, who had built the studio so successfully, to design a house. It would have to go up in the summer and would take six months or so, so while it was building Dan and Mary planned to go to Europe. They would take in the "Washington" unveiling in Paris in July, but they would spend the spring in Greece.

For more than thirty years, from the time Dan had first taken in his hands a piece of clay, he had dreamed of Athens and the Parthenon. He had been brought up on mythology, and the gods and goddesses, with their various attributes, seemed like intimate friends. He had studied enough and traveled enough to have an understanding and an appreciation of architecture. Italy was wonderful, but Greece was the Source. It was part of the education of every sculptor and

Dan longed to see it as he longed for no other spot on earth. Greece was sacred soil. Her temples and her statues and her history were part of the eternity that follows man down through the ages.

So they steamed between the Pillars of Hercules on an April day and into the blue Mediterranean, where after a week in Naples they took the train for Brindisi on the pilgrimage to Greece.

From Patras they journeyed to Olympia to see the Hermes of Praxiteles; Olympia, where the Greek games took place for over a thousand years. Never much of a city, it was rather a sort of sacred precinct, with temples and public buildings and stadiums, where great sacrifices were made to Zeus and other gods, presided over by the priests who lived there.

The all-day trip that skirted the Gulf of Corinth was an experience in itself.

First of all, it was a gorgeous day, a singing day, made for a Helen of Troy. The sea was blue and green with purple patches from the shadows of clouds, and the mountains were bare and rocky while the clouds sometimes brushed across their summits, and Parnassus reared her craggy head in splendor. The land was thick with poppies and a kind of yellow daisy, a garden of them ran along the railway, and vines and figs and pepper trees. Suddenly, around a bend in the road, the Acropolis came in sight. It was Sunday the sixth of May, 1900, a day never to be forgotten. Dan characteristically looked at his watch. It was four twenty-seven. He wrote down the observation in his notebook. He wanted to pinch himself to be sure he was really awake, to tell himself it was really true—the Acropolis and the Parthenon! that he had looked forward all his life to seeing. Another dream was coming true.

A climb to the top of Mount Lycabettus with its all-

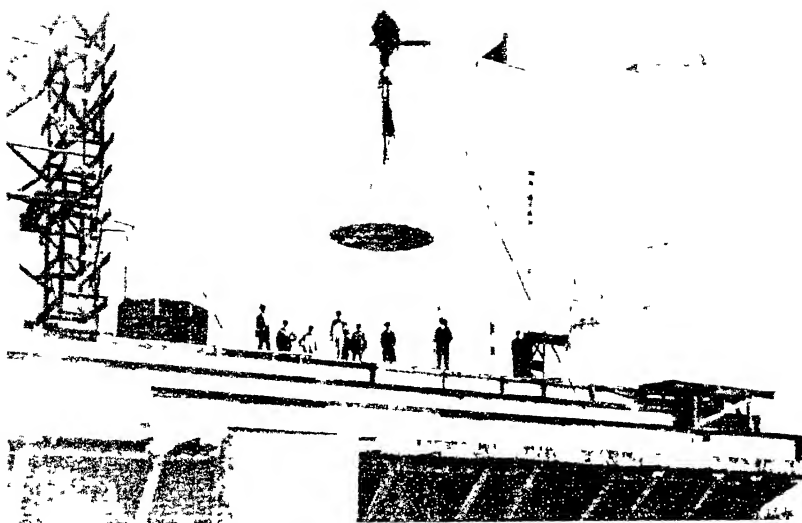
embracing view of the city and beyond the Peiraeus, the port of Athens, with the island of Salamis and Phaleron Bay, and in the distance the upper Attic plain and the long and treeless ridge of Mount Hymettos. Just the mere names of the places made crinkles go up and down Dan's spine.

Every afternoon, by mutual consent, was reserved for the Acropolis. That and the Parthenon were the glory of Greece, and that was what they had come to see. To Dan it indeed was sacred soil. If he had been asked, he could not describe his emotions, but surely no one ever saw the place under more perfect conditions. The springtime weather was flawless. The view through the columns was impressive to the last degree, and the shadows cast on the marble-scattered ground by those same columns were dark and powerful. Each day they stayed to see the sunset and each day was more radiant than the last.

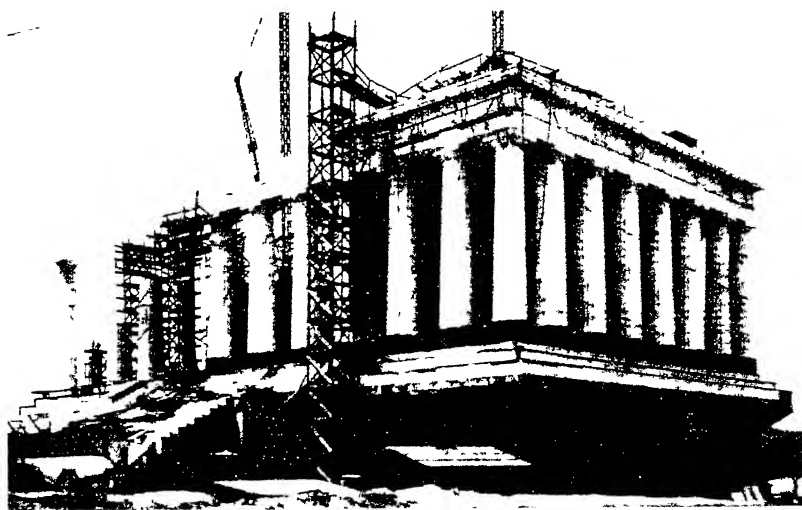
Dan, as he sat on the steps of the Parthenon late one afternoon, thought back to what this place had been in the Golden Age of Pericles. All the illustrious men who marched through Greek history had trod these very stones. He placed his hand softly on the Pentelic marble. It was warm from the touch of the setting sun, as it had been in the days of Phidias.

"And we are the ancients," thought Dan, "of the races to come."

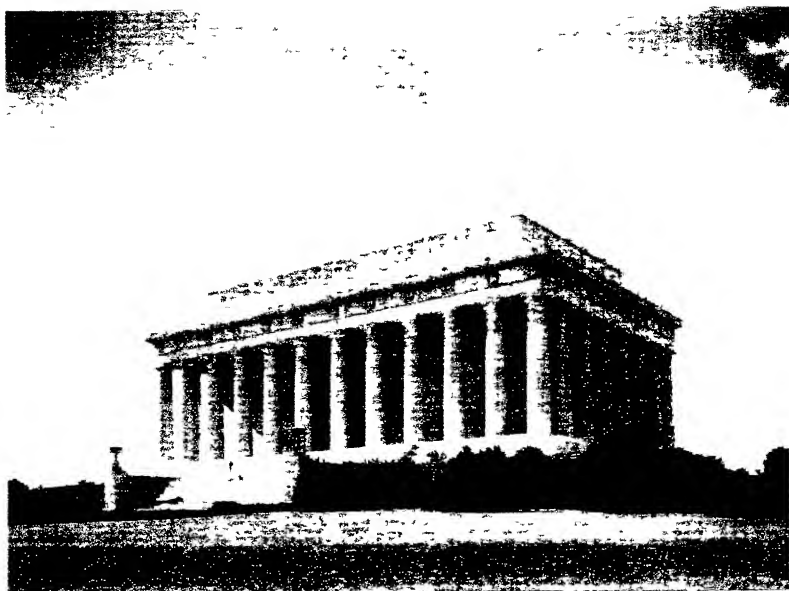
It had stood here for over two thousand years, this Parthenon, in all the perfection of its glory. And every artist had come to it as to the fountainhead. There were such riches here, here and in the other buildings on the Acropolis—the Porch of the Maidens, the finely-carved bases of the columns on the Erechtheum, the exquisite Corinthian capitals of the diminutive and perfect temple of Athena Nike, and the magnificent gateway of the Propylaea. Dan examined the marble drums of columns lying so carelessly scattered about, the



The Lincoln Memorial, derricks swinging the drums of the columns, 1916



The Lincoln Memorial in process of construction, 1916



© H H Rideout

The Lincoln Memorial, 1922

carved moldings, the fragments of statues. Some workmen were high up on a staging of the Parthenon where they were replacing some broken pieces of marble. Dan climbed up and got close to the frieze which extended across the entire west end. The joints in the new work were almost equal to the original. Then he went back and sat down on the steps again.

There was only one of the groups of Phidias left, two figures, still in place in the Pediment over his head. Dan had seen the others many times in the British Museum. One could study them well there, of course, but the romance was gone. They belonged here, on this shining temple. And only a hundred years ago they *were* here. Dan could not thank Lord Elgin for having transplanted them to another clime. He sincerely wished that the British Ambassador had left them alone. And while one was wishing, of course, what about the Venetians? In 1687, such a short time ago, really, considering the life of the building, the occupying army of the Turks had entrenched itself on the Acropolis and stored its powder in the Parthenon. The place, of course, became the target of the Venetian artillerymen, and on a September evening, an evening like this, perhaps, a soldier was given the signal for firing a bomb. The powder was ignited, and the most supremely beautiful building of the ancient world was blown into a waste of sacred fragments.

War, man's greatest admission of failure, had done its devastating work. But the vision of the Parthenon, man's highest flight of creative power, still reigned in immemorial majesty, a loadstone of splendor to dazzle the eyes of the world.

Dan got up and shook himself out of his reverie. They were coming back here later to see the place in the moonlight.

The next day there was a trip to Delphi, in a carriage with

three horses, over roads bordered with olive orchards in flower, with innumerable poppies under the trees. There were abundant grain fields ready for the sickle, and eucalyptus trees and straight, dark cedars. The scenery became very wild and grand as they climbed the slopes of Parnassus, with perpendicular cliffs and a deep gorge where the springs were. They visited the theater and the site of the Temple of Apollo and lunched at a little board tavern out-of-doors, with soldiers dining at another table, a flock of sheep near by resting with their shepherds, and an eagle overhead. A strange, mysterious place it seemed, shadowed and unhealthy. One could feel the occult power in the ancient messages of the Oracle of Delphi, set in this furtive landscape. They were glad to take the little steamer back to the Peiraeus the next day, and to see the Acropolis rising from the sea as they came in at sunset.

Rome was the next stopping-place. Dan had particular interest in visiting Rome at this time because of the young, vigorous and successful American Academy in Rome, in which he had been interested since its beginnings. Some years back, the Chicago World's Fair had been the incentive for this movement which had come so close to Dan's heart. Charles McKim, the architect, had had a wonderful idea of establishing in Rome a school for artists. It was to be patterned after the French Academy, which was housed in the magnificent Villa Medici up on the Pincio. McKim first broached the subject to his partners and then to a half-dozen other prominent artists in New York. They would send to Rome each year, for three years' work and study, one architect, one painter, one sculptor, who would be selected by competition. They hoped later to include landscape architecture, music, and classical studies. Thus, three artists would return from Rome each year well grounded in the Old World spirit and tradition and would become a leaven

for the art of America. Dan, a founder and trustee, worked enthusiastically, meeting and planning and money-raising with the devoted little group of artists who gave so much of their time and thought to the project.

Dan thought of the early days when Blashfield once said, "Mrs. Snooks gave me twenty dollars and I nearly wept with gratitude."

Those days of hand-to-mouth existence seemed almost over now and the Academy was coming into its own. The Villa dell'Aurora, high up on the Pincian Hill, not far from the Villa Medici, had been secured and the American Academy in Rome was born.

It was the first time Dan had been there and he wanted to see everything, to talk to the men, to visit the studios, and to look over the beginnings of the Library. It gave him a feeling of great satisfaction. The Academy was becoming firmly established and was meriting all the struggle and hard work that had gone into its founding.

And on one eventful day he was made a member of the Accademia di San Luca, and took his seat among the "forty immortals." This was the Academy founded in the sixteenth century, to which Raphael belonged, and Dan took more pride in this initiation than in anything else that had ever happened to him. After he had taken his seat at the right of the President and been welcomed and embraced on both cheeks by the members present, he went alone for a last visit to the Pantheon. The Pantheon, built before Christ as a pagan temple, the last resting-place of the sovereigns of Savoy, but to every artist sacred as the sepulcher of the youthful Raphael. Of them all, Dan loved Raphael the most and today he felt a new kinship with him, and approached the tomb as though it were a shrine. Raphael had died at only thirty-seven, having condensed into his short life more than is given to any but a man of genius to fulfill.

Dan was afraid he himself wasn't a genius; but he hoped he would be known to posterity as a good craftsman. Only that? His ambition wanted more. And he remembered the "Minute Man." He hadn't even been a good craftsman then. He had known so little. But he had *felt* so much and had somehow been able to express so much. That had truly been an inspired statue for he had had no other tools, certainly, with which to produce it. Perhaps, after all, some of the sacred fire was burning in him, too.

They went by easy stages up to Paris, where Dan found many entangling complications about the "Washington" equestrian.

First of all, it was nowhere to be found.

It was due to be unveiled within a week. The Committee of the Women of America was wringing its hands. Finally Dan located the bronze on a boat at a dock on the river and spent the rest of the day trying to get the customs officials to accept a release for the statue.

Dan and Potter had received thirty thousand dollars for the bronze horse and rider. To begin with, it sounded like a large enough sum, but the expenses were equal to the receipts, owing partly to the fact that the foundations in the Place d'Iéna had to be put down thirty feet, to the very bottom of the Catacombs. The pedestal, fortunately, was all up and finished. Now it only remained to get the bronze on top of the pedestal. The statue was finally delivered at the site and the horse put in place the same day.

The following afternoon the figure of the General was hoisted up and set in position on the horse. The color of the bronze was fine and the scale of the statue and the pedestal right in relation to each other and to the square. The statue in the main looked well. The sword was a trifle light and there should have been more projection about the lace ruffles at the wrist. Not much could be done about these

now. Also the horse's hoofs were too much hidden by the ground.

Dan spent the evening at the Folies Bergères, but he was on hand early the next morning and hung round the statue most of the day, superintending the straightening of the sword and beating down the ground about the forefoot of the horse. The bronze men had to recolor some of the spots, and by the end of the afternoon Dan was fairly well satisfied. Then the statue was covered up until the dedication.

The day of the unveiling proved just right for the ceremonies, cool and overcast and pleasant. Saint-Gaudens and all the other artists were there, Ben Porter and Frank Millet showing up at the last moment. It was a fine occasion. There were a few short speeches. Sousa's band, all the way from Washington, played spirited airs. Then the flags draping the statue were dropped to the ground. The crowd that packed the square broke into applause and cheers. Dan was called out to make a bow. He had it understood beforehand that he wouldn't make a speech. It was a proud moment. He had only just heard, too, of the award at the Exposition of a Medal of Honor. By the law of attraction, nice things seemed to have a way of happening all at once. He had noticed that before.

After a short stay in England and Scotland they took the boat for home with the prospect of a smooth summer sail across the shoreless sea. And at last Stockbridge and the new house and the fun of planting more roses and of wrestling with the hydraulic ram.

The following spring the new house was nearly finished. But there were the usual delays. When the water was let on from the spring, the tank leaked and deluged the rear part of the house.

There was also a slight fracas about the chimneys. Dan had noticed that the modern fireplace smokes as a rule,

whereas the old-fashioned ones will draw the cat up-chimney if she isn't careful. The old flues went straight up from the fireplace with a ledge or shelf at the top and back of the fireplace to stop the down draft. Every architect knows all about this, but their fireplaces smoke nonetheless. Dan figured that a fireplace that "smokes a little" is about as comfortable as a boat that leaks a little. When Dan got down on all fours and peered up the dining-room chimney, he turned to the builder and remarked, "That chimney won't draw." The builder was quite sure that it would, and there was some discussion on the subject. Dan, to prove his point, gathered in a few sticks of wood and lighted a fire. The blaze started merrily enough, then the smoke turned in its tracks and curled right down into the astonished face of the builder. Dan wasted no time in recriminations, but drew a plan of what the inside of a chimney should look like. There ensued another discussion. The builder had followed faithfully the plans and the specifications of the architect. If the chimney smoked, then that was the kind of chimney it was supposed to be. But Dan had made enough of a study of chimneys to be sure of his point; he checked up on Count Rumford's book and Benjamin Franklin's treatise and the chimney was taken down and rebuilt and the others made like unto it.

The house was of stucco, like the studio, three stories high, with a hall through the middle, like some of the old Colonial mansions. It was lovely, as you came into the house, to look right through at the view. And there was a broad terrace across the front, ninety feet long, as well as a covered piazza and a breakfast porch.

There was a bicycle-room. Bicycling was the rage now and on Sundays the whole household would go off for the day, with a picnic lunch strapped to the handlebars. The bicycles out by the kitchen door were now stacked six deep and it

didn't help them any to be left out these damp nights. Dan was having a dressing-room of his own and Mary had lots of closets, with cupboards for hats and shirtwaists and big drawers to put white duck skirts in. Dan invented a wood-box for the closet off the sitting-room, that could be filled from the outside and emptied from the inside. There were six bedrooms and two bathrooms, really very luxurious.

On August 8, 1901, they slept in the new house for the first time. There were no doors in the house yet, either outside or in; the floors in the living room and the hall had not yet been laid, and there were no front stairs, but Dan felt things would go along faster if he were already in the house. Two cousins were with them. They had their meals on the breakfast porch and the good weather obligingly held out.

Peter Brady's four-poster mahogany bed, with the little flight of steps to it, was put in the big bedroom on the third floor. Alas! the trundle bed that went with it and that Mary slept in when she was a little girl seemed to have been lost. But Peter's andirons adorned the living-room fireplace and his red Bohemian glass bottles and champagne glasses were carefully placed on the top shelf in the pantry along with Aunt Mary Ellen's French china.

The blue Venetian glass bowl that Mary had bought the summer before was put in the center of the dining-room table, and, at Dan's suggestion, three pink roses were placed in it. Ever since Dan had seen roses floating in a low bowl at Alma-Tadema's studio in London, so many years ago, he had wanted to do the same thing.

The sitting room was an exact copy of the best parlor in the French homestead at Chester. Dan had told Aunt Helen that he would like to send up a man from Henry Bacon's office to take the dimensions and make drawings of the overmantel and the moldings. Aunt Helen was

pleased at the idea and wrote back that she thought Dan ought to have the Sheraton sofa. It had belonged to his grandfather and it could stand in the identical spot in the new room.

Dan wasn't one to demur over any such offer. He had always admired the sofa. It was a particularly good one, quite apart from the sentiment attached to it.

On September 8th they took possession of the parlor. It was the last room to be finished. Mary called it the living room, but Dan could never be induced to refer to it as anything but the parlor. They lighted the kerosene lamps that Dan had bought, the ones that had glass prisms on them.

Dan lighted a fire in the fireplace which was bordered with red Numidian marble. It drew perfectly. Then they opened a bottle of wine and drank to the long life of the house.

The copy of the Chester parlor was a great success; the Sheraton sofa looked entirely at home in its accustomed place to the left of the door, and the two gilt mirrors that had been brought back from Venice gave a lilt of gaiety to the room. There was a very handsome center table with a carved pedestal. Dan *would* have a center table. And there was his grandfather's mahogany rocking chair with the carved swans' heads on the arms.

Will Brewster had his own room in the house, and he stayed for a month's visit as usual. He brought his own bed; he liked a hard one, for he was used to sleeping on the ground. And he brought his own tin bathtub, one of the English kind, round, painted pale blue inside and dark green out, with a little ledge to sit on and a place for the soap.

Henry Bacon came, too; short visits, but frequent ones. And Mackintosh was a constant visitor. Mary loved to have him around; he called her the "Padrona" and helped her

shell the peas and do many little chores. He was buying a place a mile down the road, "Campion," with a wonderful spring.

Dan was in his heyday over the grading and the drains. The graders were at work on the lawns for nine weeks, a dusty, dreary business, Mary thought, but Dan superintended the job with the greatest of interest. As for the drains! They were a miracle of achievement. The Judge's book on "Farm Drainage," which was still a standard work, and which Dan knew pretty much by heart anyway, was consulted again and again. In fact, he sometimes remarked that he knew more about the subject than he did about art, which might only go to prove how little he knew about drainage.

The swamp out in back of the house was laid with a perfect network of drains and the studio cellar was another masterpiece of engineering. He was also laying out a tennis court on the upper terrace of the garden and that, of course, had to be especially well drained. He was as interested in it as in anything in the studio. He understood the various problems, and it was all play to him.

He made a list of the flowers this year in his notebook. There were over fifty varieties. He found that maidenhair fern transplanted beautifully and liked the garden soil, so he and Margaret laid out beds of it against the high brick wall. He planned a huge vegetable garden, and there were going to be loads of peonies on either side of the straight path in the garden. Dan had moved the little old-fashioned pink climbing roses from the old house and planted them on the terrace of the new house. They were sweet against the gray stucco.

The neighboring quarries in Lee produced a very good grade of white marble, so there would be plenty for marble steps and copings.

They were going to call the place "Chesterwood." Mar-

garet had decided that. Dan wanted to work the name of Chester in somehow because he had so much sentiment about the ancestral dwelling in New Hampshire; Newchester, Winchester, Chesterfield, Chesterhouse—there were many suggestions. But Margaret wanted her beloved woods brought into it, and the new name stuck.

Whenever the family went for a drive Dan would explore every abandoned farmhouse in a still-hunt for antiques. Frequently, in an otherwise empty house, he would find a good maple desk or a square cherry table.

In Mary's bedroom was a Franklin stove, a beauty, that Dan had found in an abandoned farmhouse in Enfield. No one could know the exciting possibilities of abandoned farmhouses until he had scoured the countryside as Dan had.

"Dannie, you're not going to bring that thing into the house," Mary was heard to say one day. Out in the driveway Dan and Biemer had the new horse, Emmaline, and the farm wagon and in the wagon an enormous mahogany chest of drawers of most dilapidated appearance.

"Now, you just hold on," Dan was reassuring her. "I'm not going to bring it into the house—yet. Biemer and I are going to take it out in the studio and scrape it and rub it down and polish it. Then we'll take off the knobs and put brass handles on it, and it'll be so handsome you'll be begging for it. Besides, I only paid eight dollars for it." And Dan, immensely pleased with his bargain, helped Biemer carry the thing into the studio. Sure enough, in a week's time it was quartered in the dining room, to the admiration of all.

And there was so much to be done on the place, now that it was being converted by leaps and bounds from a farm into a gentleman's estate.

Dan set out some shrubs the autumn after the house was

built. He had meant to order only a moderate amount, some syringas and lilacs chiefly, but when they came it took a long time and a lot of work to set them out. He counted them. There were two hundred and sixty-nine. And a lot of apple trees; Porters and Northern Spys, Russets and Greenings. The good old varieties they had had in Concord and a lot of new ones that the catalogues described in an irresistible manner. There was just something about a nursery catalogue that even Dan's controlled nature couldn't withstand.

Mary did most of the work in the flower garden. She took no interest in the catalogues as Dan did, but just bought packages of seeds around wherever she happened to find them, and spent hours squatting in the garden thinning out and transplanting. Her Canterbury bells were wonderful. Dan counted a hundred and sixty-nine blossoms on one plant and jotted the number down in his notebook. They had had some plants of strawberry-shrub sent up from Aunt Margaret's garden in Washington and Mary loved to crush one of the blossoms and knot it in a corner of her handkerchief and sniff at it.

Dan clipped all the hedges himself. Privet, hemlock, lilac, and Japanese barberry. And he sprayed the honeysuckles and the fruit trees and burned the tent caterpillars. And there were the beloved drains that sometimes needed attention. One need never lack for occupation on a farm.

THE PRESS OF WORK

DAN's life was a very regular one these days. He had found, through long experiment, that he could get through a lot of work if he approached it quietly and systematically, and his methodical nature lent itself to ordering his life along those lines. He was an excellent sleeper, on a sleeping-car or anywhere else, as well as in his own bed. In New York he got up regularly at seven, breakfasted at seven-thirty, sat on the library sofa near the window and perused the *New York Times* for twenty minutes, then downstairs to his desk in the reception room to go over his mail; dictation for a little while to his secretary and then a short walk of fifteen minutes or so for exercise and fresh air, before starting in on the work of the day. University Place, a few blocks away, was the haunt of auction rooms and Dan often stopped in to poke around among the paintings and furniture and possibly leave a bid on something. A walk was always more beneficial if it had an objective; he loved old things, and many were needed for the new house.

Then back to the studio, where he would get into one of the pongee smocks that Marion Keyes kept him supplied with and start to work on the statue from which Biemer had removed the oilcloth frame and the damp cloths. Too, Biemer would have the extra clay all worked and moist and for three hours Dan would work hard and uninterruptedly,

going up and down the tall stepladders with ease, Biemer staving off at the door any encroachers on the allotted time.

Luncheon upstairs promptly at one with Mary and Margaret and rarely a visitor to prolong the half-hour set aside for the meal. Then downstairs to the studio again to work until daylight began to wane, four o'clock, frequently, in the middle of the winter. Then a careful washing up, he would spend ten minutes sometimes on his hands, those strong, beautiful hands that must be immaculate like the rest of him and never show a trace of plaster or plastelene.

Late afternoons there were committee meetings to be attended, or the studio of a fellow sculptor to visit, or the sketches of a young student to look over and advise about, or, these failing, a gallery of new paintings to see or an auction room uptown to poke around in.

Home at six-thirty. Dan would undress and lie down for ten minutes, never less and never more. He would go sound asleep and wake up feeling fresh and cheerful as a bird, then get into other clothes and be ready for dinner at seven. Dinner was simple, never more than three courses unless there was a party, with a decanter of wine by Dan's place and he himself carving the roast. He prided himself on his carving, he always kept seated for it, kept his elbows well tucked in, and was dismayed if ever anything was spilled on the cloth. There was usually a friend or two at dinner, but after a short period of conversation in the library, Dan would excuse himself and go down to his desk to sign the letters he had dictated that morning. And if the company upstairs was not too seductive he would sit at his desk until eleven answering personal letters or doing accounts in his own neat, meticulous hand. Then bed and the same thing the next day.

They would go out perhaps twice a week to dinner, occasionally to the theater or the opera, or Dan would have

to go to an evening meeting of the Sculpture Society, the Academy, or the Architectural League. Every few weeks there would be a dinner party at home. And frequently he would have to go off on a business trip, carrying a little plaster sketch to show to a committee, or to decide on the site for a statue.

In the summer the schedule was very much the same. Early breakfast, attention to the mail and letter-writing, then a short walk about the place to see the new carriage-house that was building, or the well that was being dug up in the woods, or to look over the field of oats that the men were threshing—then three hours in the studio, lunch with the family, into his study for a few minutes to sign his letters, more work in the studio until five o'clock, then outdoors to work on the place for an hour and a half.

On Sundays he never entered the studio. Generally he took Margaret for a morning's walk in the woods, with little booklets in his pocket about trees and flowers to answer her rapid-fire questions. He needed no booklets about birds, for these he knew. And there was always a magnifying glass for a closer look at a mushroom or a piece of moss.

It was the life he loved and he was supremely happy in it. He always hated to have to go back to the city, but when cold weather set in it seemed to him the prudent thing to do.

Mary would have liked to stay in the country later, to put off the evil day of returning to the city for another month anyway. But she knew better than to suggest it. Dan would have smiled gently, but he would have been ready to go to New York the first of November, as usual, and to New York they would go. It was the iron hand in the velvet glove. His work came first and foremost, and every other consideration had to go by the board. It was remarkable, really, how he *was* always ready to go the first

of November, and to return to Stockbridge the fifteenth of May. No matter what he was doing, no matter how much work he had on hand, there was never any infraction of this rule. He was ready, the work was finished, and he was packed up ready to go on the appointed date. To Mary's southern and easy-going way of doing things this meticulousness as to a mere date was remarkable and somewhat unnecessary. She might argue with him a little about it. But you didn't argue with Dan. There wasn't much use. He would listen politely and smile his little whimsical smile and not say anything. And you'd just know you hadn't gotten anywhere. Rather aggravating, really. Much more so than if he'd answer back and you could have things out occasionally.

But, except for a few things like that, he was a good deal of a lamb to be married to. Mary realized that, as she looked around her and saw what other women married. He never offered any criticism of anything you did, or even showed any disapproval. He never even offered any advice unless you asked for it. He had infinite tolerance of other people's weaknesses, though little lenience with his own. And he had a strong sense of loyalty and responsibility to his family and his friends.

In a large family of brothers and sisters such as Mary had, one or another of them was always getting into financial hot water, and Dan was never known to turn a deaf ear to their appeals. A number of them he would carry along for a year or so until they could get on their feet again. He seemed always to have the feeling that he must share the fruits of his own success and he scattered his benefactions with a lavish hand.

It was costing him pretty nearly twenty-five thousand a year to live. A town house, a country place, three servants, driving horses, a coachman, two men on the place, a studio

boy, and an assistant all added up to what Dan felt was a rather extravagant way of living. He tried to give away about ten thousand a year to those less fortunate than he. "I like to do that," he explained to Mary.

He had just had the best year of his life financially and taken in what seemed to him an awful lot of money—nearly eighty thousand dollars. But expenses, architects' fees, marble cutting, bronze castings, granite pedestals, and routine studio essentials had taken a forty-eight thousand dollar bite out of the sum. The present mode of living would use up most of the remainder, leaving little to set aside. Dan was very methodical about balancing his budget and liked to plan for so much for investments, so much for gifts, so much for expenditures.

In addition, there were always poverty-stricken individuals who had to be provided for. Old men, especially. There was Robert Newman, the painter, whose jewel-like little canvases no one but Dan and a few other artists ever wanted to buy. Dan bought all he could and made up any discrepancies with regular monthly checks. And now old Francis Le Baron, whom Dan had taken care of in a Home for years, was no more. He had a dying wish. He asked to be cremated and have his ashes scattered over a flower garden. The square box of ashes was sent to Stockbridge, but that was before Mary heard of it.

"Certainly not," she said. "I don't want to feel I'm rooting out Mr. Le Baron every time I pull up a weed!"

So the cinders of Mr. Le Baron reposed upon the top shelf of the casting room for some months, until Dan sent them up to Exeter and arranged to have them buried in the family lot.

There was so much work pouring in now that he could hardly keep up with it, and it seemed to Dan that he was at least consulted about every monument that went up over

the length and breadth of the land. He was able to turn a lot of work in the direction of other sculptors and he had a hand in every art project that reared its head.

He was at work on a memorial to Francis Parkman, the historian, author of *The Oregon Trail*. It was to be placed on the slope of Jamaica Pond on the site of Parkman's house. That Parkman had been a beau of Pamela's lent a personal element of interest to the work. Henry Bacon designed a granite seat fifty feet long, resting on a granite platform, and rising in the center a shaft twenty feet in height with the figure of an Indian of the Five Nations, of the type and in the costume of the Iroquois. The figure was cut into the stone, the upper part of it in the round, and projecting hardly at all beyond the face of the granite. It was rather a new idea and very effective. Then, too, Dan was finishing the last of the three pairs of doors for the Boston Public Library.

"Gracious," he said (Dan rarely said anything more vehement than "gracious"), "it does seem as though they would never be finished. They've gone on for years." As indeed they had.

These doors were commissioned by McKim. They were the first Dan had made, and they were an entirely original idea. Dan had studied so many of the bronze doors abroad, beginning with Ghiberti's at the Baptistery in Florence, and most of them had been divided into little scenes with great enrichment of narrative. But Dan was embarking on something completely different, each door or panel to enclose a single figure, in very low relief. He was working now on the pair that represented Wisdom and Knowledge, distinguished draped figures of great seriousness and power.

Margaret came into the studio one day, looked at the doors and asked, "But what is the difference between Wisdom and Knowledge?"

Dan quoted for her, "Knowledge is proud that she hath learned so much—Wisdom is humble that she knows no more " And Margaret had something to reflect upon for a long time.

During the winter there came to the studio a young girl with a letter from Will. She had been an outstanding student of sculpture at the Chicago Art Institute and her name was Evelyn Beatrice Longman. She was small, with straight black hair and long eyelashes and a "have mercy" expression. She hoped Dan would take her on as an assistant. Dan had Andrew O'Connor part of the time now, as well as Lukeman and he didn't need any more assistants. He did practically all the work on his statues himself except the setting up, and especially he did not want to bother with a girl to whom he'd have to be polite. To be sure, Dan could never be anything but polite, but he didn't want to have his manners on his mind.

However, the third pair of these everlasting bronze doors was still under way and there was all that lettering to do on them. Dan hated lettering, so some months later he sent for Beatrice Longman and turned the lettering over to her. She did it beautifully and stayed on to do more. And first thing he knew, Dan found he had another assistant.

He was especially happy in his work. He never agonized over it and it was seldom drudgery to him. Each statue as it came along was an exciting challenge, each difficulty met with in the mechanics of his trade was an absorbing problem to be overcome.

Dan looked forward to doing the Custom House groups with more enthusiasm than he had felt for anything in a long while. Then he realized that he really felt almost the same enthusiasm in practically everything he did. Each new commission was a separate experiment, a widely differing challenge.

Dan's friend, Cass Gilbert, was the architect, and he wanted Dan to make four large groups to stand on the steps out in front of the New York Custom House down on Bowling Green near Battery Park. They were to represent the four continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

They were a real challenge, these groups, and Dan felt he had the opportunity to pour into them all his love of symbolism and ancient meaning. They must stand up well as groups, first of all, and bear a general contour pyramidal in outline. He spent months on the small models, moving the figures an inch or so this way and that so that they would build up solidly and appear harmonious and powerful from all sides.

And now the first of the full-size groups, "Europe," was under way.

She is a proud and royal sovereign, sitting erectly with a crown on her imperious head and a look of conscious power. She is seated on a throne that bears reliefs from the Parthenon frieze while over her shoulder press the prows of three ships laden with the commerce of her rich harbors, for Europe is the Conqueror of the Seas. She was such a rich continent, Dan had debated doing her as an old woman loaded with jewels, but the stately figure of the younger woman wouldn't let him go, and he found her coming to life under his hands.

The group of "Africa" was the other end of the pendulum, a heavy seated figure of a woman, sleeping, one arm thrown over the mane of a recumbent lion, the other resting on the head of the Sphinx. The suggestion of age and decay was emphasized by a shrouded figure at the back of the group, which indicated the mystery of the desert and the impenetrable jungles of the Dark Continent.

His statue of Africa had caused much satisfactory comment among the artists. It had a big quality, a more sculp-

turesque quality than most of his things, and he discovered that he had gone on to greater heights and struck a newer note.

Now he must do equally well with the "Asia" which he was just setting up here at Chesterwood. Where the "Africa" was all physical, though unawakened, emotion, the "Asia" was all spirituality and aloofness. She sits upright, with formality. Her face, with eyelids closed, wears an expression of serenity, introspection, and unhurried calm. Her clothes are the formalized flowing garments of the East.

The feet rest upon a footstool of the skulls of men to illustrate the legend of Buddha, who, on being shown a skull found on a neighboring hill, said, "All Asia is built on skulls; the bones of the reincarnate." While in the background, unseen by her, remains the Cross of Christ.

It was a group that was replete with narrative, experience, and tradition and only an artist could appreciate the knowledge and study involved, the patient labor and the mental strain necessary to conceive, to compose, and to carry through to completion a group of this scale with such a wealth and variety of appropriate detail, the accessories kept always in scholarly unity.

The last of the Custom House groups, "America," was very different from the others. She is young and strong, alert and alive in every fiber of her being.

She sits erect, leaning forward slightly in her eagerness, her uplifted eyes seeing the vision of the future. Her arm is shielding a figure of Progress, who kneels at her side, setting in motion his winged wheel to denote inventive genius. She is seated upon a block of stone decorated with Aztec symbols, and her foot rests on the symbolic feathered serpent of Mexico. Over her shoulder peers an American Indian in his war bonnet, a romantic and tragic reminder of one of the darkest stains on our fabulous history. The

whole group of "America" is eager and ardent, vital and vigorous, an interesting contrast to the more reposeful qualities of the other three.

It was always difficult to get models in the country, and they had to be imported from New York. For costumes Mary was ingenious about whipping something together, and for uniforms and period things a regular costumer in the city would be resorted to.

Contini would come up in the fall to do the plaster-casting and the usually neat and tidy studio would become a scene of the utmost disorder and confusion, iron pipe, bowls of plaster, white footprints all over the floor, and sections of lions, tigers, horses, Indians, Sphinxes and high-bred ladies scattered in every direction. Dan always took the casting of his statues with his usual tranquillity. Up in Cornish they used to tease Saint-Gaudens because he was as nervous as a prima donna when his statues were being cast. He'd strike off into the woods by himself for an entire day, or leave town altogether in an agony of apprehension. But Dan had confidence in his plaster men and he was a philosopher anyway, so he stayed around the studio and eyed the demolishment with a certain amused forbearance.

He well knew that things could go wrong, that a stupid or careless move could wreck a summer's work. But he engaged the best plaster-caster to be had and left the job to him, never interfering with suggestions or advice. He went right on working in the studio, in the middle of the mess, for all the world as though nothing untoward were taking place.

When young Dan French had suddenly vaulted into fame with his statue of the "Minute Man" at Concord Bridge, he had been approached by young Jim Melvin, a Concord boy whom he had known in school. Jim had a dream and he confided his dream to Dan.

Jim had lived through the blood-stained times of the Civil War and he remembered too well the days when his three brothers had enlisted as privates.

They never came back.

Asa had been killed in battle before Petersburg, Virginia, John had died in a military hospital in the same state, and Samuel had died in Georgia, at Andersonville Prison. Jim was then the only one that remained. Really too young to enlist, he could not allow himself to remain at home, and in the last year of the war, at the age of sixteen, he had joined the old Sixth Regiment which had marched out at the very beginning. Happily he had been spared to come home.

At the end of the war he was a poor boy of seventeen, with no family and no assets. At that time, however, he made a vow that he would some day erect a fitting memorial in Concord to his three brothers. His first employment netted him twenty-five cents a day.

Thirty years later Jim was a rich man, and once more he came to Dan and asked him to make the memorial in Sleepy Hollow for the three brothers who never came back.

Together they planned it. It was a Mourning Victory. No victory ever achieved in war could to Dan be anything other than grieving. She was a semi-draped figure, holding in one outstretched hand a branch of laurel, while the other lifted the folds of the flag over her head. This figure was cut deep into the stone of a great central shaft. Below was an architectural arrangement of a platform with seats, and laid flat upon the platform were three six-foot tablets made of slate, on each the name and the story of the soldier who had died, and on each was laid a wreath in bronze and a musket. It was placed against a ridge covered with oak trees, a perfect setting, with rhododendrons flowering on either side. Very few things that Dan had done gave him the satisfac-

tion that this memorial did, both on account of his lifelong friendship with Jim and the very poignant circumstances that were back of its creation.

There came another wonderful commission: a commission to do a statue of Lincoln to stand in front of the State House at Lincoln, Nebraska. Dan had long wanted to do a statue of Lincoln.

He began to collect photographs of his subject. There were a great many. Daguerreotypes had flourished in the fifties and then, in the sixties, photography had come in, and, naturally, the aim of the merest novice with a camera was to do a portrait of the Chief Executive. There were so many that it was largely a question of what to eliminate and what to select. And then the lives of Lincoln. Dan began to read up on the subject. Here again it called for a good deal of discrimination to know just which ones, out of so many volumes, to give one's time to.

After working mentally on it for some months, Dan decided to do a standing Lincoln; a Lincoln in deep thought, standing with clasped hands as he might have stood before or after one of his great addresses.

Dan built a little studio down in the meadow at Chesterwood and made the statue there, with insurance of more privacy. He spent two summers on it. Bacon meanwhile worked out a handsome architectural setting, with a stone background containing the words of the Gettysburg speech.

Dan decided to go out to Lincoln for the unveiling and he took Margaret along.

Dan always took a brief case on the train and wrote drafts of important letters or did accounts, but it took an awful lot of time and it was hard to convince people that he didn't want to be entertained; that would only take more time and be a questionable pleasure in the bargain.

The Lincoln statue looked pretty well. The bronze figure

of the President, with his hands clasped in front of him, looked as Dan had hoped he would, alone, lost in thought, working out the destiny of a nation broken by war. The sad far-seeing eyes were deep-set and tired. He stood on a low pedestal; behind him, on a large granite tablet, the lines of the Gettysburg address.

The evening after the unveiling, at the inevitable dinner in Dan's honor, a pretty woman sat next to him.

"Mr. French," she began, "I was on the Committee and I was especially interested, because as a young girl my mother had heard Lincoln speak, not once, but a number of times. She often told me that Lincoln had a habit, when he was going to speak, of coming to the edge of the platform and standing there for several moments, his head bowed, his hands clasped in front of him. You can imagine my surprise, when I saw your first model, to find that you had chosen the identical pose that my mother had so often described. Did you ever hear Lincoln speak? How did you know he stood like that?"

"I didn't know," acknowledged Dan quietly, "but I always rather mistrusted that Lincoln might have stood that way, revealing the crushing weight of a war still to be won."

A commission came to make a statue of Emerson. A full-size statue, in marble, to be placed in the Library at Concord. This was something, of course, that touched Dan's heart deeply. Ever since he had made the bust, so long ago, he had wondered what it would be like to undertake a statue. Well, now he would find out. But he had known and loved Mr. Emerson so well that he was almost afraid to embark on it. It always seemed much harder to Dan to do a person that he knew than an unknown, where his imagination could more speedily run riot. But he hoped that he would come to a fuller realization of the unexhausted possibilities of his subject and be able to bring forth, out of

the stony soil of Puritanism, something that would begin to do justice to that great spirit.

The Emerson family, of course, were most helpful. At Edward's suggestion, his sister, Mrs. Forbes, sent Dan a gown, affectionately known in the family as the "Gaberlunzey," that Mr. Emerson always wore on cold winter days when he was at work in his study. It was a heavy garment and that corner room on a winter's morning must often have been cold enough to make such a covering not only welcome, but indispensable. Dan would wrap the poet in the gown and, seated in a chair, have him leaning forward in that questioning attitude that he so well remembered.

While Dan was working on the large statue, Edward, in Concord, was working on the inscription. He consulted Dan about it, and Dan wrote back, "I feel that the greater the man is, the shorter the inscription should be, and in your father's case my opinion would be that only the name 'Emerson' should be inscribed on the pedestal."

The statue, through its successive stages, took the better part of two years. Dan worked especially carefully and lovingly on the marble and took delight in bringing the contours of the face into warm and pulsing life under his fingers.

He rarely went to unveilings these days, they took too much time, but there had been such repeated urgings from Concord to come to this one that he succumbed.

With Mary and Margaret he stayed at Marion Keyes'. The unveiling of the Emerson in the library was most satisfactory. It looked well, the soft white marble was a beautiful material for the sensitive figure of the poet. Edward Emerson and Mrs. Forbes pronounced themselves immensely pleased and Dan's lifelong friends crowded around and made a fuss over him. Usually such gatherings embarrassed him and he avoided them, but this was different;

it was his own Concord, these were his friends and, though they admired the statue and revered the artist, what was still more important, they loved the man and it was a heart-warming experience. Dan felt in a very pleasant glow of gladness when he got back to Marion's that evening.

Dan needed another studio in New York. The MacDougall Alley place that he had been occupying, just wasn't big enough. There was a house on Eighth Street which ran through to the Alley, with a fine studio, which Dan hoped to be able to buy. He felt sometimes as if he ought to be selling out, instead of enlarging his possessions at his age, but he had always divined that Queen Victoria was right in conducting her life as if she were going to live forever.

Dan moved into the Eighth Street studio in the fall of 1912. He made it over just as he wanted it, and it was as good a place to work as he had ever seen, with a casting-room in front, an office for his secretary, a not-too-good reception room (which was just as well, as it wouldn't encourage people to linger), and then a really magnificent studio.

At the back there was a smaller studio, with a flight of steps running up to it, almost like a stage and the whole place was so big that one could get a real sense of distance and almost visualize the effect of a statue out-of-doors. It was as good a studio as any in New York and Dan was immensely pleased with it.

In 1914 the War broke loose in Europe. "The devil is on the move," thought Dan. But he was too old to do very much about it, just as he had been too young to do anything about the Civil War. He could only buy bonds and continue to sculp his best.

In 1885 Dan had made a sketch of a nude female figure he called "Memory." He had always wanted to do it full size and had been waiting till he had the time. Thirty-five

years had gone by and now he seemed to have less time than ever, so he decided that if he was ever to start it, he might as well begin. Not being an order, unless it turned out to be about the finest thing a sculptor ever made, it might be considered time lost. Anyway, it would be a lot of fun.

He remembered the "Endymion" that he had put so much of his heart into during those years in Florence. He had brought it back to this country and exhibited it with such hopeful pride, but nobody wanted it. Of course now he knew that it had been just as well. It had been done under the Florentine influence in the Canova tradition of that day and embodied a certain set style that he had been trying to get away from ever since. But it had been his first nude and the lack of an appreciative audience had been a grievous disappointment at the time.

This was going to be different. Perhaps he had learned enough since making "Endymion" to do something really good this time.

He worked on the thing off and on for a number of years, squeezing in a few hours of work as opportunity offered. He worked on the plaster. And he worked long and lovingly on the marble. This was a quiet figure, serene and tranquil.

Dan's art, like his temperament, was reticent and self-contained, and this figure, like so many others, gave evidence of his own calm assurance and tempered optimism. These were qualities that were appearing in many of his figures now, qualities of unshaken belief and cool, sober aspiration. As his own nature developed more and more in this direction, so did his work divulge these identical tendencies.

The marble was placed on exhibition at Knoedler's in a room by itself, surrounded by tapestries. It looked well.

Dan doubted if he could ever do a better nude and he hoped rather wistfully that the public and the critics would like it.

He was hardly prepared for the crescendo of praise that followed the Pre-View. It created a ripple of excitement even in New York and the people at the Gallery were in a fine tremor of jubilation. The critics went into transports over the "masterly understanding of the beauty of natural forms," the "astonishing certainty of aim," "the authority in the development of line." And Cortissov said in the *Herald* that "its complete and entire accomplishment, its not being done until the artist was through with doing it and was ready to stop, was a rarity and a lesson to an impatient generation." People said it was intensely human and a most imaginative contribution to American sculpture.

He had scarcely had to use a model for this statue, his knowledge of anatomy was so sure. At the Gallery one day, pretty Adelaide Parsons pinned him down.

"But if you don't have a model, Mr. French, what on earth *do* you do? What do you think of when you're doing a beautiful figure like this?"

Dan's admiring eyes smiled into hers as he replied whimsically, "I was thinking of you!"

The studio was increasingly full of work, especially now when there was a large crop of war memorials. Every city and town wanted something and it seemed as though at least half of them were approaching Dan.

A memorial, to be placed in Milton, Massachusetts, was planned to honor the soldiers of the World War. Dan went over to confer with Roger Scaife and the members of the Committee and to decide on the site. As so often happened, he had to sharpen up all his powers of tact and persuasion to get them to relinquish the location they had so confidently selected and decide on another one, a really fine situation on a hilltop, among some splendid trees. But now

he needed a new idea. He asked his family to come to the rescue. Malvina Hoffman was visiting at Chesterwood at the time.

"I have an idea," she ventured, as she walked out toward the studio with Dan. "You know that poem of John McCrea's, called 'Flanders Fields'? The last verse goes,

'To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.'"

And Malvina picked up a whiskbroom, mounted the model stand, and held her "torch" aloft in an attitude of stoical despair.

It *was* a good idea and Dan forthwith made a little clay sketch of a naked youth leaning heavily against a wall, the eyes closed in his pain-scarred face, struggling with his last breath to hold on high the torch. It was a symbol of all that breaks the heart.

For the life of him, Dan could not do a war memorial that bespoke only victory. To him war was the supreme tragedy and every way in which he approached it brought out, not the terror nor the horror nor even the glory and triumph, but always the pain and the sense of loss. It was the fathers burying their sons, the old digging the grave for the young. But he tried not to show the futility of it, the utter senselessness; he wanted always to do something that would show the dignity of death and be a comfort and a consolation to those who stayed.

MIGRATIONS AND WINGS

DAN was always wonderful with his committees. He had a supreme ability for getting along with his fellow men and an innate knack of handling people and of making them come around to his point of view. Many a time a committee would approach him with a commission for a portrait statue. Dan would accept and appear much interested, but before the committee knew it they would become carried away with a sketch for a draped angel, conclude to have that instead, and come away mightily pleased with themselves that they had made such a wise decision. If there were any objections Dan would "agree with his adversary quickly," and then make a few sketches, several, of course, of the portrait statue that was contemplated, and then one very beautiful one of a winged figure. The committee would be shown the portrait statue first, and would solemnly agree that it was exactly what they had in mind. Then Dan would say, rather shyly, "Now I want to show you another of my images. This idea came to me as being appropriate to Colonel Reid and I couldn't rest until I had put it into clay. Of course, I realize it's not the same thing at all as a portrait statue, but for this particular subject it might lend itself as even more expedient. For such a colorful person I feel that perhaps a more imaginative work, a more ideal representation, would express even more clearly the recognition you are offering him."

And Dan would bring out his ideal figure and, in an apparently unpremeditated way, set it up on a convenient pedestal, with a screen for a background, and then stand aside for a moment to see the effect on his audience. There would be exclamations as to its beauty, considerations as to its use in this particular capacity, a few objections which would be immediately voted down, a certain reluctance on the part of one or two. And then a final unanimous declaration that that was what they had wanted all along!

"But, Dannie dear," said Mary, at lunch, "I don't see how you *could* persuade them out of a portrait statue, when that was what they had set their hearts on. Even when people admit they don't know much about art, they all insist they know what they *like*."

"But they *don't* know what they like," commented Dan. "Very few people do. They have to be educated up to it. When they've studied a little and seen a good deal, and listened and thought, then they may achieve a considered opinion, but certainly not before."

"Well, I'd certainly love to hear you talking them down, Uncle Dannie," said Anne French.

"I never talk them down," said Dan. "I know enough not to try. I simply suggest to them a better solution of their problem, and they usually have the wit to see it."

"What about the other day when Mr. Black came to see the head of his wife? You said he didn't like it very much at first, but by the time he left he was completely entranced. How did you work that?"

"I simply worked on the head the slightest bit in front of him, apparently concurring with all his suggestions. He thought I was making some major alterations at his behest, and he was delighted accordingly. I am not the first to do that. You know the story about Michelangelo. A client came to see a marble statue and was not entirely pleased with it.

The client made some rather sweeping recommendations. Michelangelo quietly put a handful of marble dust in his pocket, picked up his mallet and chisel and climbed the ladder to the head of the statue. There, to all intents and purposes, he chiseled away diligently, allowing the marble dust to trickle slowly through his fingers. The client was eminently pleased that his suggestions were so carefully carried out and went his way completely satisfied."

"You may be in good company," said Mary, "but you're an old fraud just the same," and went on with her lunch.

One afternoon Mary came in rather breathless from an afternoon reception at Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn's. Mrs. Osborn had been telling her of a dinner the previous night, where she had sat between the discoverers of the North and South Poles, Peary and Amundsen

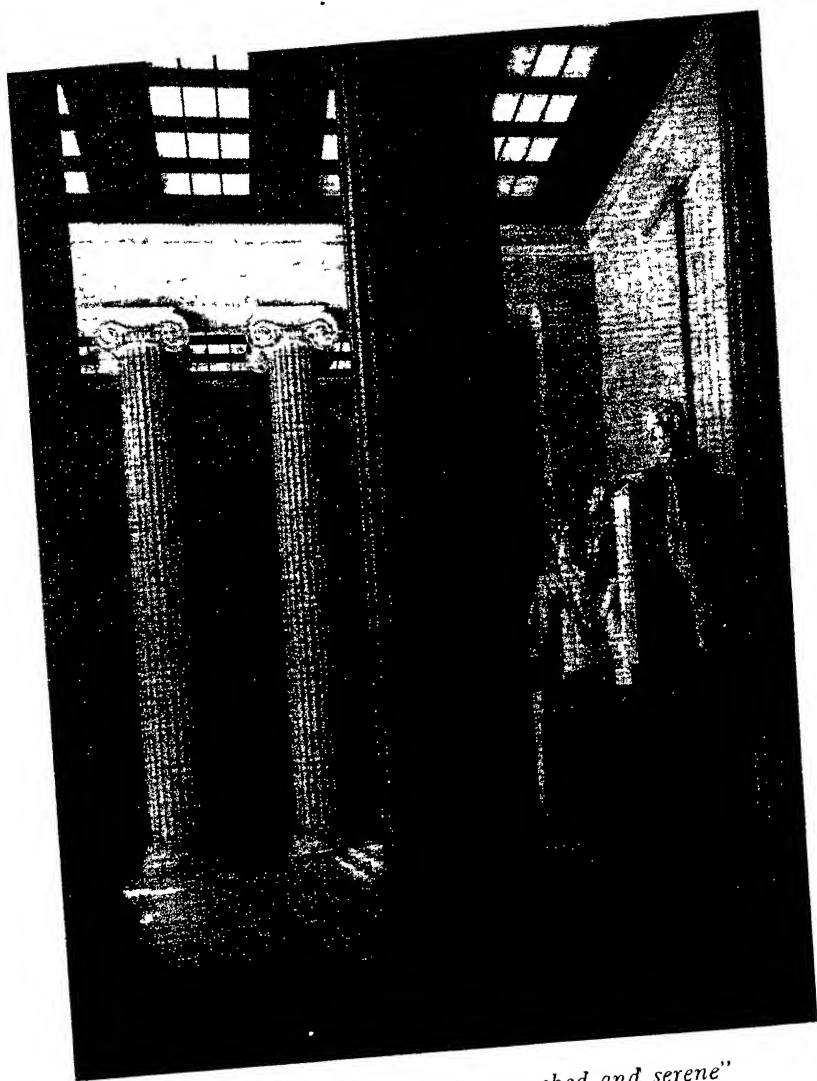
"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" asked Mary. "Wouldn't you think she would have felt excited?"

"I should indeed," said Dan. "I should think she would have felt like the Equator!"

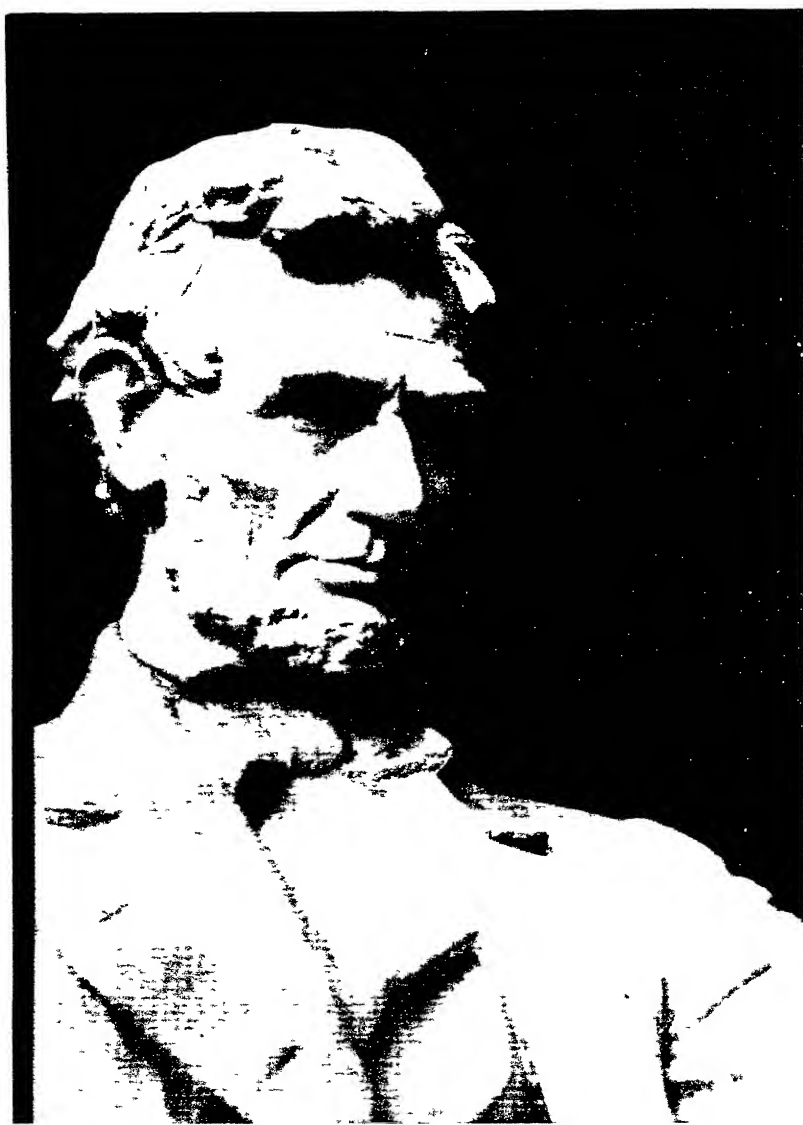
Meanwhile Dan was dining with President "Teddy" Roosevelt in Washington, advising Mrs. Edith Wharton about her new place in Lenox, going to Chicago to meet the executors of the estate of Marshall Field to confer about a memorial, being appointed by President Butler as Professor of Sculpture at Columbia.

Everyone, it seemed, wanted him to do everything. He tried to hold back, but he seemed to be needed in so many places.

Great common sense was one of Dan's strongest points and this, added to wisdom, an inner strength, and maturity of vision, made him what his friends referred to often as an "old soul." One had the feeling, on being with him, that he must have made this earthly pilgrimage in a previous incarnation, for no one could accumulate as much awareness



Lincoln, 1922, "Isolated, distinguished and serene"



Head of Lincoln, Lincoln Memorial, 1922

and sensitivity, so complete a sense of values, in only one migration. There was a spiritual quality about him that was ever increasing. Even in his youth his face was like a flame in its shining clarity, and now, in his sixties, one saw in him the same lovely lighting up of the face that Emerson had. He was still charming, still handsome, with a handsomeness that was ever attractive to women and still did not peeve men. But with it all now he carried with him a mantle of most wonderful serenity, an imperturbable and disciplined tranquillity of mind.

And he kept, too, his humorous little way of saying things. Everyone clamored to meet him. Almost daily there were people with letters of introduction. It seemed as though no European in any way remotely connected with the art world could come to New York without a letter of introduction to Dan.

One of the letters was especially apologetic in taking Dan's time and added that of course Monsieur Le Blanc was so modest he probably wouldn't tell Dan about himself, so the letter proceeded to do so in what appeared to be page after page. Instead of plowing through it, Dan eyed the young man kindly and inquired, "And what have you got to be modest about?"

And the reporters — they were always wanting interviews

"I'll see him," intervened Mary, "he wants to know about your habits and manners. Tell me what to say and I'll say it."

"Tell him," begged Dan, "that I have no habits and as few manners as I can help."

At the Annual Dinner of the Architectural League Dan was presented the Medal of Honor. He had to make a speech of acceptance.

"Louder, louder," came from the back of the room. And

Dan's reply, "La Farge, if you were as scared as I, you wouldn't be able to speak at all!"

And the studios and galleries. Dan wanted to help the Museum build up a first-rate collection of contemporary American sculpture. This meant keeping track, of course, of all that was being done, so the short winter afternoons, when daylight began to wane soon after four, would find Dan on a Fifth Avenue bus, plodding uptown to the studio of some young hopeful, who had respectfully ventured to call Mr. French's attention to a statue which he felt sure the Museum would purchase at first glance.

Way back in 1888 Senator Hoar had called upon Dan to ask his opinion about a plan for establishing a National Art Commission to consist of painters, sculptors, and architects whose duty it would be to report upon plans for public buildings and monuments and works of art in Washington, as should be referred to it by either house of Congress. The Senator had had many questions to ask. By whom should such a Commission be appointed? Could Dan tell him how the patronage of the arts by the French government was conducted? Dan had been much interested and felt it was a fine idea. And he set about, in his methodical way, to find the answers to the Senator's questions. But it was many years before anything was actually done. In 1900 the matter arose again, but there was much opposition.

The city of Washington had originally been planned by the Frenchman L'Enfant, in 1792. L'Enfant had been influenced by Lenôtre, greatest of landscape architects, who had designed the gardens of Versailles and Fontainebleau and who worked on a grand scale. Shortsighted people, who made up in eloquence what they lacked in vision and taste, fought the magnificence of the L'Enfant plan as being impractical and it was nine years more before Congress, determined to stop the prevailing haphazard method of placing

buildings, parks, and monuments, at last acted to form a Commission of Fine Arts.

Daniel Burnham was chairman of the new Commission, and there were, besides Dan, Frank Millet, Cass Gilbert, and Tom Hastings. They served without pay and met once a month in Washington. All works of art purchased by the government, all statues, monuments, and public buildings erected in the District of Columbia must be blessed with their approval, and the work was likely to become a good deal of a tax upon the members. The sessions sometimes lasted from nine in the morning till six in the evening, with lunch sent in. And then the members would go out to Senator Newland's oak-shaded estate or somewhere else for dinner.

In February 1913, just as Dan was getting comfortably into the winter's work, came the "command" from the President to go to Panama.

It had begun to dawn on some of the higher-ups in Washington that the layout of the Panama Canal, which was now in process of construction, and the proposed town of Balboa on the Pacific side, might possibly benefit by a suggestion or two from the Commission of Fine Arts. So Dan, who had been appointed chairman recently by President Roosevelt, and Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape architect, were selected to make the journey, with a secretary and a young draftsman to attend them.

Panama City was a dirty Spanish town of the tropics, with a fairly elaborate cathedral gracing a square, where the trunks of the palm trees were daintily painted skyblue. The city had a certain sultry, indolent atmosphere of charm, but very little to offer in the way of artistic appeal. But the Canal itself, of course, was the object of greatest interest to Dan's always inquiring mind.

All the structures connected with it impressed him as

having been built strictly with a view to their utility. There was an entire absence of ornament, no evidence of the aesthetic having been considered, except in a few cases where it crept in as a secondary consideration. But, because of this very fact, there was little to find fault with from the artist's point of view. It was impressive as the Pyramids are impressive, on account of its scale and simplicity and directness. Dan and Mr. Olmsted both agreed that anything done merely to improve its appearance would not only fall wide of the mark, but would almost be an impertinence.

The town of Balboa was just about to be begun, and General Goethals said he would be glad of advice on the aesthetic side about any matter which it was not too late to change.

It was a hot job tramping over those unshaded hillsides in the broiling sun with the thermometer at 85 degrees in the shade. But Dan and Olmsted drew up a long and detailed report, with many recommendations.

The heat, though excessive, was dry, and the wise ones took siestas in the middle of the day. No one talked about it much and in the hotel and all government buildings were large posters reminding the visitor that it always *had* been hot in Panama; it always *would* be hot in Panama—and all your talking about it wouldn't affect it in the slightest degree. In fact, if you did talk about it, you were liable to be fined and the accumulated funds would be used for the purchase of electric fans!

It seemed good to Dan to be on the little boat again headed toward home. The captain gave him an unoccupied cabin and he and Olmsted turned it into an office, spread out their blueprints and worked on their report.

There was a lazy and languorous steward on board whom, in derision, they had nicknamed Hermes. Hermes was never there when anybody wanted him and when he did pretend

to run an errand, he took practically all day to get any results.

The second day out, Dan and Olmsted and Caemmerer, the secretary, were working down in the stifling cabin when a cry went up that a whale was sighted. Ready, as one always is on shipboard, for any sign of excitement, they dropped their papers, some of them on the floor, and ran up on deck. The whale proved to be a delusion, but tea was being served, so they stayed on deck for upwards of half an hour.

On returning to the office-stateroom, what was their consternation to find the place had been stripped bare. Not a sign of a blueprint, not a word of a report. Dan, with hawk-like vision, saw the retreating figure of Hermes going down the passageway. He was called back. Why, yes, he'd seen all that trash lying around, all that waste paper, and, as he had been elected to do a little cleaning up, he had gathered it all together and shoved it out a convenient porthole.

It was probably the only accelerated motion that Hermes had ever been known to assume. Fortunately, a duplicate set of blueprints had been sent home by mail, so Dan philosophically announced that they could settle down and enjoy the voyage undeterred by thoughts of work.

Dan wanted to see the Exposition in California. He had a group for the Court of Honor at the San Francisco Fair, a group called the "Genius of Creation." It had been a chance for his imagination to really soar. He had planned and executed a colossal figure, sexless, neither man nor woman, naked to the waist, with veiled head, seated aloft on a rugged mass of rock with great spreading wings and the arms extended in a compelling gesture of command.

They arrived in San Francisco on the evening of April 20, Dan's sixty-fifth birthday, and Albert Brown, who was

traveling with them, gave them a dinner in one of the restaurants at the Exposition. It was a good idea to go there first at night as the place really looked like fairyland.

It had been a beautiful birthday for Dan. There was only one disappointment and he kept that to himself. His group of "Creation" had been destined for the Court of Honor, but through some later plan of rearrangement it had been decided not to have a central statue in that Court and Dan's group had been sidetracked to the end of the Court of Mines. Dan had to admit that it looked very well where it was, but he had designed it to stand alone in an open court where it would be seen from all sides and here it was up against a building, not at all what he had planned for.

He had been apprised, before he went out there, of what was taking place. He thought he was being unfairly treated and said so, but his protests where his own work were concerned were never very vigorous. He didn't like rows and preferred to make a virtue of necessity, rather than go through the wear and tear of an argument. If it had been someone else's work that was in jeopardy, he would have gone to any lengths to fight for the right thing, but with his own, it hardly seemed worth while. By his silence he was not calling attention to the fact that his statue had been shunted off on a siding, and no one else would know that there had been any slight to his images. It always seemed to him the part of prudence to hold his tongue in such matters. The Exposition gave him the Medal of Honor and wined and dined him, and did everything for him but feed him peanuts, but it remained a disappointment none the less.

Almost every hour of the week they were there was spent at the Exposition. Dan said that was really what they had come to see and he wanted to soak in all he could. It seemed a pity that in a year's time there would be nothing left of so much glory. This Exposition would, like its predecessors,

close its gates, dismantle itself, tear down its shining palaces, destroy its statuary and its fountains. Dan's Genius of Creation would, like everything else, be dumped in the bottom of San Francisco Bay. Perhaps the day would come when a far-seeing municipality would do something to salvage for itself some of this realm of beauty. But that day was not yet.

The following winter Dan was finishing the great angel which was to be set up in Washington as a memorial to the men of the First Division. He had it full size in the Eighth Street studio.

There had been a good deal of dither about this angel: Cass Gilbert, the architect, had planned a great column, like those in Rome, to be surmounted by a figure of Victory. Dan had designed a sketch model which was approved by the committee of military gentlemen, then a three-foot model which also met with their approval. But just as he was setting up the full-size figure there came a letter from General Summerall, the chief of the First Division, which could hardly be excelled for courtesy, kindness, and consideration for the feelings of the artist, but which, from practically every aspect of the statue, threw cold water on Dan's design.

Dan's figure was that of a woman with wings, draped but revealing the lines of her figure, with a helmet on her head and downcast eyes, one hand holding aloft a flag, the other stretched out as in benediction over her beloved dead.

The General did not like the flag. He *did not* like the wings. And he felt that the figure itself was too voluptuous. Dan was mildly amused at the latter criticism. Nothing he had ever done had been called voluptuous before. If anything, his work had been considered too modest, too chaste, too decorous. And here was the good general saying that the limbs of the figure were too suggestive, that the breast plates put too much emphasis on feminine development.

It was naturally a great disappointment to Dan that his figure should not meet with the approval of the General. But he wrote to General Summerall and sent a copy of his letter to Cass Gilbert, Gilbert, of course, was on Dan's side and he wrote to the General, too. There were so many limitations as to what was possible in a statue which is to serve as the finial to a column sixty feet high and which is to be viewed from below and from a distance. The first condition for success must be the silhouette. The silhouette must be clean cut and of such simplicity as to convey the motif when seen from afar.

The criticism that the figure appeared voluptuous and apparently too little clothed might be valid if the statue were to be seen at close range. But Dan was convinced that the over-accentuation to which the General took exception and which, of course, he had purposely emphasized, would be so softened by distance as not to be objectionable.

The fact that General Summerall was in Hawaii, and was therefore judging the statue from photographs, made matters extremely difficult, but Cass Gilbert's letter to him was a model of diplomacy and tact.

He reminded the General that everyone else on the Committee who had seen the model in Dan's studio and had not had to judge it by photographs, as had the General, had expressed entire approval. He earnestly prayed that the General would reconsider and would telegraph his acceptance.

The General did so. He capitulated completely and the day was saved. But it had been a trying time and the anxiety did not have too good an effect on Dan's health. All his life, especially with military commissions, he had had to contend with this sort of thing and he usually won his point, but now he was often tired and the effort sometimes didn't seem worth while.

New commissions always meant trips to the cities in ques-

tion, to consult with the committees and go over the available sites for the various statues. Dan would go and help select the site, and, as usual, the Committee would be swayed from their original purpose, and find themselves completely in accord with Dan's modestly proposed suggestions. He was always so polite and considerate about putting forth his ideas that people never saw the dogged perseverance, the stubbornness, really, that lay underneath. His determination was the kind that never deviated from its purpose, but it was well concealed by a certain formality of manner and an extreme reticence.

The studio was, as always, a hive of activity. Dan was finishing the Lafayette statue, and things were pressing in upon him from all sides, frequently little things that could be terribly annoying. Statues, for instance, that were destined for the campus of a college were always a headache. The Alma Mater up at Columbia was forever losing her scepter or having her chaplet of laurel leaves pried off. It seemed to be one of the privileges of college youth to desecrate a statue in whatever manner a vivid imagination could point out. Poor "John Harvard," for instance, ever since his unveiling so many years before, had been painted crimson more times than could be counted—or the indignity of a *pot de chambre* had been placed beneath his chair. Now it was the "Princeton Student" who was causing trouble. Twice within recent years this big seven-foot statue had been dragged off its pedestal. The authorities were tearing their hair and wrote to Dan for advice.

"Better store it away," he admonished patiently, "and perhaps sometime it can be set up inside a building, or in a courtyard. It evidently is too great a temptation, as it stands, to the pranks of youth, and we might as well capitulate."

Certain details about the Dupont fountain produced an-

other headache. In the center of the forested and rose-clad Dupont circle in Washington there had stood for many years a bronze statue of Admiral Dupont. The Dupont family had come to the wise conclusion that something more decorative was in order. So the bronze Admiral was to be removed and Dan was commissioned to make a fountain. But who was to remove the bronze? Dan was. He and Bacon not only had to go to Wilmington to select another site for this effigy but Dan found himself called upon to assume all responsibility for any damage done to any part of the monument during its transportation. It really was quite astonishing, sometimes, the things that seemed to come within a sculptor's province. Then Bacon made a design which called for three sculptured figures supporting a basin of water which flowed in three streams into a lower basin. Each sculptured figure was framed by two of the cascades of falling water. The figures represented the wind, the sea and the stars, the elements with which an admiral of the Navy would have to contend.

There were many delays: the first block of marble secured was found to be defective and another had to be ordered. The family hadn't been able to decide on the inscription. Dan used sometimes to say to his clients, "You begin to work on your inscription now when I begin my statue. I'll probably finish first." Then there had been great difficulties about the water. The District water supply did not seem to be adequate. A dry fountain is a pitiful spectacle and in this case the water was absolutely necessary for the effect. So an electric pump was decided upon. Who was to pay for the pump? And who was to pay for the electricity? In this case the Dupont heirs were most generous and offered to do anything within reason. So finally the desired effect was achieved.

Dan had long been a trustee of the Metropolitan Mu-

seum, the only artist on the board, and the work interested him greatly. And now a dream that he had entertained for years was bearing fruit. He had long felt that there should be in the Metropolitan Museum a gallery or two set apart for the display of contemporary American sculpture. The painters always had everything their own way and at exhibitions, where the painters outnumbered the sculptors about five to one, sculpture was set around in odd corners and on radiators. Pretty much the same facilities held in museums and Dan was heartily sick of it.

If nothing else could prove the importance of sculpture, the fact that it was the one thing that came down intact from antiquity should point the way to its significance. Rarely a temple or building in the ancient world that has not been damaged by warfare, but, the invading army once departed, the survivors probe around among the ruins and dig up the marbles and the bronzes that have been mercifully spared

Dan was convinced that sculpture was worth fighting for and for some years he had been waging a little private campaign among the Museum trustees. He was on the purchasing committee and he had been serving as a sort of voluntary curator of sculpture, without pay. And at last his idea was coming into its own. Several large rooms in the south wing, just beyond the Pompeian Court, were being set aside for the display of contemporary American sculpture.

About his foreign contemporaries, Dan seemed always able to maintain a fresh point of view. He labored with the Metropolitan to get them to buy one of the works of Meštrović, the Yugoslav artist whose sculpture was creating a sensation. But no one else at the Museum seemed to get very excited over them. His pleadings with the other trustees fell on barren ground. At the exhibition of the sculptor's work, Dan was glad to have Manship agree that

Meštrović was a master. And it seemed a pity to both of them that the Museum shouldn't avail itself of this opportunity. On the other hand, Dan had been instrumental in starting a fine collection of Rodin's things at the Museum. Thomas Fortune Ryan had given the Metropolitan \$25,000 for the purchase of works by Rodin in both bronze and marble and Dan and Edward Robinson, when they were both in Paris in the summer of 1910, had the absorbing task of making the selection.

They went to Rodin's two studios in town in the Palais Biron and spent several days at Meudon where they found a great glass-topped studio in spacious grounds filled with statues and groups in all stages of development.

Rodin himself was a much more attractive man somehow than Dan had expected; seventy, more or less, short and thickset, and full of vigor, with a big head and strong features, giving the impression rather of physical force than mental or poetical. He was entirely simple, unassuming, and kindly in his manner, and apparently completely engrossed in his art. There was nothing of the poseur about him and Dan took to him immediately.

It was all a labor of love and one after Dan's own heart. He was able to get good sculpture into the Museum and be some help to his fellow artists into the bargain. And it was gratifying to see a higher appreciation of sculpture in America and to know that none more than he had helped to bring it about.

DANIEL'S DAUGHTER

MARGARET, on the whole, was a satisfactory child and Dan was very pleased with her. Like his father, Dan was more addicted to children the older they grew, but, rather to his surprise, he had enjoyed Margaret's babyhood, although always at a respectful distance.

A reporter came to Concord one early August morning when Margaret was a year old. The family were still at breakfast. A young lady in a high chair, with brown eyes, red-brown curls, and plump red cheeks was banging the table with a silver cup and emitting sounds that fairly took the roof off. Crying? Not a bit of it. Just a healthy young animal, hungry for its breakfast and making its wants known vociferously. Dan got up from the table and greeted the reporter, eyed the young tempest with disapproval, and remarked to his wife, "Mary, your daughter . . ." thus, with the complete exemption of the male, disclaiming all responsibility in an embarrassing situation.

"I find I am in a panic if she sneezes," he wrote to Will, showing, underneath, a proper fatherly concern.

But the child was growing fast Mary spent much time letting out the hems of dresses, but they were never long enough, and there were always visions of white panties from the rear.

"She seems to grow faster in the back than in the front," observed Dan.

She was evidently growing up. From an exuberant baby, she turned into a quiet little girl, wandering around Chesterwood with a book in her hand.

Dan and Mary planned a party at Chesterwood, an annual affair, for the village children, on Margaret's birthday. They put up a sign in the Post Office. Several hundred came and had their pictures taken out on the terrace eating ice cream. Dan and Brother Will got up a show in the barn for them, a pageant of Mother Goose, with Beatrice Longman in a peaked hat over her long black hair, and a wide red cloak, riding a broomstick. Dorothy Schoonmaker padded out in a pink wrapper, all smiles and dimples as the Fat Lady, and Margaret as Little Bopeep. Margaret always fancied herself as a golden-haired princess, but as there were no princesses in Mother Goose she chose the next best character in point of pulchritude, and made her costume herself, with Mary's help. Mackintosh was a marionette and did a wonderful loose-jointed kind of dance with Dan working the strings. Will's stunt was quite the *pièce de résistance*. He had been on the lecture platform for some years and always illustrated his talks as he went along. So he tacked sheets of paper six feet high on a board and as he recited "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" he drew, in colored chalk, the most bewitching pictures of cobbled streets and gabled houses, a flying horse, the little piper, and multitudes of rats. It was irresistibly clever and brought down the house. And the young guests afterwards were allowed to scramble for the pictures.

There was no doubt about the party's being a success, but so many grown people came along with the children, so many more than last year or the year before, that Mary wondered, at this increasing pace, how many years more they'd be able to keep it up.

There was a victrola in the studio now and a pianola.

Dan always regretted that no one in his immediate family was musical. He had come to love it so ever since the Florentine days, so he did the next best thing and invested in records, classical and otherwise. There was often dancing in the studio in the evening, when Dan would hang out Chinese lanterns in the garden, lemon-colored ones, on slender bamboo poles.

On her sixteenth birthday Dan gave Margaret a copy of Tennyson and inscribed on the flyleaf, "For my daughter Margaret, with the hope that it may open to her the gates of a world of romance, as it did to her father." He was tempted to add "at the same foolish age," but refrained; better leave well enough alone.

Then there was an era of healthy play when the cousins came for most of the summer and there was tennis. Tennis every day and all day, tournaments at the Stockbridge Casino and tennis at Chesterwood, even on Sunday, where, as Dan said, "You can get off where no one but the Lord can see you!"

Then for his child came an era of football games, of house parties at Williams College, of commencement at St. Paul's School, and Class Day at Middlesex. It was an era of eternal shopping, for parasols and wide hair ribbons and lingerie hats. It was a time of hansom cabs, of pompadours, of parading Fifth Avenue, of Huyler's for sodas and Vantine's for tea.

There came a fashion to do the hair in puffs and Margaret's wealth of auburn hair, which, with her pretty figure, was her only claim to real beauty, was tortured and rolled into an aureole of puffs that was marvelous to behold. Some of the girls smoked.

"Don't you smoke, Mr. French?"

"Not in the presence of ladies!" Dan replied.

Fortunately Margaret didn't like smoking any more than

her father did. If she had, it would have been carried to the same extreme that she was exhibiting in her clothes and her hair.

It was a day of chaperonage. In New York a girl never went on the street alone, except with another girl or the faithful Marie, and in the evening some member of the family must always tag along. Dan couldn't see quite why. There had been nothing like that in his youth, but it certainly was an established custom now, so he asked no questions. The girls themselves both rebelled and accepted at the same time.

Dan had transformed the old studio in the Eleventh Street house into a kind of music room, with tapestries and handsome furniture, for Mary and Margaret to have parties in. Mary enjoyed the social life in the city and especially her own Friday afternoons "at home." Everybody in the Washington Square neighborhood stayed "at home" on Fridays and the little reception room and the big studio were always packed. Mary had a new sapphire blue velvet dress with a gored skirt and tight sleeves that she had gotten in Paris, which made her feel very well dressed for receiving. There was always something of interest to be seen in the studio and that was a great drawing card.

And the Christmas dinners. Dan had a big round table-top made that would seat twenty. It was set up in the studio with a gilded statue, perhaps, as a centerpiece and a huge wreath of gilded fruit and magnolia leaves around it. They had silly jokes and nonsense rhymes. Henry Bacon would paint the place cards. John Ames Mitchell, the editor of *Life*, was especially clever at writing poems. And all Christmas afternoon, while Mary was decorating the table, Dan would sit hunched over his desk surrounded by absurd little objects from the five and ten, composing rhymes. Among other things there was a penguin, made of opaque

white glass. Mary had been dabbling in mental healing. Thus inspired, Dan wrote,

This wan, pale bird, Oh! Mary dear,
You may depend upon it,
'Twas not by doctors brought to this,
'Twas Mental Science done it!

Margaret made her début early in the winter of 1909. Margaret and her cousin Dorothy together, at a big afternoon reception in the Eleventh Street studio. There were a dozen or so other debutantes to help receive, and a dinner of fifty later with dancing until two. Rather a long day, Dan thought, but Margaret, counting her bunches of flowers (there were sixty-four of them, which she insisted on putting in water before she went to bed), voted it a day of rapture unalloyed and was in transports of happiness. Dan wondered if he would always be able to keep her feet upon a pathway of such roses as were lavished upon her now, and away from the ladder of swords that life is to some women.

The parties kept on all winter at an accelerating pace; Dan observed that the vanities of life seemed to be Margaret's sole occupation. In February she and Dorothy gave a theater party for sixty-five young people, with supper at little tables in the studio and dancing after. Dan had never heard of theater parties on quite so large a scale, but it seemed to be the fashion so it must be done. Fifth Avenue busses were chartered to take the guests to and from the theater and the dancing and merriment went on until the small hours.

Beaux and clothes were the order of the day. The former covered a wide range, in potentialities and appearance, but the clothes were all delightful. Margaret had an amethyst satin calling costume; it had a long train and was worn with a Merry Widow hat of enormous proportions, made of velvet and plumes. It didn't seem to Dan either suitable or

convenient for the Fifth Avenue bus, which was the popular mode of transportation, but that was not likely to alter either the length of the train or the width of the hat. Her best white satin dinner gown, with gold embroidered lace on the shoulders, cost a hundred and fifty dollars. Dan couldn't see that she looked any prettier in it than in anything else, except that white was becoming, but he never did understand much about clothes. Occasionally she would whip up a gown of her own fashioning. Dan observed that she was a capable little feller and if she weren't in New York society, she might amount to something.

"Isn't that a new gown?" he would ask of Mary sometimes, feeling it incumbent upon him to occasionally notice what she and Margaret were wearing.

"Oh, Dannie, I've worn this dress to every big party we've been to for the last two years!" And Dan would gather his mistaken interest to himself and change the subject.

Every year Margaret had a fancy dress ball in the studio at Chesterwood. With the new fountain as a focal point, Dan laid a flooring over the gravel in the garden so there could be dancing outdoors as well. There were floodlights turned on the columns in the garden, and over the fountain Dan had ingeniously contrived a wonderful arrangement of lanterns. A pole jutted out from the studio roof and held aloft a star-shaped affair from the bamboo arms of which hung orange-colored Chinese lanterns. Dan had once done something of the kind in Concord and this promised to be equally effective. Then he built a covered way between the house and the studio in case the weather stopped smiling. And he designed a Bacchante costume for Marjorie Lamond, of purple chiffon and grapes, and a guise of Diana for Margaret, of light blue crepe with a darker blue chiton, and complete with bow and arrows and a diamond crescent in her hair.

Margaret and Marjorie, with several other girls and a half dozen very tall young men, were out on the breakfast porch concocting the punch. Dan was up on a stepladder in the garden where he and his studio-man, Russo, were struggling with the lanterns. He heard sounds of merriment and Margaret, with a trail of Adonises, appeared in the studio doorway.

"We have a wonderful idea, Pappa," she fairly gurgled. "We're going to have the punch in the fountain."

Dan looked at his offspring with a somewhat strangled expression and took the tacks out of his mouth.

"The trail of the serpent is over it all," he quoted, then added with calm conviction, "No, indeed, you're *not* going to have the punch in the fountain. Not in *my* garden." And he turned back to his lanterns.

"It's a great thing to be young," said Dan, but Margaret wanted to appear old, to be sophisticated, to be thought a woman of the great world that she was just discovering.

"In that dress," remonstrated Mary, "you look like a woman of thirty and a sophisticated one at that."

"Oh! Mamma, you don't know how happy you make me," exclaimed Margaret ecstatically, her highest ambition being to look like the actress, Valeska Suratt.

Mary was troubled.

"What on earth are you going to do with a child like that?" she said to Dan inquiringly.

"I should think," said Dan mildly, "that a little brutality might be a good thing!"

There was always a houseful.

"Over a hundred guests this summer already," Mary announced, counting up the names in the guest book. And that didn't include the dogs. One week there were four visiting canines, several of whom had to be staked off on different parts of the estate to avoid bloodshed. Young

Fairfield Osborn sometimes brought his birds, a favorite bulbul and an Indian thrush in a huge cage. With them were extracted from the recesses of the automobile several heavy and shiny tin pails.

"What on earth's in that?" asked Margaret, anticipating goldfish or even serpents.

"Worms, my dear, only worms for the bulbul," and Margaret's apprehensions were stilled.

It was a pretty lively household most of the time, but Mary enjoyed it and Dan did, too. Mary always had adequate help, people who stayed forever, and the faithful Marie, with her husband, Achille, were established members of the household. Mary and Dan had both been brought up in big families and people coming and going and hospitality had always been traditional, and, of course, Margaret gathered in guests with a road scraper. Although sometimes Dan felt as if he had more than his share of this world's goods, it was comforting to feel that at least he managed to divide his possessions with a good many people.

When Margaret was twenty Dan concluded he ought to take her on the Grand Tour, so a trip to Europe was decided upon. They left New York in a blaze of glory, Mary, Dan, Margaret, and Dorothy, and Dan's cousin Albert Brown with the latter's nephew, Albert Fletcher. The two men had joined the party rather at the last minute.

"Come along and go with us," Dan had said and, somewhat to his surprise, the two Alberts had fallen in with the suggestion. No more staterooms were to be had, however, so Mary said she'd go in with the two girls and Dan could take the men in with him.

A sympathetic fellow passenger asked Dan if he didn't find it rather crowded.

"Quite the contrary," replied Dan. "Two men take up

a great deal less room than the one lady with whom I've been in the habit of traveling!"

On a day in June, they steamed into the Bay of Naples. It always gave Dan a tug at his heartstrings.

Up the coast was Castellamare where Dan had spent his twenty-fifth birthday, and, beyond, Vesuvius, which he and Hattie Heard had climbed on the day that his "Minute Man" was being unveiled in Concord. It didn't seem so long ago, really, though thirty-five years might be considered quite a span. He had done a lot in those years and had had a great deal of success. But he must do more. He felt sure that his masterpiece was still to come. In a way he hated to take the time to come over here, there was so much to do. But it wouldn't be wasted. Each time he saw the things on this side of the water he learned something new and found fresh miracles in paint and bronze and stone to study and to marvel at. Anyway, this was Margaret's trip and her enthusiasm was infectious.

A week later they were sitting in the lobby of the Majestic Hotel in Rome. Lunch was just over. Mary was going off to take a nap and Dan wanted time to go through his mail.

"Where are we going now?" asked Margaret. "It's half past two already. Couldn't we go out to Tivoli and see the Villa d'Este and Hadrian's Villa?"

"No," said Dan rather sternly, "we'll do that tomorrow when we can have the whole day for it. I really think we've done enough sight-seeing today. Your mother and I get tired, you know. We can't be on the go every minute. I thought this afternoon we'd take a drive through the Borghese gardens and have tea on the Pincio." And Dan sighed a little as he thought of all they had done that morning: St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Castello San Angelo, and

a sidelong peek into the Pantheon on the way home. Margaret was insatiable and could keep going all day and all night. It was all he and Mary could do to hold her in leash at all. The next morning they drove out to the Villa d'Este and Dan sat on the steps and looked at the view while Margaret explored the gardens with unabating enthusiasm and ambled through the cypress bordered avenues and along the lanes of moss and water-dripping fountains with the excitement of a discoverer of continents.

Dan's exquisite reserve and self-control always precluded any show of effervescence. He enjoyed it in others, but his own imperturbable spirit could not give way to demonstration.

Anyway, all this sight-seeing didn't seem as important to him as it used to. But he let himself be dragged around with good-natured acquiescence.

There were a few days in Perugia and a week in Florence and then on to Venice.

"Pappa, don't you wish you could have lived in the days of the Renaissance?" Margaret asked.

"No, 'cause now I'd be dead!" was the rejoinder.

While the ladies of his tribe shopped for laces in the Piazza San Marco, Dan sat on the terrace of the hotel doing accounts. Sometimes it seemed to him that he was always doing accounts. But he had started out to be the banker for the family and at the end of each day he had to add up in his little book, one half for Mary and Margaret and himself, one sixth for Dorothy, two sixths for the Alberts. It was a nuisance, but nobody else would bother. And he noticed that the financier of the party always came out on the lean end. So often one would forget to put down tips and little expenses, to the benefit of the other members of the group, but rather to the impoverishment of one's own pocketbook.

After the Italian Lakes, they would go to Chamonix,

where Dan surmised he'd have to climb the Mer de Glace. Somehow climbing to the tops of things didn't seem so imperative as it used to. But the Alps were always exciting and it would be a good stopover on the way to Paris.

In that entrancing city Margaret and Dorothy wanted to see some of the night life. They went to cabarets occasionally in New York, why couldn't they go here and see the real thing on its native soil? They teetered in front of Maxim's one bright morning and tried to get inside. They were disappointingly rewarded by a garçon in a green apron who was stacking little chairs on little tables.

"Can't we come tonight, Pappa, and to some of the places on Montmartre? I don't see why we can't."

But Dan was inflexible on this point. No. It would have embarrassed him too painfully to witness with his child some of the goings-on he had seen in such places. Only the night before as they were eating out on the terrace at the Marguery they had watched a woman brazenly rouging her lips in public. Margaret was bewitched by the spectacle, and Dan had felt uncomfortable.

Dan always felt a certain reticence with his daughter. He supposed it was the same sort of feeling that he had always sensed in his own father. He remembered the sympathetic way in which the Judge had always entered into his children's interests, while at the same time maintaining a certain inflexible restraint. He felt this same almost rigid formality in himself. He remembered, too, the lack of any demonstration of affection and he had supposed that his own warm and affectionate nature would surmount the obstacle of New England repression and show itself with a certain liberality. But, try as he would, he could not scale that wall of discipline and he found himself, against his will, holding back in every little evidence of expressed affection. Fortunately, Margaret's exuberance made up for

any lack on Dan's part and her enthusiasm carried everything before her

They went to England for a month where Beatrice Longman joined them and they all started off for the Shakespeare country, where Dan took a boat and rowed on the Avon in his shirtsleeves. He had had about as much of sight-seeing as he could take by this time, and it was restoring to paddle in the cool shade and think of getting home and to work again. There was something about a small, cosy river that was always satisfying, so, while his women-folk browsed around Anne Hathaway's garden, he spent the long August afternoons floating on the smooth water, watching the swans, and admiring the trim lawns that flowed so neatly down to the water's edge.

The day before they sailed Dan came in from his walk in the New Forest to find Margaret sitting in the garden alone, consuming quantities of gooseberry jam and scones, and going through a stack of photographs that kept sliding off her lap onto the grass. Photographs of places they were, castles and fountains and, rather to Dan's surprise, bits of architectural ornament, but most of all photographs of paintings, portraits by old masters. Dan picked up a handful and glanced through them approvingly

"But what are you going to do with them?" he inquired.

"Have them framed," answered the incipient collector.

"And then what are you going to do with them?"

"Hang them in my room," was the confident reply.

Dan looked at the literally hundreds of pictures and remembered the size of Margaret's room. And he remembered, too, his own first trip abroad and the quantities of pictures he had pored over and selected and brought home with him. There had never been any place to put them. They had been stowed into lower drawers, come dog-eared through various movings, and had become dust laden and hoary with the years.

And now his child was going through the same mistaken, if delightful, process. History certainly had a way of repeating itself.

The family was having Sunday supper out on the terrace at Chesterwood. As they sat down at table Dan's pretty cousin, Bertie Schoonmaker, asked, "Dan, don't you ever say grace?"

"No," said Dan, with a sweeping gesture towards his spouse at the head of the table, "*I say, 'Hail Mary'!*"

"Why didn't you and Mamma get married ten years earlier?" asked Margaret, and Dan, looking at her through half-shut eyes, replied, "So you wouldn't be thirty-five!"

A great deal of conversation that went on around him these days didn't register very much. However, as he helped himself to another piece of corn, his attention was distracted by Margaret's staccato voice saying confidently, "Why, of course, I could sculp if I wanted to."

There was something so audacious about this remark that Dan found himself looking at her inquiringly, amusedly, and rather pityingly.

"Of course I've never tried. I've never wanted to. But I can draw and I bet I could sculp too."

"Let's see you do it," challenged Rosalie Miller, a young singer who knew the grind of achievement. "I'll take you up on that. I'll bet you can't."

There was nothing to do about it but to try, and the next morning Dan found himself setting up small clay heads in the studio with a class of two on his hands, for Margaret had insisted that Rosalie, too, embark on this adventure. Dan gave Margaret Desiderio's head of the Infant Jesus to copy and a very chastened young woman came back to the house that day for lunch.

There was evidently more to sculpture than met the eye. Margaret had good taste and executive ability and a way of

persisting in whatever she undertook Dan sometimes wished she might undertake things of more consequence. Her careful drawings and water colors, to an unprejudiced father, seemed quite remarkable. Perhaps in this new medium she would find herself. Dan did want the child to do something. When the war came, she had given up society, dropped it completely as though she had never heard of a ball or a debutante tea.

"She sucked that orange dry," commented Dan. Well, if she wanted to try her hand at modeling he would be glad enough to help her all he could.

She patiently went through the discipline and drudgery of art school and in the summers Dan, although he always felt he was no teacher, gave her as much instruction as she could absorb. Several years later Dan found her doing a head of Dr. Lunt's eight-months-old baby. She was doing it, or trying to, on the Lunt's side porch while the baby crawled around on the floor. She came home one day and announced at luncheon, "I've decided to do the Lunt baby laughing."

Dan raised an eyebrow and quietly observed, "Donatello did a laughing baby."

Margaret took the hint that there might be some discrepancies between Donatello's ability and her own, but decided to continue in the way she had started. She was going to introduce two hands into the bust, one of the baby's tiny hands, and, by contrast, the strong hand of the father clasping the baby. Dan approved of that idea, as he thought fathers ought to have some recognition.

Every so often Dan just had to get back to Concord. It was all part and parcel of the loveliness of the old life, and he wanted his child to share it with him.

They went to the Emerson house for tea and Dan beamed with happiness over Mr. Emerson's study, just exactly as

he had left it, with the little miniature of the first wife on the mantel and Dan's bust of the philosopher on a pedestal in the corner. And the books! Dan knew that if he began to look at the books he would be lost for the rest of the afternoon.

They went upstairs to Mr. Emerson's bedroom where Dan had visions of a shining past. Margaret noticed him intently looking at the square four-poster bed and Dan remarked to her, almost under his breath, "The last time I was in this room Mr Emerson was lying there dead."

And it was as though he were seeing again the kind neighbor, the faithful friend, sleeping his last sleep So serene he looked, so beautiful, and so patrician It had taken generations of breeding to bring into being the aristocratic bony structure of Mr Emerson's face. But it had only taken one life, his own, to bring into it the clear and shining spiritual harmony that was there for all to see.

At sunset time they were standing in front of Dan's first-born, the "Minute Man." An old man looked on the work of the youth who bore his name and wondered how he did it.

Again he turned to his daughter and said, "You know, I still think it's a pretty good statue."

Margaret's opinion of a statue was more worth having than it used to be. She had been working seriously the last few years and was turning out some very capable things. She confined herself to portraiture and her heads had an expression, a living quality, that called forth real admiration from her father He found he regarded her work "with that strange sense of joy which a new spring from the old fountain brings."

She had recently finished a head of a young girl, had it cut in marble, and sent it to the Academy Exhibition. Dan hadn't allowed her to send anything before. He didn't want

her to appear in public until she was really prepared.

He happened to be on the jury for awarding the prizes. When he got home to Chesterwood the next night, Margaret was already in bed. He went into her room to tell her about the jury meeting. He sat down on the edge of the bed. Margaret could see that he was in an apologetic frame of mind.

"There were two things up for the finals for the Barnett Prize," he said, "your head had gone sailing right through to the very end until it boiled down to one piece of sculpture and one painting. The prize was for the best work of art by an artist under thirty-five, either painting or sculpture. There were three painters on the jury and two sculptors. I was one of the sculptors."

Dan hesitated a moment and looked rather sheepish and abashed. "I didn't like to vote for my own child," he went on. "I was afraid I might be prejudiced. So I didn't vote at all."

Dan stopped again, and Margaret said eagerly, "Well, what happened then?" "The three painters, of course, voted for the painting. The one sculptor voted for your head. But of course it was three against one and the painting received the prize." He drew a long breath and then said, "But yours was really the best. Your head should have had it. Perhaps I made a mistake."

Margaret patted his hand. She could see how troubled he was about it, and probably all the way up in the train he had been wondering if perhaps his decision to say nothing had been wrong. He was as disappointed as she was, that was certain.

After a long interval of silence, Dan repeated, "Yours was really the best. Perhaps I should have seen to it that you received the prize." Then he got up and went out of the room and never referred to the matter again.

Dan observed that Margaret was beginning to take a long view at matrimony. For a good many years now a succession of tall and handsome young men had come and gone through the friendly portals of Chesterwood and Eleventh Street. Periodically Mary had been in a panic over her one ewe-lamb only to find that the ewe-lamb was herself not viewing the situation with much seriousness. A good deal like her father, Margaret's head seemed to be the ruling factor where affairs of the heart were concerned.

But during the summer of 1919 there had appeared a man by the name of Cresson, William Penn Cresson from Philadelphia. He was considerably older than the usual run of Margaret's beaux and decidedly distinguished in appearance. He had a great booming voice and a very winning radiant personality. He had gone through the Beaux Arts in Paris and the *École des Sciences Politiques*, had practiced architecture successfully in Washington for two years, ranching in Nevada for another two, and then gone into the Diplomatic Service where he had had an interesting series of posts for more than twelve years. He had witnessed the Russian Revolution and in 1917 had resigned from the Service to do his job in the war, when he was appointed Chief of the American Military Mission at Belgian Headquarters. Now he had come back to this country and was assistant Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at the Graduate College in Princeton.

His devotion to Margaret was immediate and determined and it was evident that the girl had fallen head over heels in love. Mary thought he was one of the most enchanting men she had ever known. He had published a number of books and was the kind of man who felt equally at home at the Court of St. James's or at a clambake. He had a captivating combination of scholarly erudition and a perfectly absurd gaiety that was most appealing. Nature had smiled

on him and he had smiled back with confidence and expectancy.

Margaret, like her father also in not being able to talk about anything that affected her very personally, was seeing Mr. Cresson so constantly that prospects of marriage seemed decidedly imminent. Dan felt it incumbent upon him to talk it over with his child, to ask her a few questions, possibly, and to show some of the very natural interest that he felt. Cresson was abroad at the moment, but would return shortly, and Dan felt the ice should somehow be broken before that return.

But Dan could never talk about things close to his heart. Instead, he sat down and wrote his child a letter. It appeared on her breakfast tray the next morning. Margaret, as soon as she opened it, knew it was serious. It began, "My dear little girl," and never before had Dan broke through his Puritan reserve to this extent. But it was a lovely letter, considerate and kind. He trusted her own good judgment, he liked and admired Mr. Cresson, and he felt sure her choice was a wise one.

Dan hitched his chair up a little closer to the railing. It was the day after Christmas and he was sitting alone on the terrace of the Villa Diodoro in Taormina, doing his income tax report. He had the afternoon to himself. There were no interruptions. But he found it hard to keep his mind on figures with this lovely world spread out before him. It was really more like Paradise than anything he had ever seen before.

On the terrace itself there were orange trees and palms and hibiscus and roses. On one tree alone he had counted thirty-five blossoms, the lovely pale pink roses of Italy that he had fallen in love with when he had first come here over forty-five years ago. Spreading out in front of him, cascad-

ing down the steep hillside, were the almond trees, not yet in blossom. Everyone promised that they would be in blossom for the wedding, now only two weeks off.

Dan had rented the Eleventh Street house as he and Mary had planned a winter in Italy. Then came Margaret's engagement. "You can wait and be married in the spring at Chesterwood, dear little chickie," suggested Mary.

But the little chickie saw no sense in waiting. Certainly Italy would be a good place to be married in. Robert Underwood Johnson was Ambassador there now and he would do everything to help them. Margaret would take over her mother's wedding dress—Mary hadn't worn it herself and it was time somebody used it. The fashions at this time were short dresses to the knee, all right for ordinary occasions, but Margaret, always with an eye to the picturesque, said she certainly didn't intend to be married in clothes like these, whereas Mary's champagne-colored satin, on the lines of a Madame de Pompadour costume, would always be appropriate and charming.

So here was Dan with a wedding on his hands.

The English and American colony of Taormina was stirred to its depths by the thought of anything so romantic as a wedding and Dan had said to Mary that he guessed they'd better plan on twenty-five people anyway, with a buffet luncheon of some sort.

Dan was glad there didn't seem to be anything for him to do about it. Mary and Mr. Savage, the so nice American proprietor of the little hotel, would worry over the food situation. There was hardly anything to be had in Sicily since the war except spaghetti, but he would do his best.

The English chapel, which was under the diocese of Gibraltar, was in the twelfth-century Monastery of Santa Caterina, and the owner of the Monastery, Miss Hill, turned over the whole place to Dan.

January 10, 1921, dawned a soft and lovely day, immensely to Dan's relief, for one couldn't always trust the Sicilian weather.

The Duke of Bronte had sent up huge bunches of single violets for all the ladies at the hotel with a note of apology for his orange trees which unfortunately had not yet come into blossom.

An hour before the ceremony, which was to be at noon, Dan stepped out on his balcony to drink in the view, as he had already done several times that morning. The almond blossoms, so confidently promised, were on schedule and it really was an enchanting sight. Below the terraces, on down the hillside to the sea, all nature was white with blossoms, clouds and drifts of them everywhere he looked. It certainly was a good show and worth coming a long way to see. On close inspection, Dan decided stanchly to himself, they were not as pretty as our apple-blossoms, but there seemed to be more of them as far as the eye could reach and the display was fairly breath-taking.

Penn, by a great deal of blandishment, had managed to secure an automobile at an outrageous price, a high, elaborate, open affair and Dan, Margaret, Penn, and Olivia Johnson all climbed in. Olivia, in a borrowed dress, with an armful of pale pink roses, was Margaret's maid of honor.

The car refused to start. The chauffeur, with a profigate flow of language, threw up his hands and turned around in his seat to explain matters in voluble Italian.

Dan said, "I guess I'll walk," and got out, thinking perhaps to lessen the load. He and Mary and the others started up the road.

It had just been swept, in honor of the wedding, probably the first time in a thousand years.

After more expostulation on the part of the chauffeur, the car was finally induced to move and sailed grandly up

the road, past the Tombs of the Saracens, past Dan and Mary, past the Ambassador and his lady on foot, and deposited its cargo triumphantly a full quarter of a mile away, before the imposing gates of the Monastery of Santa Caterina.

Flanking the gates on either side, gorgeous in their gold-laced uniforms, with bright red cockades on the front of their cocked hats, stood at attention four carabinieri, the picked military police of Italy, sent as an escort for the Ambassador. Near them stood the bandmaster, also in uniform, with white cock plumes cascading over his hat, and, on the other side, a little bent figure of a man—the piper playing his pipe. He was playing the Pastorale, that wild, haunting melody of the Sicilian hills. As Margaret stepped inside the gate he came forward and drew something out from under his cloak. It was a reed pipe that he had made for her, decorated and carved with her name "Margherita" and the date, "Taormina, January 10, 1921."

They all walked up the wide path to the handsome façade of the Monastery with its arched doorway and great brass-studded door. Facing them stood the Sindaco and taking their places on either side were his aides, the four carabinieri and the bandmaster.

Dan found himself wondering about the latter. He had engaged a string orchestra to play Italian airs in the Refectory, but it seemed that the Taormina brass band got wind of the affair and, not to be outdone on this so great occasion, presented its compliments to the American sculptor and offered its services, free, for the wedding breakfast. So it was agreed that the band would play in the garden during the afternoon.

The brief civil ceremony over, the Sindaco presented to Margaret in a white satin case the tortoise-shell pen with which they had all signed the marriage certificate.

Then, preceded by pretty Olivia Johnson, Dan took his daughter on his arm, and, to the tune of Lohengrin's wedding march played on the little organ by Miss Hill, they crossed the vine-clad Cortile to the chapel for the religious ceremony, where the kindly English rector read the service from Margaret's prayer book.

Back through the Cortile again, into the Refectory, with his part in the ceremony safely accomplished, Dan could now unreservedly have a good look at the room. The Refectory was the great hall of the Monastery, a really noble room over sixty feet long, opening on one side into the cloister, with its flowers and fountain and hanging vines, and on the other side French windows giving out on the widespread garden. The room itself was almost a garden of flowers, for friends from neighboring villas had sent wonderful plants and palms in terra cotta pots and clothes hampers full of white roses.

The company of guests had expanded to about seventy-five, so that there were fifteen or more little tables, set for four each, and at one end of the room under the Leonardo fresco ran a long table loaded with what seemed to Dan such a marvelous array of food that it must surely include larks' tongues and ambrosia. For here were salads and ices, aspics and vol-au-vents, bouillon and Newburgs, and, crowning all, such a masterpiece of a wedding cake as only a Sicilian imagination could devise. Inspired, perhaps, by Aetna, it towered aloft, tier upon tier, a snowy, lacy riot of cupids, hearts, and flowers. Nothing at all like it had ever been seen in Taormina before and for the moment the bride was forgotten, as the guests crowded around to feast their eyes on this really noble achievement. Good Mr. Savage had worked himself to death, and Mary was almost overcome by the results. In this entrancing jumping-off-place of the world, where one couldn't buy a piece of candy

or a spool of thread, she couldn't imagine how he accomplished it.

There was a long table for the family piled high with roses. Margaret sat with the Ambassador on her right. Champagne was poured from glass pitchers. The band, out in the garden, had opened up with its own version of the Star-Spangled Banner and alternated with the orchestra inside, in the melodious Italian airs that Dan so loved.

Olivia Johnson leaned across the table and held out her hand. "Let me see your ring," she said to Margaret. "Frank Gunther was telling me about it and I can't believe it's true."

"I'm thoroughly married," laughed Margaret, as she held up her hand and showed the five gold bands that Mary had been married with, with the one that Penn had added to it.

"It looks to me," observed the Ambassador, "as though you had been robbing the sarcophagi of your ancestors!"

Later, when Margaret and Penn went off in a cloud of rose-petals, Dan could hardly see his child for the drifts of fragile pink and whiteness that filled the air. But he caught a glimpse of her sparkling smile as she got into the car and threw him a kiss and he prayed that the sunshine would never grow less on her bright face and future.

It had all been just like a festa, Dan thought, as he turned away from the laughing group of people at the gate; so gay, spontaneous, and utterly charming, something that Margaret would look back upon all her life. He wandered out to the end of the terrace and sat down on the stone parapet for a moment, facing the view.

He looked down below him; immediately beneath was the terraced garden, the asphodels, the iris, the great round mounds of white daisies. Below that, the steep hillside, with its drifts of almond blossoms, stretching to right and left as far as the eye could travel, then the rocky shore and out

beyond that, limitlessly beyond, the vast horizon of the lonely Ionian Sea. And in the distance, over at the right, the white breast of Aetna rose gently inland from the shore, swinging up smoothly to its ten-thousand-foot pinnacle, crowned lacily by the little clouds that always clustered above its cone, looking exactly as it had looked when Ulysses came adventuring so many thousand years ago.

Yes, it had really been a good idea to have the wedding in this dream spot, Dan said to himself. It had all been utterly charming, because it had been so spontaneous, so unpremeditated. It had been medieval, really, and picturesque to the last degree. And it had had its elements of humor; that crazy automobile for instance, and the bandmaster following everybody around and getting into all the photographs.

It had been like an operetta—that was it—Dan had felt all along as though he were acting in a play. The curtain was going up on Margaret's life, a life that he hoped would be filled to the brim with happiness and usefulness and all fine living.

He wished that his own life were just beginning. He had had more than fifty years of work, but he still had so much to do, so much to say.

Too hot in the sun, too cold in the shade. It apparently was always so in Egypt. All morning they had been stuck on a sand bar, but finally the dahabeah had been pried loose and now they were off again on the return voyage down the Nile. Dan was curled up cosily in a steamer chair under an awning, a history of Egypt on his lap, unread.

He had finally gotten restless in Taormina. It had been a *dolce far niente* existence and Dan surprised himself to see how easily, at first, he had settled down into it. The ominous thought crossed his mind that perhaps he was growing old. One day when they were scrambling up to the top of the

Roman theater, he had found himself a trifle out of breath, and it was humiliating to thus find that he was no longer young. For the two months that he had been in Sicily, the income tax and Margaret's wedding saved his life. Then they were over and there was nothing more for him to do and he was bored. Margaret and Penn were motoring in Spain and were urging Mary and Dan to join them. But Dan had another idea up his sleeve. He was toying with the thought of Egypt. It was only four days from Sicily; he had never been there and he doubted if he'd ever have another chance. He invited Mary to go with him. She declined.

"I might get sick, Dannie, and I'd only be in your way. I'll stay on here and meet you later."

So Dan started off by himself.

It was interesting beyond anything he had ever seen. Everything was superlative. The landscape in the sun was light, the shadows were black. The green of the grass was greener than he'd ever seen it anywhere and the sand that met it in a hard line was more barren than a sea-beach. The sunsets were brilliant beyond words and the stars were bright as they seemed never to be at home.

And the temples. He had decided that he could recommend the Temple of Karnak by moonlight as a sensation of the first order.

On the ride out to the Temple at Denderah, Dan's donkey stumbled and fell when he was cantering and Dan went over the donkey's head and onto his own with an agility that he wouldn't have expected in one of his years. To his surprise, his neck was a little stiff for the rest of the trip.

It was hard to realize that he was getting old. In another month he would be seventy-one. He supposed he *was* old, really, and he felt pretty grim about it.

"But you don't look a day over sixty," someone said to him encouragingly.

"What's the use of telling me I look sixty? That doesn't help any. If you told me I looked twenty-five, that would be really worth while!"

No, he had never wanted to grow old. There were no compensations for age, to his way of thinking. He remembered well how at the age of four he had stood on the back piazza of his father's house in Exeter lamenting his vanishing youth. Even then he had seen no charms in advancing years.

And the decade just past had brought such changes—the changes that come with the passage of time. Brother Will's going had been terribly hard.

Since the Judge had died, Will, more than anyone else, had shared in Dan's career. So much of an artist himself, he could sympathize with Dan's problems and ambitions, and he was always ready with advice and tolerant criticism. They corresponded regularly and Dan could always be so sure of Will's interest in all that touched his life. Between many brothers there is deep sentiment and the pull of family ties, but here there was the sharing of careers, careers that dovetailed and fitted into one another so immutably and powerfully.

Will had had charge of the school and the museum in Chicago from its beginning. Thirty-five years it had been. Dan remembered how at that time young Mr Hutchinson, the President, and Will the equally young Director, would roll up their sleeves and hang the paintings themselves when help was difficult to obtain. And how Will often said that in those early years it was as necessary for him to do janitor's duty as it was to appear at a Trustees' meeting. He had built it up from little more than an intangible idea to one of the great museums of the world. It was the most *used* of all the museums of America. A million people had entered its portals the preceding year. The Art

School had three thousand students and was famed the world over.

Emerson used to say, "An Institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." Certainly Will's shadow had been cast in a large and splendid mold and Dan liked to think of the Chicago Art Institute as a kind of monument to his beloved brother.

Will had had outstanding success in his life, most certainly. One should be grateful for a life so fulfilled. But he had only been a little over seventy when he died and Dan at the time was sixty-four. Why couldn't Will have had another ten years of usefulness? But Dan knew that he mustn't even ask himself that question. What one couldn't understand, one had to accept. Life could be so beautiful and at the same time so terrible. It had been awfully hard to draw the ends of the line together when one's only brother had gone

Dan had gone into the darkened studio the evening he got home from Will's funeral. Without turning on the light he looked up at the hooded figure of the "Genius of Creation," the soft glow from the sky coming in through the skylight and falling on the outstretched arms. Whatever it was, this mighty mystery that we call creation, Will knew more of it now than Dan did. And he thought of the lines that he had had placed over Ben Porter's grave. "That men may be content to live, the gods have hidden from them that it is sweet to die."

Will Brewster had been the next, of the closest ones, to go. That had been only two years before. Dan missed him woefully. He remembered especially a talk they had had that last summer that Will came to Chesterwood.

They were sitting on the green bench out in the pasture that overlooked the view. Will's visits grew longer each summer, he sometimes stayed two months now, and, dur-

ing the winter, there was constant interchange of letters between him and Dan, redolent with sprayings, fertilizers, strawberry crops, and the exchange of plants. Will had made a name for himself in ornithology. The forays into the woods that he and Dan had taken together as boys had developed into a serious life work and Will ranked high in his chosen field.

It was a late August afternoon and they had strolled out to this favorite spot to have an hour's conversation before dinner. The hemlocks formed an amphitheater in back of and around them. The hillside, sweet with ferns, plunged down steeply at their feet to meet a stand of dark pine on the lowland below. In the middle distance were fields where the drone of cutting hay came up to them on the still air.

Will Brewster turned to Dan. "You know," he said, "the only thing I mind about dying is the leaving behind of so much beauty."

But Dan didn't believe that beauty was left behind. Dying was a part of living, a natural sequence. All nature dies, apparently, each autumn and then, while we mourn the passage of such fairness, the "green creeps back along the wintered hedges."

He turned to Will questioningly. "You do think we remain ourselves, don't you? That we retain our personalities? I find I hope so, for I am so used to being me."

They got up and walked along the narrow path under the hemlocks, the small needles silent and springy under their feet. Out through the pasture, through the wooden gate into the woods again and down the straight path into the garden.

Dan looked with affection upon the tall, rangy figure tramping along beside him. Will, always handsome, had grown even handsomer with the years. Easy, loose-gaited, broad-shouldered, clad in light gray country clothes, Will

was an arresting figure with his white hair, his square-cut white beard, his humorous, piercing eyes, and his healthy, ruddy skin.

Then, the following July, the letters that had arrived so faithfully for over fifty years had come to an end. The last few weeks of his life Will had lain quietly, almost in a coma, not speaking, recognizing no one, but occasionally, when a bird song would be heard outside, the eyelids would flicker and the faint voice would murmur, "That's a robin," or "That's a song-sparrow." The cadence of nature which he had followed lovingly for so many years still held power to rouse him.

And now they were gone, the two Wills, the two closest ones, and his sisters had gone, all the ones he had grown up with. And Margaret was married now and was leaving the nest. He would be terribly alone. And this business of growing old that he hated so. After all, at seventy-one, he ought to be drawing in his horns, he ought to be doing less work, perhaps, instead of constantly expanding, as seemed to be his wont.

Well, he guessed it had been this winter of just poking around and sight-seeing that had made him a little depressed. He wasn't used to being entertained and just looking at things. It wasn't enough for him to get his teeth into. He was used to doing things, making things, constantly working at something. Strange, how he could never seem to allow his age to interfere with the essentials. He never felt the slightest slackening of vitality or interest where his work was concerned. He had had enough of traipsing 'round, he had even had enough of Egypt. He couldn't wait to get home and back to work again. The break-up of his family, the loss of friends, the encroaching years, would all be laid aside when once he got his hands in the clay again. And home was urging his return more strongly than

ever, because his latest statue, perhaps his best statue, was being set up in Washington and needed his attention. Yes, he would be getting back to work again, his beloved work that was nepenthe for all loss.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

TO some men there comes once in a lifetime a glowing opportunity To Henry Bacon there came the opportunity to create the Lincoln Memorial.

It came because he was ready for it.

All his life he had steeped himself, through preference, in classical history, tradition, and architecture. In its largeness, its simplicity, it reflected his own nature. On the surface outspoken, hearty, and bluff, an intensely masculine personality concealed a wealth of tenderness, reverence, and kindness, while complete honesty and integrity were among his strongest characteristics. In the front rank of American architects, he had prepared himself for years, unknowingly, for this very opportunity.

The idea of a memorial to Lincoln had been first projected in 1867, but it had lapsed and not revived again until 1911. Congress appropriated nearly three million dollars for the site, the building, and the statue and it was hoped to have a triumphant creation to bring joy to untold millions.

Suggestions by letter as to the form of the memorial had come in to the government and the Commission of Fine Arts from all over the country. Many ideas had been suggested, among others a road from Washington to Gettysburg and many another practical proposal It seemed to many people a waste of money to spend so much for an unproduc-

tive work. The thought of a Greek temple did not represent efficiency to a hundred per cent of the American public. It would be unsuitable to the character of Lincoln.

The Senate was articulate about the matter. "I don't claim to know much about architecture but I do know what I like and I don't need anyone to tell me," seemed to be a popular prerogative of many gentlemen of that august body.

For those who thought it a waste of time to carve an Apollo or a Venus, to write a sonnet, or compose a sonata, it seemed fruitless to suggest the value of an inspiring thing which would make life richer and better for all of us. Nevertheless there were a number of Senators who appeared in favor of a work of art. We might have an abnormally developed efficiency and then what would we have to show beside the painting and the sculpture, the music and the architecture which the older nations have been building up for centuries?

"As to the fitness of a Greek temple," suggested Senator McCall, "what would you have? You must have *some* type of architecture; either an Egyptian obelisk or a Turkish mosque, a Romanesque chapel, an American skyscraper, or a log cabin. By common consent no type is better fitted for the purpose than that shown in the marvelous conception of the Greeks. For who can surpass the Greeks in architecture, sculpture, literature, and poetry? Few remnants of the architecture of Greece have survived war and time, yet we stand in wonder before those that remain twenty centuries after their day."

That question seemed to be unanswerable.

Then the location of an appropriate site had to be fought out. That of Potomac Park was most favored, that rise of ground along the river where Lincoln used to look longingly and yearningly toward the home of the Confederate

chieftain and that portion of the Union which he was trying so hard to keep as a part of our common country.

John Hay, Lincoln's secretary and biographer, and later Secretary of State, had always hoped that Lincoln's memorial should have the place of honor on the main axis of the Washington plan "Lincoln," he had written, "of all Americans next to Washington, deserves the place of honor. He was of the immortals. You must not approach too close to the immortals. His monument should stand alone, remote from the common habitations of man, apart from the business and turmoil of the city, isolated, distinguished and serene."

That finally settled upon and Henry Bacon's design calling for a statue as an integral part of the whole, Dan was asked to be the sculptor by the Lincoln Memorial Commission. His selection was urged personally by Henry Bacon, who said he felt that the presentation of the character of Abraham Lincoln required a sculptor and a man who had the power to appreciate what Abraham Lincoln was.

Then came another hitch. Dan was still Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts and he didn't feel it would be right or proper for him to accept, on account of his close association with the idea of the Memorial from the beginning. He felt that if there were the slightest chance that his doing the statue would injure in any way the standing of the Commission of Fine Arts in the eyes of the public, it would be better to refuse it. Of course, it was the greatest opportunity ever offered to an American sculptor and he wanted to do it above all things, but he would rather withdraw than do anything that would arouse criticism of the Commission.

Ex-President Taft, however, was Chairman of the Lincoln Memorial Commission, and when that body immediately overruled all Dan's objections and unanimously

elected him, he felt it was the equivalent of a command, sent in his resignation as Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts, and accepted with gratitude the opportunity of doing the statue. Gratitude, to be sure, that was tempered with a sense of tremendous responsibility, for he could not forget what Bacon had said about him in his recommendation.

It made Dan feel very humble. In fact, he felt a little panicky about it. There had been so many fine and capable statues of Lincoln. He wondered if he really had it in him to make any fresh contribution. But he usually felt that way until he actually got his fingers in the clay and he trusted that this time, of all times, he would be guided to acquit himself worthily.

So now, once more, Dan found himself caught up in the whirl of history. He went down to Washington with Bacon to study the partly built Memorial and to get acquainted with the site. The Memorial was to be in the form of a Greek temple, of shining white marble, and it was to house the one single figure of Lincoln. It would stand in Potomac Park, down near the river, and on the axis of the Washington Monument and the Capitol. It would be the most important thing in Dan's career, the greatest opportunity he had ever had, he, to whom opportunity had always seemed to flow in on an unfailing tide.

He came home and made some sketches. Fortunately, it was no longer necessary for him to make dozens of little clay sketches as he had done when he made the "Minute Man" and other early works. Two or three small clay models would suffice when once he had fastened on his idea and had decided on the pose. There was plenty of material. He had all the photographs that were obtainable. He had a copy of Douglas Volk's life mask of Lincoln and plaster copies of the life casts of Lincoln's hands that were in the Smithsonian. They were especially valuable, as it was somewhat

the fashion to portray Lincoln with very large hands and feet and these casts gave proof of the fact that Lincoln's hands were in perfect proportion to his large frame. Then, too, before he had made the Nebraska Lincoln, Dan had had a number of talks with Mr. Robert Lincoln, the President's son, who had been able to correct some of the popular little errors that gnaw the grapes of history.

Dan steeped himself in the biographies of Lincoln; Ida Tarbell's, Lord Charnwood's, saturated himself with all the knowledge and information he could bring to bear on the subject. All his old affection for classical lore was brought to light, his interest in people, his superb knowledge of technical problems. He surveyed his own all-but-forgotten mistakes, the mistakes he had made in the "Erin" and the "Gallaudet," when so much time had been lost by having to do the thing over again.

How was he going to portray his Lincoln? Practically every sculptor of prominence had tried his hand at the job. Some had failed. Many had produced capable works. A very few had excelled. The man had been depicted in every possible and impossible pose, on foot and on horseback, seated and enthroned, recumbent, dying, and dead. He had been represented as praying, orating, thinking, pleading. As Lincoln the Railsplitter, Lincoln the Man, Lincoln the Emancipator, Lincoln the Judge, Lincoln the President. He had been shown in majestic solitude, in forlorn loneliness; with his Cabinet, with his generals, with his friend the Negro. He had been visualized as the hungry boy thirsting for knowledge, stretched out on the cabin floor, with shingle and charcoal. He had been seen as the country storekeeper, the itinerant young attorney.

But in so many of these capacities Lincoln was only laying the foundation of his unique career.

Dan was seeing him as Lincoln the President, the states-

man, the preserver of the Union. For that surely is his greatest title to human recognition and posterity's regard.

Dan and Bacon talked the statue over thoroughly and from every angle. And after various trials and errors, both the sculptor and the architect concluded that the site definitely demanded a seated figure, largely because of the many vertical notes of the columns, another vertical note would be lost by repetition. Also, because, if a standing figure were of adequate size, the head would be too far above the eye, seen as close to the observer as this must be.

The statue should have the calm of the best Greeks, and still retain the intense personality of the subject. The arm-chair of the sixties was therefore out of the question and the curule chair was decided upon, that formal, dignified chair of Roman antiquity. The pose, in such a chair, would bring out the largeness and breadth of Lincoln and the figure and the chair would become a spacious and substantial whole. It would have at the same time relaxation and solidity. This decided upon, Dan went to work.

Again he went over the collection of photographs that had been accumulating. Again he studied the life mask and the casts of the hands. Again he made sketches and tried to infuse into at least one of them the historical perspective and the mental equipment which had enriched so many of his creations with the elements of enduring greatness.

And the more Dan read of Lincoln the more impressed he became with his unique power.

"Great, good common sense, that is what Abraham Lincoln had. It was he who saw straight when all the rest were seeing crooked. He looked upon all things with single vision." And Dan sighed a little and wished that the quality of common sense were more prevalent.

He put a great deal of thought into the hands. Dan always felt that hands were richly expressive of personality

and he wanted these hands of Lincoln to show the strength and power and tension as well as the relaxed character that he was trying to put into the whole figure.

The life casts of Lincoln's hands did not approximate the pose that Dan was after. He held his own right hand up and studied it. Perhaps that would help. So he went out to the casting-room, anointed his hand with oil, and there and then had Russo, his studio man, cast it in plaster. The uncomfortable operation completed, he had, the next day, a plaster replica of his own hand in exactly the pose he wanted for his statue. The right hand was to hang over the edge of the curule chair and this cast was made in just that position. It proved a great success and Dan spent hours studying it from every angle.

As for the head, Dan had always felt great character and power in the bony structure of Lincoln's face, and a majestic sweetness. And he tried to show the true spiritual grandeur shining through the rugged likeness of a homely man. It was a careworn face but thoughtful, kindly, and full of a mighty and beneficent purpose and, although stern at times, it was ineffably tender.

In February 1918, after Dan had been working on the statue for three years, he went with Henry Bacon and Beatrice Longman and Margaret down to Washington to try a temporary model of the Lincoln in the Memorial. It was only the first of many expeditions for the same purpose. The building was well along now and was giving very much its ultimate appearance.

The plaster cast that Dan had sent down to decide about the scale was eight feet in height, and it looked like a pygmy against its background of Indiana limestone.

All right, Dan would go back and experiment some more. They would have photographs taken of the interior and draw on the photograph a figure twelve, fourteen, eighteen

feet high. Dan and Bacon struggled over it for days and finally decided that a statue about eighteen feet high would be all right.

Two solar prints were made, one eighteen feet in height and one twenty. These large photographs, cut out from the background and mounted on beaver board, looked strangely like the real thing. So again Dan went down to Washington with Bacon and tried out the solar prints. These photographs, backed up by two-by-four joists, were set up in the Memorial and pushed around by the workmen, far back against the wall, pulled out fifteen feet away from the wall, viewed from the entrance, viewed from between the columns, viewed from the steps. Finally they decided to compromise and have the statue made nineteen feet in height, with an eleven-foot pedestal.

In New York, Dan had long conferences with the Piccirilli brothers, the family of Italian sculptors and artisans who were entrusted with the task of cutting the statue. The Piccirilli family consisted of six brothers and their father, who upon coming to this country had had such success in marble cutting for the sculptors that their domain had spread until it comprised nearly a whole city block, the busiest marble works to be found on this side of the water. Each one of the Piccirilli brothers was an artist with the ability singly to execute beautiful things.

One of the amazing things about them in the marble cutting that they did for other sculptors was their teamwork; they often worked in relays on the same piece of marble and so in harmony were they, each with another, so gifted and so perfectly trained, that any one of them could pick up the tools and go on with the work that another had laid down.

With only a few exceptions work was carried on much as it was in the days of Phidias, and of Michelangelo. Today

huge blocks of marble are swung by machinery, whereas for the ancient sculptors human power was used. Today, also, pneumatic drills do the heaviest part of the chiseling, where in the old days wooden mallets were used entirely.

But the pointing-machine used for enlarging the marble statue from the plaster model was known to the ancients, and the larger part of the work is carried out by hand in the same meticulous way.

Dan's statue was cut in sections. The reason that it could not be cut from one block was that it would be impossible to find so large a block of marble without imperfections and, even if one *could* be found and then cut, it would be impossible to transport it.

Dan perceived with what wonderful skill and artistry the Piccirilli brothers cut the huge statue from his eight-foot model. It was cut in sections from twenty-eight separate blocks of marble, and these sections, some of them with curved surfaces, would not be fitted together until they were sent down to the Memorial and put in place, one on top of another, like huge blocks with which a child would build a house. The work was carried to such a degree of perfection that unless one knew where to look for the seams one would hardly be able to find them. The whole thing weighed one hundred and seventy-five tons and with the pedestal would stand thirty feet high.

Dan was being paid what seemed to him a great deal of money for the statue. The first contract had been for forty-five thousand dollars, calling for a statue not less than ten feet in height; then, when it was deemed necessary to erect a statue nearly twenty feet in height, a supplementary sum of forty-three thousand dollars was added, making eighty-eight thousand in all.

But the expenses were staggering. Piccirilli's estimate for cutting the statue in Georgia marble was forty-six thousand

dollars; the pedestal in Knoxville marble, fifteen thousand. The pedestal and the steps had to be rubbed down to achieve the desired finish; that was thirteen hundred and fifty. Then there had been the plaster casting, first of the small sketch models, then the three-foot models, and finally the eight-foot model. Dan owned his own studios and did not have to pay rent, but there was always the equivalent in taxes and insurance and in heating

There had been the expense of pointing the plaster up from the three-foot model to the eight-foot one. The expense of photographs and of solar prints which had to be mounted and backed. The expenses of a studio man and of secretarial work. And the innumerable trips to Washington through the six years of the statue's building. As Dan added it up, he wouldn't have a very lavish remuneration for all these years of work, but that was just one of those things one couldn't foresee. And he did hope he had made a good thing of the statue.

When Dan was spending the winter in Sicily and Egypt the statue was set up in the Memorial. All the way home on the boat Dan was thinking about it. He had every confidence that it was about the best thing he had done and that it was going to look pretty splendid. He was eager to see it and the first thing he did on landing was to make tracks for Washington

Everything was finished now about the building, the only thing remaining to be done was the grading outside and the setting in place of the great box bushes for which Bacon was scouring the neighboring state of Virginia.

The interior of the building, of Indiana limestone, was majestic. The floor was of pink Tennessee marble. The ceiling, too, was marble, thin slabs of it set between beams of bronze. There were no windows in the building and the light was supposed to radiate through the marble ceiling.

Dan climbed the steps of the Memorial almost with bated breath. He hoped the color of the marble would look well against the limestone walls. He hoped the pose would register and have the combination of power and repose that he had struggled so hard to achieve.

As he mounted the steps he saw the head of the statue first. It had a strange and startled appearance. He hurried a little, with a new, wild pang of apprehension at his heart. There was something wrong. Terribly wrong. It had never looked like this in the studio. The solar prints hadn't looked like this. The face looked flat and white and frightened. Almost grotesque. And the knees loomed up large and white, looking out of proportion to the rest of the figure. Dan was appalled. His heart sank down to his very boots. What in the name of heaven and earth could be doing this dreadful thing? There had been nothing wrong with the statue. He had worked for six years on it. There was nothing wrong with the building.

And then with a heavy heart, he realized what it was. It was the lighting.

Bacon had first planned a ceiling of glass but had later decided on the use of marble. That was the way the Parthenon had been lighted. But the Parthenon was an oblong temple, open at one end and with the statue of Pallas Athene placed at the far end. Here the opening was on the *side* so that the visitor, as he entered, saw the statue against the opposite wall and comparatively close. The sunlight, coming through the columns to the east reflected on the statue from the light floor so strongly as to counteract entirely the light that came from the ceiling above.

To Dan's dismay he observed that there was far too much light coming in from the entrance and that that, in addition to the reflection up from the polished floor, threw a light upwards upon the statue which brought all the shad-

ows in reverse. The reflecting basin of water out in front of the Memorial, that stretched off towards the Washington Monument, caught the sunlight on its shimmering surface and added to the terrific glare that hurled itself upwards and into the Memorial. A statue, to be well shown, should be lighted from above so that the shadows will fall under the eyebrows, under the nose, under the chin, and so on. And here, because the light from below was so much stronger than that from above, the effect was exactly the opposite.

Bacon saw it too and was almost as horrified as Dan was. However, the staging was still in position around the statue and the marble had become incredibly dirty due to all the dust thrown up from the grading operations.

Dan gave orders to have the figure cleaned and then he would climb around on the staging and work on the marble himself, especially on the hands and the face. Then the stone would be tinted to keep it from looking too cold. Perhaps all this would help.

But it didn't seem to help. The figure was washed thoroughly. Dan borrowed some marble tools, climbed up on the scaffolding, and worked for days on the face alone. The tinting was done carefully. Dan put some extra heavy color around the eyes, to strengthen the shadows. He climbed down the staging time after time to stand out in front between the columns to get the effect. Then he climbed back again to work on the figure some more.

Everything about the place was working out harmoniously except for the lighting on the statue. Bacon decided to have the marble ceiling treated with paraffin to add to its translucence. They would try that experiment and see what it would do.

But it simply didn't bring in light enough. Nothing, ap-

parently, could counteract that terrific reflection that surged up from the polished floor and from the reflecting basin out in front.

Dan went down numberless times during the next winter to make experiments about improving the lighting. But nothing came of them. The thing just didn't look right and he was dreadfully troubled. He disliked creating a disturbance but he did want to get the lighting right if it was humanly possible.

The dedication was imminent. Dan and Bacon would have preferred not to have it until after some satisfactory system of lighting was completed. But the date was set and the dedication couldn't be postponed. Only the artists, perhaps, would realize that there was something radically wrong. And Dan and Bacon would keep on trying.

Soon the grading and the planting would be done and soon Jules Guérin's mural paintings would be set in place. Bacon, for ten years, had put his whole heart and soul into the Memorial. For ten years the people had watched the massive structure slowly rising. A few months more and they would see the thing completed.

It was Memorial Day, the thirtieth of May 1922, a flawless summer afternoon, a day of perfect splendor and peace with the sun shining down upon the flashing white marble, upon the dense and dark masses of the boxwood trees, and upon the sparkling water in the reflecting pool.

It was Lincoln's day. This was his temple, bathed in the summer sun, and two hundred thousand people had gathered to do him honor.

It had been the desire of the Chief Justice, Mr. Taft, that the dedication ceremonies should be entirely simple. Possibly it was almost too simple for some who had come

hopeful of witnessing a pageant. There was no booming of guns, no salute of cannon. No wreaths were laid at Lincoln's feet. There was hardly a flag in sight.

This great mass of humanity had come as on a pilgrimage to honor one of the immortals. It was Lincoln, the man of the people, the man who began his life within the humble log walls of a frontier cabin, who was being honored. No military pomp should mark the dedication of the tribute that his countrymen had raised to his memory.

The wonderful harmony of the Memorial, its simple splendors, commanded its surroundings like the towering character in whose name it had arisen.

The central portion of the building, where the statue was placed, was unoccupied by any other object that might detract from its effectiveness. Over the head of the statue was cut into the wall the short and admirable inscription by Royal Cortissoz

In This Temple
As in the Hearts of the People
For Whom He Saved the Union
The Memory of Abraham Lincoln
Is Enshrined Forever

The ceremony was beginning and Dan leaned forward attentively. He was so proud, so happy, for Bacon to have this gorgeous day, this throng of people.

After the opening prayer, the American colors were presented by the Grand Army. It was fifty-seven years after the tragedy in Ford's Theater, and there was only a handful of the fast-dwindling survivors of the Civil War. But some of these men had known Lincoln and had come from great distances to be here, and they looked up in wonder at the marble symbol of Stanton's words: "Now he belongs to the ages."

Dr. Moton, the Negro President of Tuskegee Institute,

made the address and remarked that twelve million black Americans were sharing the rejoicing of this day. His voice was musical and sweet as he lifted it in gratitude; he said that Lincoln did not die for the Negro alone, but upon that race rested the immediate obligation to justify emancipation.

Edwin Markham then read his poem to Lincoln with its concluding stanza:

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Dan turned his head and looked at the statue inside, looming in a kind of ghostly grandeur. Surrounded by humanity as it was, the figure personified loneliness.

The Chief Justice was speaking, the Chief Justice under whose administration as President the Lincoln Memorial was begun. He gave a short account of the labors of the Memorial Commission.

"The American people," he said, "have waited fifty-seven years for a national memorial to Abraham Lincoln. But the period of waiting has ended. They were years well spent, for in the intervening time not only have the figures of his contemporaries faded, leaving him grandly alone, but it permitted a generation instinct with the growing and deepening perception of the real Lincoln to develop an art adequate to the expression of his greatness."

And then the Chief Justice's closing sentence: "Mr. President, in the name of the Commission, I have the honor to deliver this Lincoln Memorial into your keeping."

President Harding, in accepting the Memorial for the people, laid particular stress upon Lincoln's steadfastness under criticism.

"No leader ever was more unsparingly criticized or more

bitterly assailed. He was lashed by angry tongues, and ridiculed in press and speech until he drank from as bitter a cup as was ever put to human lips, but his faith was unshaken and his patience never exhausted."

And then the President went on to quote Lincoln as saying, when the storm of criticism was at its height. "If I were trying to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business I do the best I know how, the very best I can; and I mean to keep on doing it to the end. If the end brings me out all right, that which is said against me will not amount to anything. If the end brings me out all wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

The brief ceremony was over. The crowd gathered itself together, closed up the parasols and umbrellas that had held off the hot rays of the sun, and for upwards of two hours milled around the steps and up into the Memorial.

The Chief Justice turned to Henry Bacon and told him that he had unconsciously erected a monument to himself. Bacon, who, like Dan, was always embarrassed by flattery, turned and led the way inside the Memorial to see the statue, where the Chief Justice complimented Dan on achieving a figure of such dignity.

Dan responded shyly, almost with hesitation, no suggestion of achievement in his manner, "We all have an inner consciousness of how Lincoln looked or must have looked, and this was mine."

Everyone was looking up at the statue, the most colossal piece of statuary ever done in marble in the United States. The grandeur of its size and its unusual situation had made the problems of scale and modeling especially difficult and exacting.

Bacon was calling Dr. Moton's attention to the way Dan had handled the drapery in the statue to break the hard

lines of the chair, something which only an artist could appreciate. That massive chair, the arms of which were the fasces of his high executive office, and in which he had sat down, not to rest, but to think.

Everyone spoke of the gentle dignity of the man; that face, so solemn, strong, and sweet, which mirrored so clearly the most prominent trait of Lincoln's character—unselfish love of his fellow men—and in consequence the sublime distinction inherent with this quality.

Dan and Mary stood against a column for a little while watching the people as they came into the building and approached the sculptured figure. So many, many different kinds of people, people of dignity, the great of the land, some very plain folks, some rather frivolous, and it was interesting to see how after a few moments of contemplation the expression in each face changed to one of reverence and awe. Men who looked as if they had just stumbled off a plowed field came clumsily up the steps, shuffled towards the statue, and then in a self-conscious sort of way, pulled off their hats, their eyes lighting up with feeling. Some of them even bowed their heads unconsciously. The majesty and solemnity of the place seemed to affect people the way a church or a cathedral does.

Dan overheard Bacon explaining to some friends the essential Americanism of the sculptor. Nothing that bore Dan French's name could possibly be mistaken for the work of an Italian, a Frenchman, or any other nationality. This in itself was an artistic achievement, he said, for a sculptor to be able to infuse his own spirit into his productions. He had had the vision and he had realized the dream.

Dan, always embarrassed when he heard his own praises sung, moved over between the columns and began to read the words of the Gettysburg Address. Those ringing words

that were as true today as when a tall tired-looking man stood in the sunshine and gave them to the world.

At that moment Charles Moore came up, Charles Moore, the chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts.

"I have a good story for you, Dan," he began. "I sent a photograph of your statue to Lord Charnwood, knowing how interested he was in the subject, and I've just had a reply that should both flatter and amuse you. He went on about it at a great rate, said that by all odds it was the finest Lincoln he had ever seen, that he had only seen one statue that approached it and that was the one out in Lincoln, Nebraska. And he added that he couldn't remember the name of the sculptor of that one! I shall write him and he'll enjoy the joke. You'd better write him too."

Then Dan noticed Dr. Moton standing beside him. The good black doctor praised the statue and Dan confided in him how troubled he was about the lighting.

"No one who is not a sculptor," he said, "can understand how sensitive a work of sculpture is to lighting. Nor can anyone understand how hard it is for a sculptor to have his work placed where it isn't lighted properly. The best statue that ever was made can be utterly ruined by being put in a bad light."

Dr. Moton was a sympathetic listener and Dan found himself being drawn out to give him some of the details of the building. Dr. Moton asked where all the marble for the Memorial had come from and together the powerfully-built college president and the frail-looking sculptor walked out into the sunshine and the May wind as they went down the steps and stood on one of the terraces looking back up at the Memorial.

"It comes from quarries out in the Rocky Mountains," Dan explained, "some three hundred miles from Denver. Bacon chose it because of its qualities of color and texture

and durability and also for the fact that no other quarries are known to produce fine stones of such great size. The Doric columns of the colonnade are forty-four feet high, think of it, and more than seven feet through at the base. Each column has eleven drums or sections, and each drum weighs twenty-two tons! Before being brought here from the quarries the columns were set in position out there and measured to the fraction of an inch so that the pieces would fit exactly when they were in place in the Memorial."

"Many people," Dan went on, "say they are unable to associate Lincoln with a Greek temple, as they believe the Memorial to be, but to me nothing else would have been suitable, for the Greeks alone were able to express in their buildings and monuments and statues the highest attributes and the greatest beauty known to men. The Memorial tells you, as you approach it, just what manner of man you are come to pay homage to, his simplicity, his grandeur, and his power"

And Dan repeated what John La Farge had said, "Remember, you do not criticize a work of art, a work of art criticizes you."

Mary thought it was rather a letdown from the heady air of Washington and the dedication to come home to Chesterwood and get back into the routine of ordering the meals and picking the rose bugs off the peonies. But Dan said it was a relief to him to get his hands in the clay again, and prune the privet hedge; it made him feel nice and sane and commonplace.

Fan mail was pouring in about the statue and the sculptor was getting about fifty letters a day on the subject. Welles Bosworth wrote to him, "You have established the image of Lincoln for posterity as Gilbert Stuart did for Washington."

But the lighting of the statue was a problem that both Dan and Bacon were still doing their utmost to solve.

Some of the sculptors had come out in print and insisted that the statue was an important part of the Memorial and should not be treated as a secondary incident. Bacon had no intention of treating it so; he knew, as well as the sculptors knew, that the statue was not lighted as it should be and he was willing to try almost anything to achieve the desired result.

There were suggestions from many interested people, leather curtains at the entrance, or a bronze screen to shut out the glare from the reflecting basin.

Bacon wanted to try glass in place of some of the marble slabs in the ceiling. But the substitution was a disappointment. The difference in material was so apparent and so unpleasant that both he and Dan agreed that the glass could not remain.

Also, they reluctantly came to the conclusion that it would not be feasible to hang curtains or erect a screen between the columns to shut off the light from that direction. There wasn't sufficient space and it would cramp the whole plan.

Then they considered artificial lighting.

The General Electric Company sent experts to Dan's studio to try lighting effects on the plaster statue and make experiments as to the angle at which the light should strike the statue.

It would be perfectly possible, they reported, but it would be an elaborate as well as expensive proposition. Dan felt he would even be willing to pay for part of it, if it were necessary. Bacon said it would require an act of Congress to appropriate the funds needed to achieve the desired result. It was too late now; no appropriation could be secured until next year.

Then, just as Dan hoped that things were shaping up successfully, there came a devastating blow. Devastating, not only to Dan in his professional and personal life, but to the country as well. For Henry Bacon died, in February 1924, suddenly, after a short illness.

To Dan it was a calamity the extent of which he would not be able to face for a long time. For over thirty years they had worked together on some forty or more monuments and there had hardly been a time in those thirty years when they were not actively engaged in some problem.

It meant, too, the loss of a dear and close friend as well as partner and collaborator. Even Dan's house and studio at Chesterwood had been built by Bacon. They saw everything eye to eye.

It seemed to Dan as though Bacon had been lent to the world for the sole purpose of creating the Lincoln Memorial. His whole professional life had led up to it, and less than a year after it was completed he had passed away. From the time he was commissioned to make it, it was the all-absorbing interest of his life. A part of every week for ten years found him in Washington, watching over every stone that was laid, trying every experiment that could possibly lead to perfection. He was a consummate example of the grand style, an ardent lover of the art of Greece. Few people could know or appreciate how many of his rich traits were poured as in a golden stream into his work, or how much of his heart's blood had gone into the construction of the Memorial.

As for the lighting of the statue, Dan had too much delicacy about urging any changes now that Bacon was gone, and he had never been very good anyway at playing politics or working overtime to bring his own schemes into being.

But the matter wasn't being allowed to drop. Bush-Brown, the Washington sculptor, wrote him a very insistent

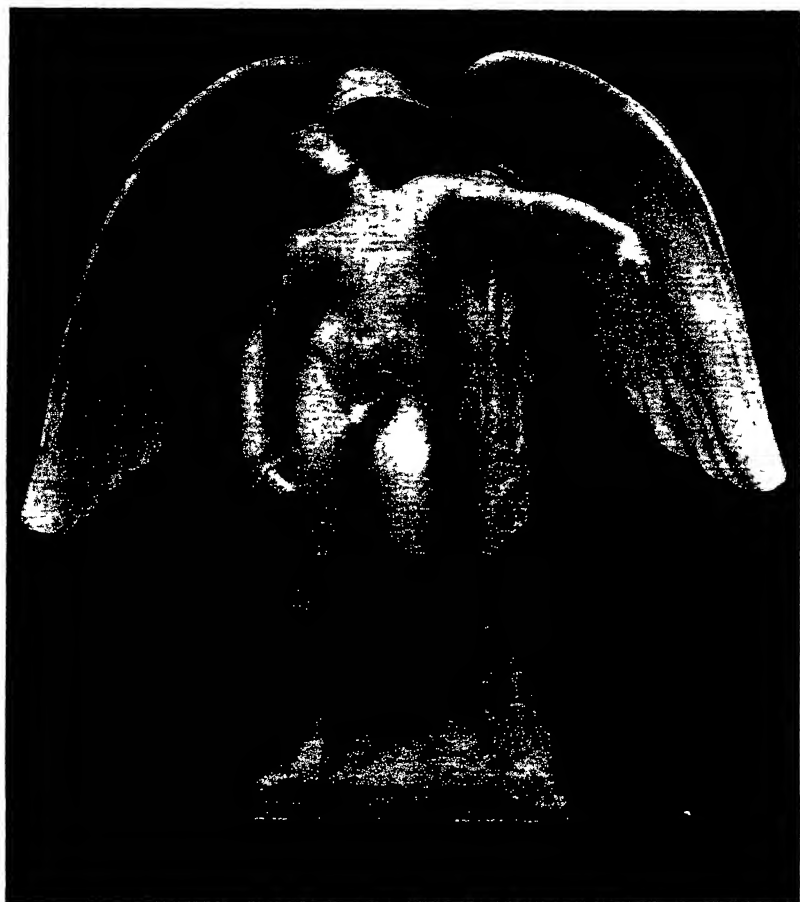
letter and said, "You are far too modest about it. This is not a personal matter, it involves a great principle of art which artists ought to help to solve. Bacon's reputation is at stake as much as yours. This is a memorial to Abraham Lincoln and the temple was designed and built to enshrine the statue of Lincoln. Every artist has a right to expect it to be lighted in the best way that it can be, in that temple as it now is. If by experiment that proves impossible, then the design of the temple should be changed until it *can* be properly lighted."

The architects took up the fight as well as the sculptors. The panels in the ceiling came in for a share of criticism. The proper lighting of the statue, they agreed, was of such great importance that some architectural sacrifice should be accepted if necessary in order to secure it.

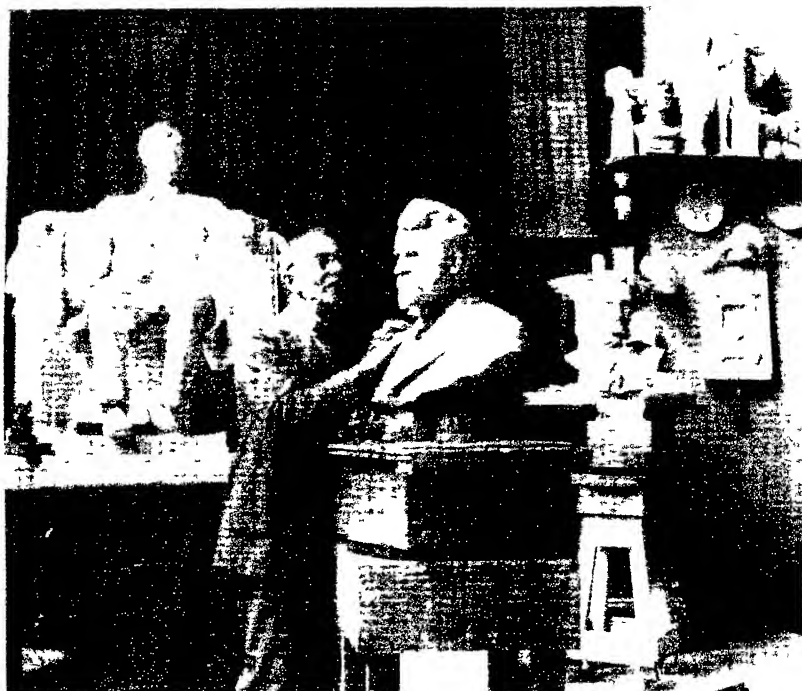
James Earle Fraser took endless trouble and rigged up a great lantern to be hung from the ceiling. He went down to Washington and tried it out with Margaret and Penn as audience. But it wasn't sufficiently powerful.

Then Colonel Sherrill's tenure of office as Commissioner of Public Buildings came to an end and Dan recognized that the Colonel's departure removed his strongest ally. He really had now but faint hopes of living to see his statue properly lighted. It seemed that Colonel Sherrill before he went out of office had endeavored to secure an appropriation by Congress of ten thousand dollars through the Committee on Appropriations, for the proper lighting of the statue and for the illumination of the interior of the Memorial at night. This item, however, was thrown out, to Colonel Sherrill's great disappointment, as well as to Dan's.

So, after Christmas, Dan journeyed down to Washington again and, supported by Penn, called on Senator Sackett to ask him to propose another bill in Congress for the lighting. The Senator was receptive and sympathetic and once again



"Death and Youth," War Memorial, St Paul's School, 1926



Dan in the studio, at Chesterwood

Dan's spirits rose. Mr. Treadway, the Stockbridge neighbor who was a Representative in Congress and on the Committee of Ways and Means, offered his help and gave his assurances that the appropriation for installing, equipping, maintaining, and lighting of the Memorial would be included in the budget.

Dan went to the Tiffany Glass Works to see if any satisfactory glass could be discovered for the ceiling.

The General Electric Company made more experiments in lighting in Dan's studio, with varying angles of illumination on the plaster model.

Certain observations were made at the base of the statue, including photometric readings of the daylight intensity of downward, upward, and vertical illumination. From these measurements an estimate was made of the amount of downward light necessary to reverse the upward shadows under the most unfavorable daylight conditions. For the brighter the daylight, the worse for the statue.

An entirely dignified scheme was worked out, whereby, instead of substituting glass in the ceiling for the marble slabs, a louver panel could be set in, with an arrangement of metal slats set at such an angle that the light would not be seen from the front. The contrast in color, to the rest of the ceiling, would be less than that shown when glass was used.

Great floodlights would be set in back of these louvers. It was decided that the light striking the right side of the figure should be the most intense and would be produced by twelve General Electric floodlighting projectors, equipped with fifteen hundred watt lighting lamps. A lesser degree of light would come from the left side.

There would be a control room, where the custodians could control the artificial illumination and vary it according to the outside light.

Dan went down to Washington in March to see the effect of the experiments. He took Beatrice Longman along with him as a sort of champion of Bacon. Beatrice had done some of the ornament on the Memorial and had worked a great deal with Bacon. Dan was afraid that his own enthusiasm for improving the statue might hurt the appearance of the building, and he knew that Beatrice's spirit of fairness to both friends would insist on justice being done to the statue, while not allowing any impairment to the beauty of the Memorial itself. Dan always leaned over backward in trying to do the fair thing.

Only four of the marble slabs had had to be removed, but both the day and the night lighting were more than satisfactory. The entire appearance of the statue, about which Dan had been so unhappy ever since its installation, was redeemed. It was proving better than he had thought possible. He had not dared to believe that any artificial light could be powerful enough to counteract the effect of that sunlight coming in from the front

If the final installation could be as excellent as these experiments promised, the statue would be saved and Dan would carry a lighter heart through the remaining years of his life.

The bill for the appropriation went through, but still there were hitches and delays.

The constant hope deferred was found to have dire results on Dan's heart trouble. To have this, his most important and perhaps his greatest statue, shown at a disadvantage, was a constant barrier to his peace of mind. He knew he was building for posterity. Generations to come would judge not only his statue but his personification of Lincoln as an expression of an age.

Three years went by before all the stumbling blocks were removed from the pathway of the Lincoln light. Three years

more of hopes and disappointments, of trips to the capital, of interviews, of incessant letter-writing. And then at last, in 1929, the seemingly impossible had been achieved—the lighting had been installed. It was functioning properly. After seven anxious and weary years the problem was solved.

It was a moonlight night in spring. Dan had come down to Washington to see his Lincoln statue for the last time. They stood, he and Penn and Mary and Margaret at the foot of those great flights of steps that come down towards one like rushing water. They looked up at the huge white temple, all shimmering in the moonlight, with its backdrop of purple sky and, inside, the pearly light falling on the head and shoulders of the great War President. For a long time none of them spoke. Finally Dan turned to his daughter and very softly said:

“Margaret, I’d like to see what this is going to look like a thousand years from now.”

THE BLUE REMEMBERED HILLS

THE summer after that occasion was a happy one for Dan. He found himself going about his work with a new song in his heart. Sometimes he wondered why he was feeling so happy. His strength was failing, there was no doubt about that. He was only able to do about a third of what he had been able to do only a few years before. But he didn't seem to care. It was as though a weight had been lifted from him, a cloud had been taken from before his eyes. When he stopped to question himself, he knew this feeling of release had come because of the satisfactory lighting of the Lincoln. All through those seven years of anxiety about the appearance of his statue, he had carried about with him a heaviness of heart, a kind of discouragement that was anything but native to one of his optimistic temperament. Now this pall had lifted. Since that April night in Washington a few months before when he had seen his statue properly lighted, he had been filled with a sense of tranquillity and calm. All the old serenity had come back, all the old harmony. He felt very far away sometimes, content with his own thoughts, and when someone spoke to him he would almost have to collect himself to come back to the present.

But where his work was concerned he was always able to keep his eyes on the dotted line. It was strange, really, how the work continued to come in. He was asked to do another

Lincoln. Mr Ford wanted him to do a statue of Edison. Orders came pouring in just as they had twenty and thirty years before. But he didn't want to do any more portraits, he wanted to do only ideal things now.

There was far too much work. Life was pressing in too hard. Too many other things, interesting things, but always interruptions, were crowding in. He was made a trustee of the Saint-Gaudens Memorial up in Cornish. He was working on the memorial exhibition to Abbott Thayer at the Metropolitan Museum, helping Bashford Dean with his models for horses for his Armor Collection at the Museum. He was given a degree from Lafayette College; an M.A. from Harvard. He refused the Phi Beta Kappa. He was elected one of the nineteen foreign members of the Fine Arts Class of the French Academy.

Weinman, the President of the Sculpture Society, wrote Dan a letter to tell him that the Society had voted to devote one entire gallery exclusively to Dan's works at the coming exhibition at San Francisco in the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, a room forty by twenty or so, and Dan to make the selection himself. He was very happy about that.

Other members of the family were distinguishing themselves, too. Penn's latest book, *Diplomatic Portraits*, was published in November to the tune of excellent and most flattering reviews, and now he was being sent to Cuba on the Pan-American Commission. Margaret won the Shaw Prize at the Academy, sufficient honor even if a check for three hundred dollars had not been attached to it. Incidentally, she had as many commissions as she could take care of and seemed to be self-supporting. As for Mary, her book of reminiscences, *Memories of a Sculptor's Wife*, had been published by Houghton Mifflin and promptly went into a second edition. She acknowledged that it was nice

to have her own little place in the sun. Her name immediately was placed in *Who's Who*; now all four of them were in *Who's Who*, and reporters came to interview them and take pictures; apparently it was rather a novelty for four members of the same family, the entire family in fact, to be included all at one time. A sort of one hundred per cent record.

Meanwhile Dan was setting up another ideal figure, a female nude, of Andromeda chained to the rock. She was a younger figure than his "Memory" and he found himself immediately embarked with all the old enthusiasm. That was one of the best things, he felt, about the pursuit of art; the interest always endures.

He thought perhaps he ought to be a little apologetic about it. "It seems rather absurd," he said, "for an old thing like me to be making such an ambitious image, and if there were a chance of my ever being any younger, I would wait!" But this was what was keeping him young, always young in spirit.

On the other hand, he remained as practical as ever. He received an offer for the Eighth Street studio and decided to sell. He had turned down so many big statues and he doubted if he would ever again do any very large groups, so he really no longer needed such a great place. While sentimentally he did not like the idea of giving up the place he had occupied for so long, it would simplify his life a great deal. He was far-seeing enough to realize that at his age, with perhaps a forced sale necessary in a few years, it would be a risk to hold it.

The purchaser turned out to be Mrs. Whitney, who had been his neighbor for so many years and who was planning a handsome museum of American art. That was a satisfaction to Dan, for the tradition would continue.

He moved up a block to a much smaller studio on Ninth

Street, for which he prudently signed a lease for one year. One mustn't look too far ahead at eighty.

He still tried to go to as many of the exhibitions as he could, especially those of the younger men.

He had mixed feelings about the modernistic trend. He sometimes wished that it had come earlier in his artistic career. Possibly he had needed just that sort of influence. He was too honest and sincere to ever follow a fad, but there were things about it that might have been good for his sculpture.

"Modernism is blasting us loose from the cut and dried thing," he said. "It is limbering us all up and causing us to lose our restraining fears."

His own life had been devoted to conservative procedure and principles. He was too rooted in three hundred years of New England background ever to do or to be anything else. "He was all for tradition and a grave, measured style." He could have no more gone in for "self-expression" than he could have walked naked down Fifth Avenue. On the other hand, he looked with uncritical and untroubled eyes upon the recent artistic tendencies that seemed to be steering away, so rapidly and so persistently, in quite another direction.

Penn Cresson came into the studio one afternoon at Chesterwood and announced that he and Margaret were going to take a walk. Didn't Mr. French want to come along? No, thank you, Mr. French did not.

"But you've been working all day, and it would do you good," urged Penn.

Dan didn't want to be done good. He demurred quietly but emphatically. Then he turned to Penn and said, "Do you know what I'd really like to do? I'd like to live to be two thousand years old and just sculp all the time!"

The following winter again Dan became involved in

too much work and again he became ill. He was put to bed. When Mary told him that the doctor had ordered a nurse for him, he said, "Oh, pshaw!" and looked mad for the next two hours, like a child.

When Dr. Cilley, who knew how Dan felt about pretty women, said by way of apology that she was a fine nurse and a very nice woman, pleasant and attractive but not exactly pretty, Dan glanced up at the doctor and said, "The sad part of it is, Arthur, that I feel so down I don't *care* whether she is pretty or not!"

The birthdays came and went. Dan said, "Seventy-nine used to seem terribly old, but so many of my friends are older, that it isn't so bad as I expected." But he was glad each year for the letters, the telegrams, and the flowers; he said he needed all the comfort he could get. The winters were difficult. He could only work three or four hours a day now.

He was worn thin, like old silver. He felt miserable a good deal of the time and his voice seemed to be failing. The doctors said it didn't amount to anything. Perhaps it didn't, to other people. He always felt mortified by being ill and not able to do things. His limitations were inconvenient but he philosophically supposed he was fortunate to get off as easily as he did.

There seemed to be a rush of college degrees. Tufts College offered him one. Williams College wanted to make him a Doctor of Laws in June. And Dartmouth offered him its highest glory, the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. But since in each instance it was required that the recipient should attend Commencement in person to receive the degree, it was somewhat like the cup of Tantalus. He was not sufficiently reliable these days as to health to say that he would be anywhere at any given time, so he had to decline the honors. Sometimes he felt like writing that it was evi-

dent they had more regard for his legs than they had for his head.

In New York he found the Metropolitan Museum meetings increasingly difficult. His voice had failed so and it always took "argue-fying" to get the other trustees interested in sculpture. Unless he was right there on the spot at the right time he felt he hadn't much influence. He was no longer well enough to hold his own.

He wanted to resign and kept saying so, but Robb de Forest reiterated, "You can't resign on account of age, 'cause I don't want to resign and I'm older than you!"

Robb was well and strong; but however he looked at it Dan disapproved of a board of octogenarians.

Margaret put on a one-man show at the Grand Central Art Galleries. Dan went to the private view where there were six or seven hundred people and met many whom he had not seen for years, and whose names were not attached to their faces, somewhat to his embarrassment. Incidentally they all seemed to look older than the last time he had seen them.

He realized how old and frail he must look, too. He had become so skeletonish he wondered sometimes why anybody bothered to even speak to him. What he didn't realize was that a life of beautiful living showed in the wonderful expression of his face. Dan had always been so ready to credit everyone with something of his own nobility. He saw so clearly what was good in both the work and the character of his fellow men that his own beautiful soul magnified it, while over his own greatness he threw such a garment of simplicity and modesty that little souls were misled, often, and baffled by it, and sometimes formed no conception of the depths beneath.

Some people, however, grasped the feeling of his stature immediately; "I feel as though I had been in the Presence,"

said one sensitive person on meeting him for the first time.

His eightieth birthday came on Easter Sunday. Reporters, young and old, masculine and ultra-feminine, descended on him in droves. He recalled to one of them that it was just "fifty-five years ago yesterday" that his first statue, the "Minute Man," had been unveiled in his home town of Concord. No, he couldn't remember how many statues he had made. He had tried to count them up once, groups, statues, busts, reliefs, small figures, and got to four hundred. No, he was certainly *not* through, in fact he was still seeking perfection. But he had to admit it was a far cry from twenty-five to eighty

It was a heavenly April day, he sat in the window in the sun looking down on Gramercy Park and watching the leaves on the trees come out from minute to minute. All the world was out with its wife and children and many of them stopped in to offer congratulations. The Corporation of Yaddo, of which he was a trustee, sent eighty daffodils from their own gardens. Violet Oakley sent a red chalk drawing of Margaret that she had made especially for the occasion. The telegrams, cables, letters, and flowers kept coming for several days and he insisted on answering all the messages by hand, in that clear handwriting that was beginning to tremble a little. A maternity hospital wrote him that there were many little infants born on that day that needed help, but he said that he didn't feel he could be held entirely responsible for them.

But the letters from Concord touched him most of all.

Edward Emerson had written, "What a white day it was for us when you were sent here, one of the 'illuminators.' " And Susie Hubbard wrote telling him what his studio had meant to them, what an outlook into another sphere had been all that expression of beauty.

The tears were very close as he answered them. It seemed

almost like another world that he had lived in then, a sort of idyl made up of green pastures and still waters and cloudless skies and sunshine and youth and especially pretty girls. He wondered if Concord really had been different from other places or did everyone look backward upon as sweet a youth as he?

Publishers and magazines were always asking him to write. Houghton Mifflin pursued him for an autobiography. They even made out an elaborate dummy, filled with illustrations and beautifully bound, for him to use as a guide. But Dan had no vanity to which to appeal.

"If I am articulate at all, it is in my images," he protested, with the characteristic modesty which was always so endearing. Very well, then, Houghton Mifflin would see to it that somebody else would do the job and planned for a life of Dan, profusely illustrated, by Adeline Adams, Herbert Adams' gifted wife.

One of the magazines begged for a two-thousand-word article, "What Is Beauty?" and offered him fifty cents a word. Dan, though he was afraid Mary would never forgive him, refused, saying that he did not want to degenerate into a garrulous old age.

Mary's niece, Margaret Jameson, affectionately known as Pokey, had become a member of the household. She attended to Dan's correspondence and he graciously permitted her to do a few little errands for him, but not many; Dan didn't like to be dependent on anyone.

The summers were easier than the winters, even though the big apple tree did blow down and the garden looked as though it had lost a front tooth.

The garden wall had to be rebuilt, to the tune of a thousand dollars, with foundations five feet deep; the exedra around the fountain had to be rebuilt, and the pergola at the other end of the garden was tumbling down.

But the lilac hedge was ablaze with blossoms, the forsythia and the bleeding-hearts never seemed so lovely. Last year Dan thought the blooming of the apple trees in the studio garden was their swan song and they would die, they were so full of blossom, but each year they were just as beautiful.

He was sitting out on the studio porch one afternoon in May. The sun felt warm and comforting. There was a phoebe busily building a nest on a beam at the other end of the porch. And there was a fragrance, a most delicious fragrance, as of the flowers of spring. He recognized it. The smell of lilacs. And he could see the little boy in the schoolhouse in Cambridge, sitting quietly, his books unread on the desk before him, looking longingly out through the schoolroom door, looking dreamily out at the bright blue sky, the soft green of the new leaves on the trees and all the peace and beauty of the scene. A little breeze brought in a gush of lilac fragrance. "I'm going to think of this when I am dying," that little boy had said.

Dying couldn't be so very far away now, Dan thought. He was eighty-one. He was frail and fragile. He couldn't last much longer, he realized. But he had made one great discovery—there was nothing to fear. And meanwhile there were always things to interest him, new things turning up.

Walter Clark, who had launched the Grand Central Art Galleries so successfully, was now hard at work on another project—the building of a theater in Stockbridge. In spite of his avowal to keep out of things Dan found himself caught up in it, and the first thing he knew he was laying out the grounds, superintending the grading, doing the planting, and digging down in his pocket for financial aid. The theater, opening with Eva Le Gallienne in "The Cradle Song," was an unqualified success and the new interest brought great enjoyment to Dan.

"The summer seems to be restoring me," he said, "but

as my trouble is mostly old age, entire recovery seems rather doubtful."

During the summer he finished a bust of Seward, worked on the marble of the "Andromeda," and made a sketch for a bust of Daniel Webster.

The Sculpture Society bestowed the title of Honorary Fellow upon him in addition to his being its Honorary President. A few years previously they had given him the Medal of Honor. He was still a Director of the Corporation of Yaddo, a Trustee of the American Academy in Rome, and he was asked to take Robb de Forest's place as President of the Tiffany Foundation; this seemed unwise to him but he was finally prevailed upon to serve as Acting President until the annual meeting in the fall.

He became ill and was unceremoniously ordered to bed. But in a few weeks he was back in the studio, only an hour or two this time, but he did want to finish "Andromeda." Margaret drove him down to Gertrude Smith's garden to see the helenium. It was the end of September and the maple trees were aflame with gold and crimson glory. It was always the most beautiful time of the year, he thought, the last two weeks in September, the first two weeks in October.

The next day he felt so much better he forgot he'd ever been sick. He undertook to do a little carpentering out in the casting-room and the heart began to kick up again.

This time it seemed serious. Several doctors came. They told him he must stay absolutely quiet. He must have a nurse. He didn't want a nurse. Pokey Jameson would take care of him. She had taken nurse's training. But the new nurse came. And flowers came, such quantities of them.

"I don't know what it's all about," he said wistfully, "but I'm very appreciative."

The flowers kept on coming. He must be pretty sick then.

But he didn't feel sick especially, just tired, so very tired.

He stood in the French window for a few moments, while they were making his bed, and looked at the long line of the hills in the late afternoon sun. Everything was rose color and the hill's horizon looked so dark and sharp against the softly brilliant sky.

It was an intimate little view, sympathetic and tender, with none of the majesty and drama of the greater views of the neighborhood. It was a homey little view, one could look at it and forget one's problems, forget everything, except the comfort and serenity that it brought one. To it Dan had brought his woes as to a confessor and he had sat here and looked off into the distance and threshed out the things that were disturbing him. Invariably, if he only had time to stay long enough, he had found the answer to his dilemma. Here he had come with many a new commission, feeling that he hadn't an idea left with which to bring forth anything new, and then, as he sat here, looking into the distance, releasing himself from all conscious thought, surrendering himself utterly to the quiet and the loveliness and the soft summer air, in would come flowing the images, the conceptions that would later take shape in the clay.

How often he had gotten up early, just to step out on this balcony and watch the pearly light pick off the tops of the mountains, and how often he had seen, at the same early hour, a deer or two and a great buck, down there in the meadow near the woods.

Many a time Dan had come out here on a sharp November day, to breathe farewell to this world he loved before going back to the city. He always left it with a little sinking of the heart. The white birches were bare of leaves but they held up their stripped white arms so valiantly. And the distant hills were gray after laying aside their red and yellow splendor. It was always a little sad and, still, because

he had seen it happen so many times before, it remained a season of hope.

Yes, it would still be here in the spring—all this beauty, the same beloved outlines of the hills, all feathered in tender green; the slope of the pasture below carpeted with quaker ladies; and, back there against the rock, the nodding red and yellow of the columbine. And down the steep path, where the little spring gushed over the dark brown leaves, perhaps in a soft spring rain, would be the same hawthorn tree, all white and dripping and beautiful.

If this was not an indication of immortality, what was it? The cycles of succeeding seasons that fit into one another like a pattern. The discovery that nothing is ever wasted, that things may change their form but they continue.

The next morning he was much weaker, but Pokey propped him up on his pillows to help his breathing and then opened the French window again so he could see his hills.

He patted her hand.

"You're very good to me," he said.

And then his eyelids closed and he could no longer see the hills.

The next morning Mackintosh walked up the road from Campion. His face looked ravaged and his silvery white hair was in disorder. But with no other evidence of emotion he handed Penn some sprays of pink lilies and a long yellow envelope.

"For the Padrona," he said, and hurried away.

Penn gave the letter to Mary.

"Why, it's a poem," she said, "an Irish ballad called 'Danny Boy,' something he must have copied off."

She read it aloud but her voice choked and when she had finished, the yellow paper slid off onto the floor. It lay

there unnoticed as she and Penn looked through the arches of the loggia at Dan's blue, beloved hills.

Oh! Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side,
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh! Danny Boy, Oh, Danny Boy, I love you so.

THE WORKS OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, SCULPTOR

- 1869 Judge Henry Flagg French; bust
- 1869 "Tired Out"
- 1869 "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness", in Parian
- 1869 William M R French, bust
- 1869 "Wounded Deer"
- 1869 "Sairy Gamp"
- 1870 "St Valentine's Day"; in Parian
- 1870 "Cock and Hen"
- 1871 Two groups of dogs, in Parian
- 1871 "What next?" bull terrier, in Parian
- 1871 John Brewster, bust
- 1871 "The Chicago Incendiary", in Parian
- 1872 "Dolly Varden and Joe Willet", in Parian
- 1874 "The Minute Man of Concord"; statue, North Bridge, Concord, Massachusetts
- 1875 "Cupid Triumphant"
- 1875 Owl—"Night"
- 1875 Owl—"Day"
- 1876 "The Awakening of Endymion"; Concord, Massachusetts
- 1876 Head of little girl (signed "D. C. French, Florence, 1876"), Hayden child? Hillyer Art Gallery, Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts
- 1876 "Elsie Venner", relief
- 1877 Mrs. Edward Emerson (Annie Keyes), relief, Concord, Massachusetts
- 1877 "Peace and War"; group, United States Custom House, St. Louis
- 1879 "Law, Prosperity and Power"; group, United States Custom House, Philadelphia

306 WORKS OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

- 1879 Ralph Waldo Emerson, bust Memorial Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts Concord Library, Concord, Massachusetts
- 1881 Dr Samuel Cabot, bust, Boston
- 1882 A Bronson Alcott, bust, Concord, Massachusetts
- 1882 Judge Henry Flagg French, bust, Library, Exeter, New Hampshire, replica, Library, Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Massachusetts
- 1882 "Science Controlling the Forces of Steam and Electricity" and "Labor, Art and the Family", groups, Boston Post Office, now in Franklin Park, Boston
- 1882 J Elliot Cabot, bust, Boston
- 1883 The Reverend John H Morison, bust, Boston
- 1883 Miss Mary A French, bust
- 1883 Dana de Cordova, when a child, portrait statue, Lincoln, Massachusetts
- 1884 "John Harvard", statue, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts
- 1884 Sallie French Bartlett, bust, Concord, Massachusetts
- 1885 "Memory", sketch
- 1885 Miss Susie Taft, relief
- 1885 Lady Cheylesmore (Elizabeth Richardson French), bust
- 1886 General Lewis Cass, statue, The Capitol, Washington, D C
- 1888 Murray Forbes, bust
- 1888 "Gallaudet and his First Deaf-Mute Pupil", group, Kendall Green, Washington, D C
- 1889 John Adams, bust, Senate Gallery, The Capitol, Washington, D. C
- 1890 "Herodotus", statue, Library of Congress, Washington, D C
- 1890 "History", statue, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.
- 1891 Thomas Starr King, statue, San Francisco, California
- 1893 "The Angel of Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor " The Milmore Memorial, group in high relief Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston
- 1893 "The Republic", statue, 65 feet high, World's Fair, Chicago
- 1893 "The Farmer", group, with Edward C Potter, World's Fair, Chicago
- 1893 "The Teamster", group, with Edward C Potter, World's Fair, Chicago

WORKS OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH 307

- 1893 "Indian Corn", group, with Edward C Potter, World's Fair, Chicago
- 1893 "Wheat", group, with Edward C Potter, World's Fair, Chicago
- 1893 "The Triumph of Columbus", quadriga, with Edward C Potter, World's Fair, Chicago
- 1894 Kneeling Angels, pair of reliefs, Clark Memorial, Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston
- 1896 "Artemis", statuette
- 1897 "Erin and her Sons, Patriotism and Poetry", group, memorial to John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston
- 1897 John Boyle O'Reilly, bust, detail of O'Reilly memorial, Boston
- 1897 Chapman Memorial, Forest Home Cemetery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
- 1897 "Arethusa", statuette
- 1898 Rufus Choate, statue, Court House, Boston
- 1898 The Reverend Arthur Brooks, bust, Church of the Incarnation, New York
- 1898 Miss Jennie Walters Delano, relief, Cambridge, Massachusetts
- 1898 "Angel of Peace." White Memorial, Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston
- 1898 General Grant, equestrian statue, with Edward C Potter, Philadelphia
- 1898 General Meade, statue, Philadelphia
- 1898 Dewey Medal
- 1899 Phillips Brooks, bust, Baptistry, Trinity Church, Boston
- 1899 Samuel Bowles, tablet, Springfield Republican Building, Springfield, Massachusetts
- 1900 Hunt Memorial, New York
 - "Architecture", statue, detail
 - "Painting and Sculpture", statue, detail
 - Richard M Hunt, bust, detail
- 1900 Hunt Memorial, detail, head of "Architecture," known as "Carlotta"
- 1900 "Peace", group, Dewey Arch, New York
- 1900 General Washington, equestrian statue, Place d'Iéna, Paris (with Edward C Potter) Replica in Chicago
- 1900 Minnesota State Capitol, St Paul Six figures, representing "Bounty, Wisdom, Prudence, Courage, Truth and Integrity"

308 WORKS OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

- 1900 "Justice", group, Appellate Court, New York
- 1900 Governor Pillsbury, statue, Minnesota University, Minneapolis
- 1900 Julia Worthington, bust
- 1901 Judge Howland's daughter, bust
- 1902 Commodore George Perkins, statue, Concord, New Hampshire
- 1902 "Knowledge and Wisdom," "Truth and Romance," "Music and Poetry", three pairs bronze doors, Boston Public Library
- 1902 Dr Stephen Rainsford, bust, St. George's Church, New York
- 1902 DeWitt Clinton, group
- 1902 Mrs Thompson, bust
- 1903 General Hooker, equestrian statue, Boston (with Edward C Potter)
- 1904 Napoleon, statue, World's Fair, St. Louis
- 1904 Font Newcomer Memorial, Emmanuel Church, Baltimore
- 1904 James Russell Lowell, bust, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts
- 1905 Colonel Anderson Memorial, bust and ideal statue, Allegheny, Pennsylvania
- 1905 General Devens, equestrian statue, Worcester, Massachusetts (with Edward C Potter)
- 1906 Francis Parkman Memorial, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts
- 1906 August Meyer Memorial, Kansas City, Missouri
- 1907 Governor Roger Wolcott, statue, State House, Boston
"Peace" and "War" details of Governor Wolcott statue
- 1907 Quadriga, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul (with Edward C Potter)
- 1907 Alice Freeman Palmer Memorial, Wellesley College Chapel, Wellesley, Massachusetts
- 1907 "The Continents", four groups, "Europe," "Asia," "Africa," and "America," United States Custom House, New York
- 1908 Edward I, statue, Cleveland Court House
- 1908 John Hampden, statue, Cleveland Court House
- 1908 Senator George F Hoar, statue, Worcester, Massachusetts
- 1909 "Mourning Victory" Melvin Memorial; Concord, Massachusetts
- 1909 "Greek Lyric Poetry", statue, Brooklyn Institute, New York

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- 1909 "Greek Epic Poetry", statue, Brooklyn Institute, New York
- 1909 "Greek Religion", statue, Brooklyn Institute, New York
- 1909 "Art" and "Science", statues, Brooklyn Institute, New York
- 1910 Slocum Memorial, Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston
- 1910 Governor Oglethorpe Monument, Savannah, Georgia
- 1910 Samuel Spencer, statue, Atlanta, Georgia
- 1911 "Memory" Marshall Field Memorial, Graceland Cemetery, Chicago
- 1911 "Ancient and Modern History", group for New Hampshire Historical Society, Concord, New Hampshire
- 1911 "Commodore Perkins", replica, Annapolis, Maryland
- 1912 "Standing Lincoln", Lincoln, Nebraska
- 1912 "Commerce" and "Jurisprudence", two groups, Federal Building, Cleveland
- 1912 General Draper, equestrian statue, Milford, Massachusetts
- 1912 "The Princeton Student" Earle Dodge Memorial, Princeton, New Jersey
- 1912 Kinsley Memorial, Woodlawn Cemetery, New York
- 1912 "Mourning Victory" Melvin Memorial, replica, Metropolitan Museum, New York
- 1912 Nichols Memorial
- 1913 Butt-Millet Memorial Fountain, Washington, D C
- 1914 Longfellow Memorial, Cambridge, Massachusetts
- 1914 "Angel of Peace" Stuyvesant Memorial; Allamuchy, New Jersey
- 1914 "Wisconsin", final statue, State Capitol, Madison, Wisconsin
- 1914 Ralph Waldo Emerson, statue, Public Library, Concord, Massachusetts
- 1914 "The Genius of Creation", group, San Francisco Exposition
- 1915 "Alma Mater", Columbia University, New York
- 1915 "Spirit of the Waters", collection of Grenville Winthrop, Lenox, Massachusetts, now in the Fogg Museum, Cambridge, collection of Mrs. Paul FitzSimons, Newport, Rhode Island
- 1915 "Brooklyn" and "Manhattan", two groups, Manhattan Bridge, New York
- 1915 William M. R. French, tablet, St Paul's Evangelical Church, Chicago
- 1915 Wendell Phillips, statue, Boston
- 1915 "Sculpture", statue, St Louis Exposition

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- 1915 "The Spirit of Life" Memorial to Spencer Trask, Saratoga Springs, New York
- 1915 Buttrick Memorial, Concord, Massachusetts
- 1916 "The Republic", replica, 25 feet high, Chicago
- 1917 Dupont Memorial Fountain, Washington, D C
- 1917 Lafayette Memorial, high relief, Prospect Park, Brooklyn, New York
- 1917 "Achievement", statue, Williams Memorial, Atlanta, Georgia
- 1918 Ruth Anne Dodge Memorial Fountain, Iowa Cemetery, Council Bluffs, Iowa
- 1918 Lafayette Medal
- 1919 "Memory", statue, Metropolitan Museum, New York
- 1919 "Pour la France", statuette, Duryea War Relief
- 1919 Mrs Margaret Rutherford White, relief, National Cathedral, Washington, D C
- 1919 "Disarmament", group, Victory Arch, New York
- 1919 Red Cross Medal
- 1920 "Michigan", statue, Russell Alger Memorial, Detroit, Michigan
- 1920 War Memorial Group, Exeter, New Hampshire
- 1920 "Life, Time and the Weaver" Hazard Memorial, Peacedale, Rhode Island
- 1920 "The Marseillaise", tablet to Rouget de Lisle, Strassbourg, France
- 1920 The Honorable Henry White, relief, National Cathedral, Washington, D C
- 1921 Lafayette, statue, Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania
- 1922 Lincoln Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D C
- 1922 Edgar Allan Poe, bust, Hall of Fame, New York University, New York
- 1922 Alfred T White Memorial, Prospect Park, Brooklyn, New York
- 1923 Phillips Brooks, bust, Hall of Fame, New York University, New York
- 1923 "Benediction", Collection of Grenville Winthrop, Lenox, Massachusetts, now in the Fogg Museum, Cambridge, and St Paul's Church, Oaks, Pennsylvania
- 1923 Dean Green, group, University of Kansas
- 1924 "Victory", First Division Monument, Washington, D C

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- 924 "The Sons of God Saw the Daughters of Men That They Were Fair", group, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D C
- 924 Ambrose Swasey, bust, Cleveland, Ohio
- 924 "The Spirit of Giving", George R White Memorial, Boston
- 924 "Death and Youth", War Memorial, St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire
- 924 Mrs Emily Vanderbilt White, relief, Lenox, Massachusetts
- 924 Ralph Waldo Emerson, bust, Hall of Fame, New York University, New York
- 925 "Gallaudet and His First Deaf-Mute Pupil", group, replica, Hartford, Connecticut
- 1925 "In Flanders Fields", War Memorial, Milton, Massachusetts
- 1925 George Westinghouse, bust, Engineers Club, New York
- 1925 "Nathaniel Hawthorne", bust, Hall of Fame, New York University, New York
- 1926 "The Angel of Death and the Sculptor" Milmore Memorial, replica, Metropolitan Museum, New York
- 1926 Russell Alger Memorial, replica, Greenfield, Massachusetts
- 1928 Mallinckrodt, tablet, Harvard Chemical Laboratory, Cambridge, Massachusetts (with Margaret French Cresson)
- 1928 English High School, group, Boston
- 1928 Washington Irving Memorial, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York
- Washington Irving, bust, detail of Irving Memorial, Irvington-on-Hudson
- 1930 Westinghouse Memorial, Schenley Park, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
- 1930 Bashford Dean, tablet, Metropolitan Museum, New York (with Margaret French Cresson)
- 1930 Secretary William H Seward, bust, Florida, New York
- 1930 "Beneficence", Ball Memorial, Muncie, Indiana
- 1931 "Musica", head
- 1931 "His Majesty", statuette
- 1931 "Andromeda", ideal figure
- 1931 Daniel Webster, bust, Franklin, New Hampshire (completed by Margaret French Cresson)

WORKS OF UNCERTAIN DATE

Miss Florence Hoar; bust, Concord, Massachusetts

Miss Van Vorst, bust

General Bartlett, statue, State House, Boston

General Bartlett, bust

Mrs. Gay, bust, Concord Art Association, Concord, Massachusetts

Theophilus W Walker, relief, Walker Building, Bowdoin College,
Brunswick, Maine

"Vanity" (or "Narcissa"); statuette, made as a gift to Stanford White
Francis Ormond French; bust, collection of Mrs. Paul FitzSimons,
Newport, Rhode Island, collection of Mr Stuyvesant LeRoy
French, Chester, New Hampshire, and Harvard Club, New York
City

Honorable Amos Tuck, bust, New Hampshire Historical Society,
collection of Mrs Paul FitzSimons, Newport, Rhode Island

Francis Amasa Walker, bust, First President, Massachusetts Insti-
tute of Technology

"Theresa", mask

"The Offering", sketch

"The Glass Blower", sketch

"The Cup of Life", sketch

Daniel Webster, sketch

"Whence, Whither, Wherefore?", sketch

"Solicitude", sketch

"The Stars", sketch

"The Continents", four sketches, "Europe," "Asia," "Africa," and
"America," presented to Cass Gilbert

"Muted Strings"; sketch

"Student"; sketch

"Architecture"; sketch

"Painting and Sculpture", sketch

"Disarmament", sketch

- 'Death and Youth", sketch
- 'Andromeda", sketch
- 'Lafayette", sketch
- 'John Harvard", statuette
- 'Immortal Love", sketch
- 'Joy", statuette
- "Knowledge", sketch
- "The Offering", sketch
- "Seated Lincoln", sketch
- "Spirit of Life", sketch
- "Spirit of the Waters", sketch
- "Tuebor", sketch
- "Victory", sketch
- "Victory", torso, sketch
- "Rip Van Winkle", statuette
- "General Washington", small equestrian
- "Mourning Victory", mask
- "Spirit of Life", small head
- "Mistletoe", small head

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The Minute Man
1945

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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